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WITH HISTORICAL SURVEYS OF THE CHIEF WRITINGS OF EACH NATION

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THE SNAKE GODDESS.

Manasa-devi, a woman whose craft raises her to be a Goddess.

THE SNAKE GODDESS.

Mongoose-dear. a common yellow-eyed rodent likened to be a Goddess.

THE SACRED BOOKS AND EARLY LITERATURE OF THE EAST

VOLUME IX

INDIA AND BRAHMANISM

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"Let there be light."—GENESIS I, 3.

"There never was a false god, nor was there ever really a false religion, unless you call a child a false man."—MAX MÜLLER.

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A word as to the pronunciation of Hindu names may help the reader. The consonants are very similar to ours, except for the "h" in combinations like "bh," "th," etc. This "h" is not pronounced as in "the," etc., but separately as in "post haste," "red hot," etc. Our own "sh" sound is indicated by an italic letter *S* or *s*. The italic *n* is used for the Sanskrit sound which more nearly approaches "ng" as we hear it in "singer," but not in "finger." The vowel "a" has the dull and almost indistinguishable sound of "u" in "fun," except when it is followed by "h" or is marked with an accent. Then it takes the sound of "a" in "far." The other vowels follow nearly the Italian system, "e" as in "prey," "i" as in "marine," "u" as in "rule." Thus, "Upanishad" is pronounced *oo-pun-ees-hud*, and "Sakuntalá" is *shŭ-koon-tŭ-lah*.

SACRED BOOKS AND EARLY LITERATURE

OF

INDIA AND BRAHMANISM

INTRODUCTION

THE RICHEST TREASURE OF THE EAST

WHEN, a century ago, the first translations of the ancient books of India reached Europe they aroused a most intense enthusiasm. Men declared that, of all the hidden treasure-hoards of the Orient, the one divinest treasure had been found. To quote only one of the many authoritative voices of that chorus of praise, Schopenhauer, the mighty founder of a new religion in the North, wrote that he considered the reading of the Sacred Books of Brahmanism "the greatest privilege which this still young century may claim before all previous centuries." He declared that the progress which must follow from this stimulus would equal that other tremendous progress, when Europe had been roused by the recovery of the thought of ancient Greece, and had achieved the Renaissance.

The reader of to-day is in far better position than were our ancestors of a century ago to estimate the real value of Indian literature. The number of its ancient books is vast indeed; but our learned men have read through all that they could find, and have analyzed them. The works which these scholars have declared the very best are here presented to the reader, with some brief guidance as to what their value is and whence they came.

When, less than two centuries ago, the British conquered India, they found it close-crowded with millions of people of

many races. Most numerous and powerful among these were the Hindus, who had dominated the land for three thousand years. There had been occasional foreign invasions and conquests — of Greeks under Alexander, of wild Scythian tribes, of fierce Mohammedan fanatics — but, on the whole, the Hindus had retained a permanent supremacy.

These Hindus were of Aryan stock — that same strong and highly intelligent people of remote antiquity from whom have sprung the Persians with their Zend-Avesta, the Greek and Roman world-conquerors, and every dominating nation of Europe and America to-day. The Hindus by their long association with the Eastern peoples had become markedly different from the Western Aryan races; yet in many ways they seem closer to our remote Aryan ancestors than do any other people of to-day.

For one thing, the Hindus' unchanging residence and unbroken supremacy of three thousand years had enabled them to retain a vast amount of ancient and almost purely Aryan writings, such as no other modern Aryan stock possesses. We have recovered recently some portion of the ancient Persian literature. We recovered, about five centuries ago, what was probably the best of ancient Greek. But the Hindu texts, older than the Greek, and perhaps even older than the oldest Persian, had never been lost, and had continuously taught and dominated the Hindu civilization.

When Britain conquered India this wonderful literature was not immediately revealed to us. It was hidden by the Brahman priesthood, as a sacred treasure. Only by very slow degrees did Western scholars get any word of it or any hint as to its value. Then, there came that epoch of tremendous enthusiasm, when Western readers declared that the climax of all wisdom was heaped up within the old Hindu books. With them, all spiritual meditation and philosophy were said to begin and end. This period of extravagant praise has passed, and we are ready now to look into this voluminous and ancient Aryan literature and form a calmer estimate of its worth.

Hindu thought is complex, intricate, almost childish at

one extreme and yet extraordinarily deep and subtle at the other. From it have developed two religions which reach far beyond India. Of the second of these — Buddhism — we shall treat in another volume. Our concern here is with Brahmanism, the earlier religion, the one which finds expression in all the more ancient books and in many modern works as well.

These earliest "Sacred Books" of the Hindus are called, collectively, the Vedas, meaning "books of holy knowledge," books of which not one word may be changed nor one word doubted. They are still so treasured by the brahmins,[1] or Hindu priests, that they are memorized from end to end, and thus handed down through the generations by the spoken word. The true brahmin repudiates and rather despises a book, as being an unworthy repository for his holy and once secret knowledge.

The number of the Vedic books is large; the period of their origin extended from about 1500 or perhaps 2000 B.C. down to 500 B.C. They are still chanted and written in the strange old Aryan tongue in which they were first composed, since each word is too sacred to be changed. This language, which we can not always fully understand, is called from them Vedic, or sometimes Old Sanskrit. From this there developed in the course of ages a somewhat different language, the usual Sanskrit, in which a whole new Hindu literature was written during the next thousand years. By that time Sanskrit also had faded out of common use, had changed by time and the infusion of new peoples into a quite different tongue, or rather into several tongues, the dialects used in India to-day.

THE ELDER VEDAS

It is these Vedic books, and then the equally interesting Sanskrit books which followed them, that we have now to

[1] The words "Brahma," "Brahman," and "brahmin" are often so loosely used, that the reader is cautioned that throughout this volume "Brâhmâ" denotes the god, "Brahman" is the adjective referring to him and his faith, "brahmin" is the priest, or the priestly caste of worshipers of Brâhmâ.

examine. Our search is for the earliest inspiration, the earliest aspirations of our Aryan race.

As a starting-point we look to the oldest of the Vedas. These are four collections of ancient songs, chiefly hymns. Some of the songs must certainly have been composed as early as 1500 B.C., and perhaps they date back to an even younger time, long before there was any written language to record them. They were used for religious ceremonies and therefore carefully handed down, as we have seen, from priest to priest, from honored master to eager scholar, through all the centuries.

Gradually the change of life and language compelled an addition to the sacred hymns, what we might call the second generation of Vedas, known as the Brâhmanas. These Brâhmanas were the brahmins' explanations and interpretations of the old songs, fitting them to the thought of a new day. Later still there grew up a third generation of Vedas, studies of philosophy called the Upanishads, and works of science known as the "forest treatises," because they were so profound that one could only master them by withdrawing to the seclusion of a hermit life of meditation among the forests.

In these Vedas of the third generation, and especially in the Upanishads, we find a depth of thought, a strength of clear-seeing intellect rivaling that of the most celebrated thinkers of Europe's Philosophic Age. Indeed, the scholars of India to-day have said rather contemptuously to our Western seekers that we waste time studying the earlier Vedas, that the Upanishads contain all the real wisdom of the past.

With this verdict the modern reader will scarcely agree. Intricate systems of abstract philosophy are apt to leave him cold; he doubts their practical value either in life or death. He will turn, perhaps with more human interest, to the human passions, hopes, and fears that flash upon him from the older Vedas.

The West has found its greatest interest, however, in viewing this long series of Vedas as a whole and in their relation to still later writings. Here we have a great national re-

ligion growing up, as it were, under our very eyes. We note, of course, a somewhat similar succession of holy books in Hebrew literature. The Bible is followed by the Talmud, with its older and its later commentary, each in turn accepted, as the Hindus accepted the successive Vedas, as an unchangeable legacy; and then comes the Gemara, a still later commentary and explanation, to be held in reverence in its turn by a later generation. Yet the two cases are sharply different. The faith of the Hebrews has scarcely changed; what the firm-visioned race believed in 600 B.C. and in the captivity at Babylon, they believe to-day. Brahmanism, on the other hand, has changed and changed and changed again, keeping ever in step with the changing civilization of its people.

That is to say, Brahmanism has changed outwardly. You will find many Hindu sages to-day to tell you it has never changed in essence, that all the present generation knows and believes lay implied in the oldest Veda. This idea of an implied, secret knowledge can, of course, only be a matter of faith. The old Vedas express nothing so profound. What they do say is sufficiently interesting in itself. It pictures for us the Aryan mind at a very early stage. Then, taking the later literature, we can see to what the mind and thought expanded, and into what it has since changed through an environment perhaps unfavorable.

THE RIG-VEDA

In this volume, therefore, the reader is shown, first, the earliest of the old hymn Vedas, called the Rig-Veda. He will find the singers here a simple, straightforward, valiant race, fighters and farmers, dwelling in the temperate mountain regions of northern India. Their chief gods are two. One is Indra, lord of the winds and clouds and storm, a stupendous, tempestuous, fighting hero like their own ideal of man. The second is Agni, lord of fire, but chiefly of the hearth-fire and its beneficent warmth, the sheltering god of home and the softer side of life. There are many other gods, most of them powers of nature such as the often-mentioned Maruts, or storm-spirits, surrounding Indra. And there is one remark-

able hymn, probably among the latest in date, which speaks of the one Supreme God who exists behind all these, unknown, omnipotent.

Gradually this idea of monotheism, of the one deity behind all outer powers and forces, mounts through the Song Vedas. The gods who were to dominate later Brahmanism are, however, scarcely known, even to the latest or Atharva Song Veda. Vishnu appears as a minor weather-god, the warmth and brightness of the sun. "Bráhmâ," in the older Rig, is merely a common noun meaning prayer or worship, and the brahmins are those who pray.

With the later priestly books of meditation, however, the Brâhmanas and Upanishads, the meaning of "bráhmâ" expands and expands to cover all religious thought and aspiration and wisdom, until at last the god Bráhmâ, with the same name as the old priestly caste, emerges clearly as the only God.

THE UPANISHADS

The most celebrated of these Upanishads are given here. They are the profound efforts of able, thinking men to explain the meaning of the universe. Their thought is based on monotheism, that is, they see this world as the creation of a single beneficent Being. They try also to see this Creator as all-powerful and all-perfect; and at once they meet the two perplexing riddles which have hampered every man-made rational religion. The one riddle is involved in the Creator's perfection. Creation implies change; but if the Creator is and always has been all-perfect, then the conditions surrounding him before the creation must have been all-perfect. On the other hand, the changing of these conditions implies discontent with them. Thus the mere desire to create implies preceding lack of perfection somewhere and denies the god's perfection. The second riddle is more obvious. How reconcile an all-powerful Creator with the existence of evil and suffering in this created world? Here, evil wars against good, that is against the god; unless we conceive him as an evil god, in which case good should perish. So here is the

all-powerful, with a foe forever resisting him; hence he is not all-powerful.

From these difficulties there developed in most Aryan faiths, whether Teutonic, Greek, Persian, or Hindu, the idea of dualism, of two gods — a creator and a destroyer — and of some mighty final battle in which men also should bear their part. The Hindu thinkers, however, soon looked far deeper than these ideas of battle, seeing further explanations and new problems which we must leave the Upanishads to express for themselves.

This development of philosophical Brahmanism brings us to the close of the Vedic period, perhaps to 500 B.C. By this time the Aryans had conquered India. They had become cosmopolitan. As rulers of a vast world of many mingled races, they had met many religions, each with its own varied gods. The conquerors had become so interwoven with the subject races that even their language had changed, and we must call them by their modern name of Hindus, rather than the parent term of Aryans. They had also evolved their system of castes; that is, the people were divided into four unchangeable classes: priests, warriors, merchants, laborers. They were ready for their first great post-Vedic book, which gives expression to their new ideas, the Laws of Manu.

This book shows us the Brahmanic faith in a state far more complex and complete than in the Upanishads. It is also, if we may use the term, more childish. That is to say, the book is addressed, not to thinkers, but to all the people; it is a work not of meditations, but of laws, finished and complete. It announces definitely to the mass of men what they should do upon all occasions, and what they should believe. It assumes that the priesthood possess all knowledge. It goes back to creation and narrates how that occurred; it refers to thousands of tales of thousands of gods, and endeavors to include them all.

Thus Brahmanism had become a fixed faith, scarcely capable of further growth. It had adopted three chief gods, though it was willing to welcome any number of lesser ones. First of the three great gods was Brâhmâ, who had created the

universe by merely thinking of its possibility; so that all that really exists is his vision, his dream of it all. The world, thus imagined, is continued by Siva, the god of birth and death, forever doing and undoing, creating and destroying. Third of the great trinity is Vishnu, the preserver, who, whenever the world becomes involved in irremediable trouble, steps in to save it, comes down to earth in some bodily form or incarnation to restore the rule of righteousness.

These incarnations of Vishnu proved of great service to the Brahmanic priesthood by enabling them to incorporate in their own religion that of any important subject people. If a great foreign god had done any great deed for mankind, he was one of Vishnu's incarnations and could be welcomed and worshiped as such. Thus a new literary development began — the work of weaving into the fixed framework of the Brahmanic faith all the legends and lore of India's many people.

THE TWO GREAT INDIAN EPICS

From these efforts arose the two great epics of India, the Mahabharata and the Râmâyana. These epics incorporate many scattered older tales, and weave them into two vast, loosely bound stories of two of Vishnu's incarnations. In the greater of these epics, the Mahabharata, he appears as the god Krishna who had absorbed the chief worship of Central India long before Brahmanism reached there, and who still retains his honor as a Vishnu incarnation. Indeed, he has become the chief voice through which the priesthood teach. There is in the Mahabharata one section in which Krishna expounds his doctrines; and this section, called the Bhagavad Gîta, reaches perhaps the highest spiritual elevation attained by Hindu faith. The Râmâyana similarly elevates to Vishnu rank another ancient, though probably more earthly hero, Râma.

The reader must not, however, suppose that these two epics are philosophical discussions. On the contrary, they are the ancient story-books of the people, told in good, vigorous story-form. They are filled to the brim with fighting and adventure, with love-making and gambling, family hopes and

sorrows; in short, a vast medley of everything humanly interesting, in which religion and philosophy hold only about the same relative space as they do in common Hindu life. These ancient epics are to-day the main source of the people's stories. The Vedic books are known only to the priests. The Laws of Manu are the foundations of all modern society in India, but folk grow into knowledge of them by custom, not read of them in books. The epics are the people's literature.

So far we have said little of the authors and chronology of all these ancient works. As to the authors, a priest within the vast Brahmanic priesthood had little individual existence and small use for fame. The names which have been attached to most of the ancient writings read like the guesswork of a later generation, and only a few slight legends touch at all upon the writers. As to the chronology, India has none. So little have her sages regarded the mere passage of years that they have kept no record, and sometimes we can not say even within a thousand years when a book was written or a great man lived! The most probable guess assigns the Mahabharata in its present form to about 500 B.C., and the Râmâyana to about A.D. 500, yet the Râmâyana may possibly be the older of the two. So also the greatest commentator on the Upanishads, the one whose interpretation of them has chiefly guided Hindu thought, is Sankara, who may have lived about 200 B.C., but whom recent scholars incline to set later by a full thousand years.

THE BEAST-FABLES

Another remarkable work, a valued legacy which is treasured by the whole human race, but upon which we can set no clear date, is the Panchatantra, or the Hitopadesa. These books, as we know them to-day, contain, the first in priestly form, and the second in popular style, the oldest beast-fables in the world. In their earliest form, whatever that may have been, they probably antedated Æsop's fables and were their source. These ancient tales were obviously composed under Brahmanic influence; but they deal not with religion, but with personal morality and worldly wisdom. Their

pithy couplets became the proverbs of the people; and the simpler form of this useful wisdom, the Hitopadesa, is known to every Hindu. Hence it, too, finds a place in our present volume.

LATER WRITERS

In an age more recent than that of any of these older books we come upon one, and the only one, distinct "literary period" of India. Even this date is much disputed, but it was probably about A.D. 500 that a powerful king, Vikramaditya, formed a distinctly literary court in which there were many writers. Most celebrated among them was Kalidasa, who to-day is often called the Indian Shakespeare, though his countrymen have found for him a fitter name, "the bridegroom of Poetry." His best known drama and some of his other poems are presented here. It was the appearance of this drama, Śakuntalá, in English, in the year 1789, that first roused the Western world to an excited interest in the literary greatness of India. So many poems have since been offered us as Kalidasa's, that our critics try to escape the puzzling flood by suggesting that there may have been three poets of that name.

To recapitulate, the best-known Brahmanic or Hindu books are those here offered to the reader. They are the oldest, or Rig-Veda, the later hymns of the Atharva Veda, the philosophic Upanishads, the two epics Mahabharata and Râmâyana, the beast-fables of the Hitopadesa, and the more modern works of the great poet Kalidasa. Through these the reader is invited to consider thoughtfully the development, for good or for evil, of Aryan thought and faith among the only Aryan folk who have not drawn their religion from an outside and Semitic source. The Hindus, though surrounded by foreign races, have built up for themselves an Aryan faith.

THE RIG-VEDA

"The Veda, I feel convinced, will occupy scholars for centuries to come, and will take and maintain forever its position as the most ancient of books in the library of mankind."

—F. MAX MULLER.

THE RIG-VEDA

(INTRODUCTION)

THE name "Rig" means a song of praise, "Veda" means holy knowledge; so we have here a book of holy knowledge, made up of hymns. There are three other Hymn Vedas made up of similar songs, but they are of later date than the Rig, and their hymns are to some extent borrowed from it. Hence the Rig stands out as both the oldest and the most important. A Hindu tradition represents the Vedas as being as old as creation; and in accordance with this the reputed author of each hymn is not said to have composed it, but to have first "seen" it; that is, had it revealed to him. The Hindus have no records of ancient chronology whatever, yet even their modern scholars still gravely claim for the Rig-Veda an antiquity of from eight to twelve thousand years! European scholars smile at this. They can trace the Rig back to about 1200 B.C., and they are inclined to set its earliest possible beginnings at about 2000 B.C.

The Rig consists of over a thousand hymns, divided into ten Mandalas, or books. The first of these Mandalas is the longest and seemingly the oldest. Its hymns address only the very primitive gods: Indra, the god of the sky; Agni, the god of fire; and their immediate attendants, such as the sun-god, the wind-god, and those extremely interesting old heroes, the Maruts, or storm-gods. Professor Muller has made a special study of the Maruts as being perhaps the most primitive gods of all. In the hymns to them the growth and change of the religious spirit can be sharply traced. So our volume gives many of the Marut hymns. The earliest Aryan conception that there were outside powers to fear and to appease may well have been connected with the menace of the gathering thunder-storm.

But if the Maruts came first, in the primeval Aryan worship, then before the Rig was formed they had been already outranked by the broader conception of Indra, a general god of the weather, commanding the heavens in all their various moods toward man. Between Indra and the Maruts there is almost a clash of powers; and the doubt as to which should be addressed and placated shows often in the mind of the priestly singers. Indeed the favorite of the priests was neither of these warlike forces, but that other and more pacific deity, Agni. They have placed his hymns first in each of the ten Mandalas.

After the first and oldest Mandala, the Rig presents seven Mandalas containing the hymns preserved, and perhaps composed, by seven priestly families. Each of these books received the family name. The ninth Mandala contains only hymns to Soma. Soma was the intoxicating drink of the early Hindus, a milk-like, fermented liquor, which, because of its inspiring effect upon its devotees, seems to have been elevated to the full rank of a god. Not only did the Hindus use the beverage in their religious sacrifices, not only did they offer it to the gods, but they made it the subject of sacrifice and worship.

The tenth Mandala of the Rig seems, like the first, a collection from many sources. But it is a collection of later days. Long after the first nine books had become holy, there must have arisen new poems which seemed worthy to rank with them. Moreover, an effort may have been made to save such older songs as before had not been included in the holy books; and in rescuing these the priests were less particular than before as to the religious spirit of the poem. At any rate, there are in the tenth Mandala several poems which we would scarcely rank as hymns. They seem survivals of a looser verse. Yet the tenth Mandala contains also some of the most celebrated hymns of the entire Rig. Among these are the Creation Hymn, interesting in its resemblance to the Biblical account, and the hymn which we print last as perhaps the most impressive and profound of all, the Address to the Unknown God.

One other point of rather striking interest about these ancient poems is that several of them are attributed to woman authors. In this they are unique among the sacred books of the Farther East. Our Bible knows of the song of Miriam and of the prophetess Deborah; but no other Eastern literature presents the names or works of female writers of anything like a similar antiquity. Woman's position among these earliest Aryans seems to have been one of trust and honor. The following translations include two of these women's poems. The first of these may well hold our attention as being apparently the oldest piece of feminine literature that has survived the ages. Legend represents its opening stanzas as being actually composed by the princess Lopamudra, who wedded a brahmin sage and clung to him "like a shadow" through all his abstraction and self-mortification. As the poem appears in the first Mandala, we may roughly assign it to about the year 2000 B.C. Other poetesses of the Rig are the princess Visvavará, the goddess, or rather wife of a god, Idrani, and the mystic Vac, woman, goddess, or the personification of the power of words. Vac's noble hymn, which we give here, has been at least as much translated and discussed as even the Address to the Unknown God.

THE RIG-VEDA

BOOK I.—HYMN 1[1]

1. I worship by hymns Agni, the high-priest of the sacrifice, the deity, the sacrificial priest who presents oblations to the deities and is the possessor of great riches.

2. May Agni, lauded by the ancient and modern Rishis, conduct the deities hither (*i.e.*, in this sacrifice).

3. Through Agni, the worshiper comes by wealth which multiplies daily, which is the source of fame and which secures heroes.

4. O Agni, the sacrifice, around which thou residest, is unimpeded and reaches the celestials in heaven.

5. May Agni, the presenter of oblations, the attainer of success in works, ever truthful, highly illustrious for many noble deeds, divine, come hither with the celestials.

6. Whatever good, O Agni, thou mayest confer upon the giver of oblations, that, indeed, O Angiras, belongs to thee.

7. Bowing unto thee mentally, O Agni, we approach thee daily, both morning and evening.

8. Thee, the radiant, the protector of sacrifices unobstructed by Rakshasas, the perpetual illuminator of truth and increasing in thine own room.

9. Like unto a father to his son, O Agni, be easily accessible unto us; be ever present with us for our well-being.[2]

BOOK I.—HYMN 2[3]

1. Come hither, O Vayu, thou beautiful one! These Somas are ready; drink of them; hear our call!

[1] The "Rishi," or holy sage who composed the first three hymns, is said to be Madhuchhandas, a descendant of the most ancient and celebrated teacher or god, Vaisvamitrâ.

[2] This translation is by the modern Hindu poet, Manmutha Dutt.

[3] Vayu is the wind, a sort of attendant deity of Indra. Mitra and

2. O Vayu, the praisers celebrate thee with hymns, they who know the feast-days, and have prepared the Soma.

3. O Vayu, thy satisfying stream goes to the worshiper, wide-reaching, to the Soma-draught.

4. O Indra and Vayu, these libations of Soma are poured out; come hither for the sake of our offerings, for the drops of Soma long for you.

5. O Indra and Vayu, you perceive the libations, you who are rich in booty; come then quickly hither!

6. O Vayu and Indra, come near to the work of the sacrificer quick; thus is my prayer, O ye men!

7. I call Mitra, endowed with holy strength, and Varuna, who destroys all enemies; who both fulfil a prayer accompanied by fat offerings.

8. On the right way, O Mitra and Varuna, you have obtained great wisdom, you who increase the right and adhere to the right;

9. These two sages, Mitra and Varuna, the mighty, wide-ruling, give us efficient strength.[4]

BOOK I.—HYMN 3[5]

1. Aswins, cherishers of pious deeds, having outstretched hands for accepting the oblation, long-armed, desire for sacrificial viands.

2. Aswins, of many acts, guides of devotion, endowed with intellect, accept our eulogistic words with unaverted minds.

3. Aswins, destroyers of diseases, shorn of falsehood, leaders in the van of heroes, come to the mixed libations of Soma, extracted and placed on lopped Kus'a-grass.

Varuna seem special forms of fire, forms more fierce than Agni, the hearth-fire. Later they become day and night.

[4] Translated by Max Muller.

[5] The Aswins are two sons of the sun. They are warlike heroes and are also healing gods, or physicians. The Viswadevas are specifically a class of lesser gods, somewhat like guardian-spirits of men; but the term is often used collectively to include all gods. Saraswati is the goddess of speech, a truly feminine deity.

4. Indra of variegated splendor, come hither; these libations, ever pure and extracted by fingers, are seeking thee.

5. Indra, drawn by the devotion of the sacrificer and invoked by the intelligent priest, come hither and accept the prayers of the priest as he offers the libation.

6. Indra, having tawny horses, come hither speedily, to accept the prayers of the priest; in this sacrifice of extracted Soma-juice, accept our proffered food.

7. Viswadevas, protectors, supporters of men, granters of sacrificial rewards, come to the extracted Soma-juice of the worshiper.

8. May Viswadevas, the bestowers of rain, come speedily to the libation, as the rays of the sun come diligently to the days.

9. May Viswadevas, who are exempt from deterioration, omniscient, shorn of malice, givers of wealth, partake of this sacrifice.

10. May Saraswati, the purifier, the giver of food, the bestower of wealth in the shape of sacrificial fruits, seek viands in our sacrificial rite.

11. Saraswati, the inspirer of truthful words, the instructress of the right-minded, has accepted our sacrifice.

12. Saraswati makes manifest by her deeds a huge river, and in her own form enlightens all her undertakings.[6]

BOOK I.—HYMN 6[7]

To Indra and the Maruts (the Storm-gods)[8]

1. Those who stand around him while he moves on, harness the bright red steed; the lights in heaven shine forth.

[6] Translated by Manmutha Dutt.

[7] The hymns that follow are all translated by Prof. Muller.

[8] The poet begins with a somewhat abrupt description of a sunrise. Indra is taken as the god of the bright day, whose steed is the sun, and whose companions are the Maruts, or the storm-gods. *Arushá*, meaning originally "red," is used as a proper name of the horse or of the rising sun, though it occurs more frequently as the name of the red horses or flames of Agni, the god of fire, and also of the morning

2. They harness to the chariot on each side his (Indra's) two favorite bays, the brown, the bold, who can carry the hero.

3. Thou who createst light where there was no light, and form, O men! where there was no form, hast been born together with the dawns.

4. Thereupon they (the Maruts), according to their wont, assumed again the form of new-born babes, taking their sacred name.

5. Thou, O Indra, with the swift Maruts who break even through the stronghold hast found even in their hiding-place the bright ones (days or clouds).

6. The pious singers (the Maruts) have, after their own mind, shouted toward the giver of wealth, the great, the glorious Indra.

7. Mayest thou, host of the Maruts, be verily seen coming together with Indra, the fearless: you are both happy-making, and of equal splendor.

8. With the beloved hosts of Indra, with the blameless, hasting Maruts, the sacrificer cries aloud.

9. From yonder, O traveler (Indra), come hither, or from the light of heaven; the singers all yearn for it;

10. Or we ask Indra for help from here, or from heaven, or from above the earth, or from the great sky.

BOOK I.—HYMN 19

To Agni and the Maruts

1. Thou art called forth to this fair sacrifice for a draught of milk; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

light. In our passage, *Arushá*, a substantive, meaning the "red of the morning," has taken *bradhná* as an adjective, *bradhná* meaning, as far as can be made out, "bright" in general, though, as it is especially applied to the Soma-juice, perhaps "bright-brown" or "yellow." Names of color are difficult to translate from one language into another, for their shades vary, and withdraw themselves from sharp definition. We meet with this difficulty again and again in the Veda.

2. No god indeed, no mortal, is beyond the might of thee, the mighty one; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

3. They who know of the great sky, the Visve Devas without guile; with those Maruts come hither, O Agni!

4. The strong ones who sing their song, unconquerable by force; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

5. They who are brilliant, of terrible designs, powerful, and devourers of foes; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

6. They who in heaven are enthroned as gods, in the light of the firmament; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

7. They who toss the clouds across the surging sea; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

8. They who shoot with their darts (lightnings) across the sea with might; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

9. I pour out to thee for the early draught the sweet juice of Soma; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

BOOK I.— HYMN 37

To the Maruts

1. Sing forth, O Kanvas, to the sportive host of your Maruts, brilliant on their chariots, and unscathed —

2. They who were born together, self-luminous, with the spotted deer (the clouds), the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.

3. I hear their whips, almost close by, when they crack them in their hands; they gain splendor on their way.

4. Sing forth the god-given prayer to the wild host of your Maruts, endowed with terrible vigor and strength.

5. Celebrate the bull among the cows (the storm among the clouds), for it is the sportive host of the Maruts; he grew as he tasted the rain.

6. Who, O ye men, is the strongest among you here, ye shakers of heaven and earth, when you shake them like the hem of a garment?

7. At your approach the son of man holds himself down; the gnarled cloud fled at your fierce anger.

8. They at whose racings the earth, like a hoary king, trembles for fear on their ways,

9. Their birth is strong indeed: there is strength to come forth from their mother; nay, there is vigor twice enough for it.

10. And these sons, the singers, stretched out the fences in their racings; the cows had to walk knee-deep.

11. They cause this long and broad unceasing rain to fall on their ways.

12. O Maruts, with such strength as yours, you have caused men to tremble, you have caused the mountains to tremble.

13. As the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way: does any one hear them?

14. Come fast on your quick steeds! there are worshipers for you among the Kanvas: may you well rejoice among them.

15. Truly there is enough for your rejoicing. We always are their servants, that we may live even the whole of life.

BOOK I.—HYMN 38

To the Maruts

1. What then now? When will you take us as a dear father takes his son by both hands, O ye gods, for whom the sacred grass has been trimmed?

2. Where now? On what errand of yours are you going, in heaven, not on earth? Where are your cows sporting?

3. Where are your newest favors, O Maruts? Where the blessings? Where all delights?

4. If you, sons of Prisni, were mortals, and your praiser an immortal —

5. Then never should your praiser be unwelcome, like a deer in pasture grass, nor should he go on the path of Yama.

6. Let not one sin after another, difficult to be conquered, overcome us; may it depart together with greed.

7. Truly they are terrible and powerful; even to the desert the Rudriyas bring rain that is never dried up.

8. The lightning lows like a cow; it follows as a mother follows after her young, when the shower of the Maruts has been let loose.

9. Even by day the Maruts create darkness with the water-bearing cloud, when they drench the earth.

10. Then from the shouting of the Maruts over the whole space of the earth, men reeled forward.

11. Maruts on your strong-hoofed, never-wearying steeds go after those bright ones (the clouds), which are still locked up.

12. May your fellies be strong, the chariots, and their horses; may your reins be well-fashioned.

13. Speak forth forever with thy voice to praise the Lord of prayer, Agni, who is like a friend, the bright one.

14. Fashion a hymn in thy mouth! Expand like the cloud! Sing a song of praise.

15. Worship the host of the Maruts, the terrible, the glorious, the musical. May they be magnified here among us.

BOOK I.—HYMN 39

To the Maruts

1. When you thus from afar cast forward your measure, like a blast of fire, through whose wisdom is it, through whose design? To whom do you go, to whom, ye shakers of the earth?

2. May your weapons be firm to attack, strong also to withstand. May yours be the more glorious power, nor that of the deceitful mortal.

3. When you overthrow what is firm, O ye men, and whirl about what is heavy, you pass through the trees of the earth, through the clefts of the rocks.

4. No real foe of yours is known in heaven, nor on earth, ye devourers of foes! May power be yours, together with your race! O Rudras, can it be defied?

5. They make the rocks tremble, they tear asunder the kings of the forest. Come on, Maruts, like madmen, ye gods, with your whole tribe.

6. You have harnessed the spotted deer to your chariots, a red one draws as leader; even the earth listened at your approach, and men were frightened.

7. O Rudras, we quickly desire your help for our race. Come now to us with help, as of yore; thus now for the sake of the frightened Kanva.

8. Whatever fiend, roused by you or roused by men, attacks us, deprive him of power, of strength, and of your favors.

9. For you, chasing and wise Maruts, have wholly protected Kanva. Come to us, Maruts, with your whole favors, as lightnings go in quest of the rain.

10. Bounteous givers, you carry whole strength, whole power, ye shakers of the world. Send, O Maruts, against the wrathful enemy of the poets an enemy, like an arrow.[9]

BOOK I.—HYMN 64

To the Maruts

1. For the manly host, the joyful, the wise, for the Maruts bring thou, O Nodhas,[9] a pure offering. I prepare songs, like as a handy priest, wise in his mind, prepares the water, mighty at sacrifices.

2. They are born, the tall bulls of Dyu (heaven), the manly youths of Rudra, the divine, the blameless, pure, and bright like suns; scattering raindrops, full of terrible designs, like giants.

3. The youthful Rudras, they who never grow old, the slayers of the demon, have grown irresistible like mountains. They throw down with their strength all beings, even the strongest, on earth and in heaven.

4. They deck themselves with glittering ornaments for a marvelous show; on their chests they fastened gold chains

[9] Here the singer Nodhas addresses himself.

for beauty; the spears on their shoulders pound to pieces; they were born together by themselves, the men of Dyu.

5. They who confer power, the roarers, the devourers of foes, they made winds and lightnings by their powers. The shakers milk the heavenly udders (clouds), they sprinkle the earth all round with milk (rain).

6. The bounteous Maruts pour forth water, mighty at sacrifices, the fat milk of the clouds. They seem to lead about the powerful horse, the cloud, to make it rain; they milk the thundering, unceasing spring.

7. Mighty they are, powerful, of beautiful splendor, strong in themselves like mountains, yet swiftly gliding along; you chew up forests, like wild elephants, when you have assumed your powers among the red flames.

8. Like lions they roar, the wise Maruts; they are handsome like gazelles, the all-knowing. By night with their spotted deer (rain-clouds) and with their spears (lightnings) they rouse the companions together, they whose ire through strength is like the ire of serpents.

9. You who march in companies, the friends of man, heroes, whose ire through strength is like the ire of serpents, salute heaven and earth! On the seats on your chariots, O Maruts, the lightning stands, visible like light.

10. All-knowing, surrounded with wealth, endowed with powers, singers, men of endless prowess, armed with strong rings, they, the archers, have taken the arrow in their fists.

11. The Maruts who with the golden tires of their wheels increase the rain, stir up the clouds like wanderers on the road. They are brisk, indefatigable, they move by themselves; they throw down what is firm, the Maruts with their brilliant spears make everything to reel.

12. We invoke with prayer the offspring of Rudra, the brisk, the pure, the worshipful, the active. Cling for happiness-sake to the strong company of the Maruts, the chasers of the sky, the powerful, the impetuous.

13. The mortal whom ye, Maruts, protected, he indeed surpasses people in strength through your protection. He

carries off booty with his horses, treasures with his men; he acquires honorable wisdom, and he prospers.

14. Give, O Maruts, to our lords strength glorious, invincible in battle, brilliant, wealth-acquiring, praiseworthy, known to all men. Let us foster our kith and kin during a hundred winters.

15. Will you then, O Maruts, grant unto us wealth, durable, rich in men, defying all onslaughts? — wealth a hundred and a thousandfold, always increasing? — May he who is rich in prayers (the host of the Maruts) come early and soon!

BOOK I.— HYMN 86

To the Maruts

1. O Maruts, that man in whose dwelling you drink the Soma, ye mighty sons of heaven, he indeed has the best guardians.

2. You who are propitiated either by sacrifices or from the prayers of the sage, hear the call, O Maruts!

3. Aye, the powerful man to whom you have granted a sage, he will live in a stable rich in cattle.

4. On the altar of this strong man here, Soma is poured out in daily sacrifices; praise and joy are sung.

5. To him let the mighty Maruts listen, to him who surpasses all men, as the flowing rain-clouds pass over the sun.

6. For we, O Maruts, have sacrificed at many harvests, through the mercies of the swift gods (the storm-gods).

7. May that mortal be blessed, O chasing Maruts, whose offerings you carry off.

8. You take notice either of the sweat of him who praises you, ye men of true strength, or of the desire of the suppliant.

9. O ye of true strength, make this manifest with might! strike the fiend with your lightning!

10. Hide the hideous darkness, destroy every tusky fiend. Make the light which we long for!

BOOK I.— HYMN 87

To the Maruts

1. Endowed with exceeding vigor and power, the singers, the never-flinching, the immovable, the impetuous, the most beloved and most manly, have decked themselves with their glittering ornaments, a few only, like the heavens with the stars.

2. When you have seen your way through the clefts, like birds, O Maruts, on whatever road it be, then the casks (clouds) on your chariots trickle everywhere, and you pour out the honey-like fatness (the rain) for him who praises you.

3. At their racings the earth shakes, as if broken, when on the heavenly paths they harness their deer for victory. They the sportive, the roaring, with bright spears, the shakers of the clouds have themselves glorified their greatness.

4. That youthful company of the Maruts, with their spotted horses, moves by itself; hence it exercises lordship, invested with powers. Thou indeed art true; thou searchest out sin; thou art without blemish. Therefore the manly host will help this prayer.

5. We speak after the kind of our old father, our tongue goes forth at the sight of the Soma: when the singers (the Maruts) had joined Indra in deed, then only they took their holy names;

6. These Maruts, armed with beautiful rings, obtained splendors for their glory, they obtained rays, and men to celebrate them; nay, armed with daggers, speeding along, and fearless, they found the beloved domain of the Maruts.

BOOK I.— HYMN 88

To the Maruts

1. Come hither, Maruts, on your chariots charged with lightning, resounding with beautiful songs, stored with spears, and winged with horses! Fly to us like birds, with your best food, you mighty ones!

2. They come gloriously on their red, or, it may be, on their tawny horses which hasten their chariots. He who holds the axe is brilliant like gold; with the tire of the chariot they have struck the earth.

3. On your bodies there are daggers for beauty; may they stir up our minds as they stir up the forests. For yourselves, O well-born Maruts, the vigorous among you shake the stone for distilling Soma.

4. Days went round you and came back, O hawks, back to this prayer, and to this sacred rite; the Gotamas making prayer with songs, pushed up the lid of the well (the cloud) for to drink.

5. No such hymn was ever known as this which Gotama sounded for you, O Maruts, when he saw you on golden wheels, wild boars rushing about with iron tusks.

6. This comforting speech rushes sounding toward you, like the speech of a suppliant: it rushed freely from our hands as our speeches are wont to do.

BOOK I.—HYMN 165

To the Maruts and Indra [10]

The Prologue

The sacrificer speaks:

1. To what splendor do the Maruts all equally cling, they who are of the same age, and dwell in the same nest? With

[10] It would seem as if the ten verses, from 3 to 12, formed an independent poem, which was intended to show the divine power of the Maruts. That their divine power was sometimes denied, and that Indra's occasional contempt of them was well known to the Vedic poets, will become evident from other hymns. This dialogue seems, therefore, to have been distinctly intended to show that, in spite of occasional misunderstandings between the Maruts and the all-powerful Indra, Indra himself had fully recognized their power and accepted their friendship. If we suppose that this dialogue was repeated at sacrifices in honor of the Maruts, or that possibly it was acted by two parties, one representing Indra, the other the Maruts and their followers, then the two verses in the beginning and the three at the end ought to be placed in the mouth of the actual sacrificer, whoever he was. He begins

what thoughts? — from whence are they come? Do these heroes sing forth their own strength, wishing for wealth?

2. Whose prayers have the youths accepted? Who has turned the Maruts to his own sacrifice? By what strong desire may we arrest them, they who float through the air like hawks?

The Dialogue

The Maruts speak:

3. From whence, O Indra, dost thou come alone, thou who art mighty? O lord of men, what has thus happened to thee? Thou greetest us when thou comest together with us, the bright Maruts. Tell us then, thou with thy bay horses, what thou hast against us!

4. The sacred songs are mine; mine are the prayers; sweet are the libations! My strength rises; my thunderbolt is hurled forth. They call for me; the hymns yearn for me. Here are my horses; they carry me hither.

The Maruts speak:

5. From thence, in company with our strong friends, having adorned our bodies, we now harness our fallow deer with all our might; for, Indra, according to custom, thou hast come to be with us.

Indra speaks:

6. Where, O Maruts, was that custom with you, when you left me alone in the killing of Ahi? I indeed am terrible, powerful, strong; I escaped from the blows of every enemy.

The Maruts speak:

7. Thou hast achieved much with us as companions. With

by asking, Who has attracted the Maruts to his sacrifice, and by what act of praise and worship can they be delighted? Then follows the dialogue in honor of the Maruts, and after it the sacrificer asks again, "Who has magnified the Maruts, *i.e.*, have not we magnified them?" and he implores them to grant him their friendship in recognition of his acts of worship. If then we suppose that the dialogue was the work of Mândârya Mânya, the fourteenth verse, too, would lose something of its obscurity. Coming from the mouth of the actual sacrificer, it would mean, "the wisdom, or the poetical power, of Mânya has brought us to this, has induced us to do this, *i.e.*, to perform this dialogue of Mânya, so that he, Mânya, should assist, as a poet assists the priest at a sacrifice."

equal valor, O hero! let us achieve then many things, O thou most powerful, O Indra! whatever we, O Maruts, wish with our mind.

Indra speaks:

8. I slew Vritra, O Maruts, with Indra's might, having grown powerful through my own vigor; I, who hold the thunderbolt in my arms, have made these all-brilliant waters to flow freely for man.

The Maruts speak:

9. Nothing, O mighty lord, is strong before thee: no one is known among the gods like unto thee. No one who is now born comes near, no one who has been born. Do what thou wilt do, thou who art grown so strong.

Indra speaks:

10. Almighty strength be mine alone, whatever I may do, daring in my heart; for I indeed, O Maruts, am known as terrible: of all that I threw down, I, Indra, am the lord.

Indra speaks:

11. O Maruts, now your praise has pleased me, the glorious hymn which you have made for me, ye men! — for me, for Indra, for the joyful hero, as friends for a friend, for your own sake, and by your own efforts.

Indra speaks:

12. Truly, there they are, shining toward me, bringing blameless glory, bringing food. O Maruts, wherever I have looked for you, you have appeared to me in bright splendor: appear to me also now!

The Epilogue

The sacrificer speaks:

13. Who has magnified you here, O Maruts? Come hither, O friends, toward your friends. Ye brilliant Maruts, welcoming these prayers, be mindful of these my rites.

14. The wisdom of Mânya has brought us hither, that he should help as the poet helps the performer of a sacrifice: turn hither quickly! Maruts, on to the sage! the singer has recited these prayers for you.

15. May this your praise, O Maruts, this song of Mândârya, the son of Mâna, the poet, bring offspring for ourselves with food. May we have an invigorating autumn, with quickening rain.

BOOK I.—HYMN 166

To the Maruts

1. Let us now proclaim for the robust host, for the herald of the powerful Indra, their ancient greatness! O ye strong-voiced Maruts, you heroes, prove your powers on your march, as with a torch, as with a sword!

2. Like parents bringing a dainty to their own son, the wild Maruts play playfully at the sacrifices. The Rudras reach the worshiper with their protection; strong in themselves, they do not fail the sacrificer.

3. For him to whom the immortal guardians have given fulness of wealth, and who is himself a giver of oblations, the Maruts, who gladden men with the milk of rain, pour out, like friends, many clouds.

4. You who have stirred up the clouds with might, your horses rushed forth, self-guided. All beings who dwell in houses are afraid of you; your march is brilliant with your spears thrust forth.

5. When they whose march is terrible have caused the rocks to tremble, or when the manly Maruts have shaken the back of heaven, then every lord of the forest fears at your racing, each shrub flies out of your way, whirling like chariot-wheels.

6. You, O terrible Maruts, whose ranks are never broken, favorably fulfil our prayer! Wherever your glory-toothed lightning bites, it crunches cattle, like a well-aimed bolt.

7. The Maruts whose gifts are firm, whose bounties are never ceasing, who do not revile, and who are highly praised at the sacrifices, they sing their song for to drink the sweet juice: they know the first manly deeds of the hero Indra.

8. The man whom you have guarded, O Maruts, shield

him with hundredfold strongholds from injury and mischief — the man whom you, O fearful, powerful singers, protect from reproach in the prosperity of his children.

9. On your chariots, O Maruts, there are all good things, strong weapons are piled up clashing against each other. When you are on your journeys, you carry the rings on your shoulders, and your axle turns the two wheels at once.

10. In their manly arms there are many good things, on their chests golden chains, flaring ornaments, on their shoulders speckled deer-skins, on their fellies sharp edges; as birds spread their wings, they spread out splendors behind.

11. They, mighty by might, all-powerful powers, visible from afar like the heavens with the stars, sweet-toned, soft-tongued singers with their mouths, the Maruts, united with Indra, shout all around.

12. This is your greatness, O well-born Maruts! — your bounty extends far, as the sway of Aditi. Not even Indra in his scorn can injure that bounty, on whatever man you have bestowed it for his good deeds.

13. This is your kinship with us, O Maruts, that you, immortals, in former years have often protected the singer. Having through this prayer granted a hearing to man, all these heroes together have become well known by their valiant deeds.

14. That we may long flourish, O Maruts, with your wealth, O ye racers, that our men may spread in the camp, therefore let me achieve the rite with these offerings.

15. May this praise, O Maruts, this song of Mândârya, the son of Mâna, the poet, ask you with food for offspring for ourselves! May we have an invigorating autumn, with quickening rain!

BOOK I.— HYMN 167

To the Maruts

1. O Indra, a thousand have been thy helps accorded to us, a thousand, O driver of the bays, have been thy most

delightful viands. May thousands of treasures richly to enjoy, may goods come to us a thousandfold.

2. May the Maruts come toward us with their aids, the mighty ones, or with their best aids from the great heaven, now that their furthest steeds have rushed forth on the distant shore of the sea;

3. There clings to the Maruts one who moves in secret, like a man's wife (the lightning), and who is like a spear carried behind, well grasped, resplendent, gold-adorned; there is also with them Vac (the voice of thunder), like unto a courtly, eloquent woman.

4. Far away the brilliant, untiring Maruts cling to their young maid, as if she belonged to them all; but the terrible ones did not drive away Rodasî (the lightning), for they wished her to grow their friend.[11]

5. When the divine Rodasî with disheveled locks, the manly minded, wished to follow them, she went, like Sûryâ (the Dawn), to the chariot of her servant, with terrible look, as with the pace of a cloud.

6. As soon as the poet with the libations, O Maruts, had sung his song at the sacrifice, pouring out Soma, the youthful men (the Maruts) placed the young maid in their chariot as their companion for victory, mighty in assemblies.

7. I praise what is the praiseworthy true greatness of those Maruts, that the manly minded, proud, and strong one (Rodasî) drives with them toward the blessed mothers.

8. They protect Mitra and Varuna from the unspeakable, and Aryaman also finds out the infamous. Even what is firm and unshakable is being shaken; but he who dispenses treasures, O Maruts, has grown in strength.

9. No people indeed, whether near to us, or from afar, have ever found the end of your strength, O Maruts! The

[11] The spear of the Maruts is meant for the lightning. The rest of this verse is difficult, and has been variously rendered by different scholars. We must remember that the lightning is represented as the wife or the beloved of the Maruts. In that character she is called Rodasî, with the accent on the last syllable, and kept distinct from *ródasî*, with the accent on the antepenultimate, which means "heaven and earth."

Maruts, strong in daring strength, have, like the sea, boldly surrounded their haters.

10. May we to-day, may we to-morrow in battle be called the most beloved of Indra. We were so formerly, may we truly be so day by day, and may the lord of the Maruts be with us.

11. May this praise, O Maruts, this song of Mândârya, the son of Mâna, the poet, ask you with food for offspring for ourselves! May we have an invigorating autumn, with quickening rain!

BOOK I.—HYMN 170

DIALOGUE BETWEEN INDRA AND HIS WORSHIPER, AGASTYA [12]

1. INDRA: There is no such thing to-day, nor will it be so to-morrow. Who knows what strange thing this is? We must consult the thought of another, for even what we once knew seems to vanish.

2. AGASTYA: Why dost thou wish to kill us, O Indra? the Maruts are thy brothers; fare kindly with them, and do not strike us in battle.

3. THE MARUTS: O brother Agastya, why, being a

[12] The hymn admits of several explanations. There was a sacrifice in which Indra and the Maruts were invoked together, and it is quite possible that our hymn may owe its origin to this. But it is possible also that the sacrifice may be the embodiment of the same ideas which were originally expressed in this and similar hymns, namely, that Indra, however powerful by himself, could not dispense with the assistance of the storm-gods. The idea that a great god like Indra did not like to be praised together with others is an old idea, and we find traces of it in the hymns. It is quite possible, therefore, that our hymn contains the *libretto* of a little ceremonial drama in which different choruses of priests are introduced as preparing a sacrifice for the Maruts and for Indra, and as trying to appease the great Indra, who is supposed to feel slighted. Possibly Indra, and the Maruts, too, may have been actually represented by some actors, so that here, as elsewhere, the first seeds of the drama would be found in sacrificial performances. In the first verse Indra expresses his surprise in disconnected sentences, saying that such a thing has never happened before. The second line expresses that Indra does not remember such a thing, and must ask some one else, whether he remembers anything like it.

friend, dost thou despise us? We know quite well what thy mind was. Dost thou not wish to give to us?

4. AGASTYA: Let them prepare the altar; let them light the fire in front! Here we two will spread for thee the sacrifice, to be seen by the immortal.

5. AGASTYA: Thou rulest, O lord of treasures; thou, lord of friends, art the most generous. Indra, speak again with the Maruts, and then consume our offerings at the right season.

BOOK V.— HYMN 61 [13]

TO THE MARUTS

1. Who are you, O men, the very best, who have approached one by one, from the farthest distance?

2. Where are your horses, where the bridles? How could you, how did you come? — the seat on the back, the rein in the nostrils?

3. Their goad is on the croup, the heroes stretched their legs apart. . . .

[13] This hymn is most unusual in the Rig-Veda in pausing for praise of a woman. The hymn is of a very composite nature. It is addressed to the Maruts by *Syâvâsva*. According to the commentaries, however, the Maruts are addressed in verses 1–4, 11–16 only; verses 5–8 are addressed to *Sasîyasî* Tarantamashishî, 9 to Purumîlha Vaidadasvi, 10 to Taranta Vaidadasvi, 17–19 to Rathavîti Dârbhya. The story told in the introductory verses is this: —"Arkanânas Atreya was chosen by Rathavîti Dârbhya to be his Ritvig priest. At the sacrifice Arkanânas saw the daughter of Rathavîti and asked her in marriage for his son *Syâvâsva*. Rathavîti consulted his wife, but she declined on the ground that no daughter of theirs had ever been given to a man who was not a poet (Rishi). Thereupon *Syâvâsva* performed penance, and traveled about collecting alms. He thus came to *Sasîyasî*, who recommended him, as a Rishi, to her husband, King Taranta. King Taranta was very generous to him, and sent him on to his younger brother, Purumîlha. On his way to Purumîlha, *Syâvâsva* saw the Maruts, and composed a hymn in their praise (verses 11–16). He had thus become a real poet or Rishi, and on returning home, he received from Rathavîti his daughter in marriage." Here therefore we have to deal with two princely brothers, both Vaidadasvis, namely Taranta and Purumîlha. They both give presents to *Syâvâsva*, who is a Brâhmana, and he marries the daughter of another prince, Rathavîti Dârbhya.

4. Move along, heroes, young men, the sons of an excellent mother, so that you may warm yourselves at our fire.[14]

5. May the woman, if she stretched out her arm as a rest for the hero, praised by *Syâvâsva*, gain cattle consisting of horses, cows, and a hundred sheep.

6. Many a woman is even more often kindlier than a godless and miserly man,

7. A woman who finds out the weak, the thirsty, the needy, and is mindful of the gods.

8. Even though many an unpraiseworthy miser (Pa*n*i) is called a man, she is worth as much in weregild.

9. Also the young woman joyfully whispered to me, to *Syâva*, the road — and the two bays went straight to Purumilha, the wise, the far-famed,

10. Who gave me a hundred cows, like Vaidadasvi, like Taranta, in magnificence.

11. The Maruts, who drive on their quick horses, drinking the delightful mead, have gained glory here;

12. They on whose chariots Rodasî glitters in glory, like the golden disk above in heaven;

13. That youthful company of the Maruts, with blazing chariots, blameless, triumphant, irresistible.

14. Who now knows of them where the strikers rejoice, the well-born, the faultless?

15. You who are fond of praise, become the leaders of the mortal, listening to his imploring invocations; thus is my thought.

16. Bring then to us delightful and resplendent treasures, ye worshipful Maruts, destroyers of enemies.

17. O night, like a charioteer, carry away this hymn to Dârbhya, and these songs, O goddess.

18. And then tell him thus from me, "When Rathavîti offers Soma, my desire never goes away from me."

19. That mighty Rathavîti dwells among people rich in cattle, retired among the mountains.

[14] Evidently the sacrificial fire.

BOOK VI.—HYMN 66

To the Maruts

1. This may well be a marvel, even to an intelligent man, that anything should have taken the same name *dhenu,* cow: the one is always brimming to give milk among men, but Prisni (the cloud, the mother of the Maruts) poured out her bright udder once only.[15]

2. The Maruts who shone like kindled fires, as they grew stronger twice and thrice — their golden, dustless chariots became full of manly courage and strength.

3. They who are the sons of the bounteous Rudra, and whom she indeed was strong enough to bear; for she, the great, is known as the mother of the great, that very Prisni conceived the germ for the strong one (Rudra).

4. They who do not shrink from being born in this way, and who within the womb clean themselves from all impurity, when they have been brought forth brilliant, according to their pleasure, they sprinkle their bodies with splendor.

5. Among them there is no one who does not strive to be brought forth quickly; and they assume the defiant name of Maruts. They who are not unkind never tiring in strength, will the generous sacrificer be able to bring down these fierce ones?

6. Fierce in strength, followed by daring armies, these Maruts have brought together heaven and earth, both firmly established; then the self-shining Rodasî stood among the impetuous Maruts, like a light.

7. Even though your carriage, O Maruts, be without your deer, without horses, and not driven by any charioteer, without drag, and without reins, yet, crossing the air, it passes between heaven and earth, finishing its courses.

[15] The meaning seems to be that it is strange that two things, namely, a real cow and the cloud, *i.e.*, Prisni, the mother of the Maruts, should both be called *dhenu,* cow; that the one should always yield milk to men, while the other has her bright udder milked but once. This may mean that *dhenu,* a cow, yields her milk always, that *dhenu,* a cloud, yields rain but once, or, that Prisni gave birth but once to the Maruts.

8. No one can stop, no one can overcome him whom you, O Maruts, protect in battle. He whom you protect in his kith, his cattle, his kin, and his waters, he breaks the stronghold at the close of the day.

9. Offer a beautiful song to the host of the Maruts, the singers, the quick, the strong, who resist violence with violence; O Agni, the earth trembles before the champions.

10. Blazing like the flame of the sacrifices, flickering like the tongues of the fire, shouters, like roaring fighters, the flame-born Maruts are unassailable.

11. I invite with my call this strong and Marut-like son of Rudra, armed with flaming spears. Bright thoughts, like wild waters from the mountain, strove to reach the host of heaven.

BOOK VII.—HYMN 56

To the Maruts

1. Who are these resplendent men, dwelling together, the boys of Rudra, also with good horses?

2. No one indeed knows their births; they alone know each other's birthplace.

3. They plucked each other with their beaks; the hawks, rushing like the wind, strove together.

4. A wise man understands these secrets, that Prisni, the great, bore an udder.

5. May that clan be rich in heroes by the Maruts, always victorious, rich in manhood!

6. They are quickest to go, most splendid with splendor, endowed with beauty, strong with strength.

7. Strong is your strength, steadfast your powers, and thus by the Maruts is this clan mighty.

8. Resplendent is your breath, furious are the minds of the wild host, like a shouting maniac.

9. Keep from us entirely your flame; let not your hatred reach us here.

10. I call on the dear names of your swift ones, so that the greedy should be satisfied, O Maruts,

11. The well-armed, the swift, decked with beautiful chains, who themselves adorn their bodies.

12. Bright are the libations for you, the bright ones, O Maruts; a bright sacrifice I prepare for the bright. In proper order came those who truly follow the order, the bright born, the bright, the pure.

13. On your shoulders, O Maruts, are the rings, on your chests the golden chains are fastened; far-shining like lightnings with showers, you wield your weapons, according to your wont.

14. Your hidden splendors come forth; spread out your powers (names), O racers! Accept, O Maruts, this thousandfold, domestic share, as an offering for the house-gods.

15. If you thus listen, O Maruts, to this praise, at the invocation of the powerful sage, give him quickly a share of wealth in plentiful offspring, which no selfish enemy shall be able to hurt.

16. The Maruts, who are fleet like racers, the manly youths, shone like Yakshas; they are beautiful like boys standing round the hearth; they play about like calves who are still sucking.

17. May the bounteous Maruts be gracious to us, opening up to us the firm heaven and earth. May that bolt of yours, which kills cattle and men, be far from us! Incline to us, O Vasus, with your favors.

18. The Hotri priest calls on you again and again, sitting down and praising your common gift, O Maruts. O strong ones, he who is the guardian of so much wealth, he calls on you with praises, free from guile.

19. These Maruts stop the swift, they bend strength by strength, they ward off the curse of the plotter, and turn their heavy hatred on the enemy.

20. These Maruts stir up even the sluggard, even the vagrant, as the gods pleased. O strong ones, drive away the darkness, and grant us all our kith and kin.

21. May we not fall away from your bounty, O Maruts; may we not stay behind, O charioteers, in the distribution

of your gifts. Let us share in the brilliant wealth, the well-acquired, that belongs to you, O strong ones.

22. When valiant men fiercely fight together, for rivers, plants, and houses, then, O Maruts, sons of Rudra, be in battles our protectors from the enemy.

23. O Maruts, you have valued the praises which our fathers have formerly recited to you; with the Maruts the victor is terrible in battle, with the Maruts alone the racer wins the prize.

24. O Maruts, may we have a strong son, who is lord among men, a ruler, through whom we may cross the waters to dwell in safety, and then obtain our own home for you.

25. May Indra then, Varuna, Mitra, Agni, the waters, the plants, the trees of the forest be pleased with us. Let us be in the keeping, in the lap of the Maruts; protect us always with your favors.

BOOK VII.— HYMN 59

To the Maruts and Rudra

1. Whom you protect again and again, O gods, and whom you lead, to him, O Agni, Varuna, Mitra, Aryaman, and Maruts, yield your protection.

2. He who sacrifices, O gods, overcomes his enemies by your protection on a happy day. He who gives to your delight spreads forth his dwelling, spreads out much food.

3. This Vasishtha will not despise even the last among you, O Maruts; drink all of you, to-day, at my libation here, full of desire.

4. Your help does not indeed fail that man in battle to whom you granted it, O men! Your newest favor has turned hither; come quick then, ye who wish to drink.

5. O ye whose gifts are cheering, come to drink the juice of the Soma-flowers: these are your libations, O Maruts, for I gave them to you; do not go elsewhere!

6. Sit down on our altar and protect us, to give us bril-

liant riches. O Maruts, who never miss the Soma-mead, hail to you here to enjoy yourselves.

7. Having adorned their bodies, the swans with dark blue backs came flying in secret — the whole flock sat down all around me, like gay men, delighting in the Soma offering.

8. O Maruts, that hateful man who beyond our thoughts tries to hurt us, O Vasus, may he catch the snares of Druh; kill him with your hottest bolt!

9. O you Maruts, full of heat, here is the libation; be pleased to accept it, O you who destroy the enemies by your help.

10. O you who accept the domestic sacrifices, come hither, O Maruts; do not keep away, you who are bounteous by your help.

11. O Maruts, strong and wise, with sun-bright skins, I choose the sacrifice for you here and there.

12. We sacrifice to Tryambaka, the sweet-scented, wealth-increasing Rudra. May I be detached from death, like a gourd from its stem, but not from the immortal.

BOOK II.— HYMN 33

To Rudra, the Father of the Maruts

1. O father of the Maruts, let thy favor come near, and do not deprive us of the sight of the sun; may the hero Rudra be gracious to our horse, and may we increase in offspring, O Rudra!

2. May I attain to a hundred winters through the most blissful medicines which thou hast given! Put away far from us all hatred; put away anguish; put away sicknesses in all directions!

3. In beauty thou art the most beautiful of all that exists, O Rudra, the strongest of the strong, thou wielder of the thunderbolt! Carry us happily to the other shore of our anguish, and ward off all assaults of mischief.

4. Let us not incense thee, O Rudra, by our worship, not by bad praise, O hero, and not by divided praise! Raise up

our men by thy medicines, for I hear thou art the best of all physicians.

5. He who is invoked by invocations and libations, may I pay off that Rudra with my hymns of praise. Let not him who is kind-hearted, who readily hears our call, the tawny, with beautiful cheeks, deliver us to this wrath!

6. The manly hero with the Maruts has gladdened me, the suppliant, with more vigorous health. May I without mischief find shade, as if from sunshine; may I gain the favor of Rudra!

7. O Rudra, where is thy softly stroking hand which cures and relieves? Thou, the remover of all heaven-sent mischief, wilt thou, O strong hero, bear with me?

8. I send forth a great, great hymn of praise to the bright tawny bull. Let me reverence the fiery god with prostrations; we celebrate the flaring name of Rudra.

9. He, the fierce god, with strong limbs, assuming many forms, the tawny Rudra, decked himself with brilliant golden ornaments. From Rudra, who is lord of this wide world, divine power will never depart.

10. Worthily thou bearest arrows and bow, worthily, O worshipful, the golden, variegated chain; worthily thou cuttest every fiend here to pieces, for there is nothing indeed stronger than thou, O Rudra.

11. Praise him, the famous, sitting in his chariot, the youthful, who is fierce and attacks like a terrible wild beast (the lion). And when thou hast been praised, O Rudra, be gracious to him who magnifies thee, and let thy armies mow down others than us!

12. O Rudra, a boy indeed makes obeisance to his father who comes to greet him: I praise the lord of brave men, the giver of many gifts, and thou, when thou hast been praised, wilt give us thy medicines.

13. O Maruts, those pure medicines of yours, the most beneficent and delightful, O heroes, those which Manu, our father, chose — those I crave from Rudra, as health and wealth.

14. May the weapon of Rudra avoid us; may the great

anger of the flaring one pass us by. Unstring thy strong bows for the sake of our liberal lords, O bounteous Rudra; be gracious to our kith and kin.

15. Thus, O tawny and manly god, showing thyself, so as neither to be angry nor to kill, be mindful of our invocations, and, rich in brave sons, we shall magnify thee in the congregation.

BOOK VI.—HYMN 74

To Soma and Rudra

1. Soma and Rudra, may you maintain your divine dominion, and may the oblations reach you properly. Bringing the seven treasures to every house, be kind to our children and our cattle.

2. Soma and Rudra, draw far away in every direction the disease which has entered our house. Drive far away Nirriti, and may auspicious glories belong to us!

3. Soma and Rudra, bestow all these remedies on our bodies. Tear away and remove from us whatever evil we have committed, which clings to our bodies.

4. Soma and Rudra, wielding sharp weapons and sharp bolts, kind friends, be gracious unto us here! Deliver us from the snare of Varuna, and guard us, as kind-hearted gods!

BOOK VII.—HYMN 46

To Rudra

1. Offer ye these songs to Rudra whose bow is strong, whose arrows are swift, the self-dependent god, the unconquered conqueror, the intelligent, whose weapons are sharp — may he hear us!

2. For, being the lord, he looks after what is born on earth; being the universal ruler, he looks after what is born in heaven. Protecting us, come to our protecting doors, be without illness among our people, O Rudra!

3. May that thunderbolt of thine, which, sent from heaven, traverses the earth, pass us by! A thousand medicines are thine, O thou who art freely accessible; do not hurt us in our kith and kin!

4. Do not strike us, O Rudra; do not forsake us! May we not be in thy way when thou rushest forth furiously. Let us have our altar and a good report among men — protect us always with your favors!

BOOK I.— HYMN 134

To Vayu [16]

1. O Vayu, may the quick racers bring thee toward the offerings, to the early drink here, to the early drink of Soma! May Sûnrita (the Dawn) stand erect, approving thy mind! Come near on thy harnessed chariot to share, O Vayu, to share in the sacrifice!

2. May the delightful drops of Soma delight thee, the drops made by us, well-made, and heaven-directed, yes, made with milk, and heaven-directed. When his performed aids assume strength for achievement, our prayers implore the assembled steeds for gifts; yes, the prayers implore them.

3. Vayu yokes the two ruddy, Vayu yokes the two red horses, Vayu yokes to the chariot the two swift horses to draw in the yoke, the strongest to draw in the yoke. Awake Purandhi (the Morning) as a lover wakes a sleeping maid, reveal heaven and earth, brighten the dawn, yes, for glory brighten the dawn.

4. For thee the bright dawns spread out in the distance beautiful garments, in their houses, in their rays, beautiful in their new rays. To thee the juice-yielding cow pours out all treasures. Thou hast brought forth the Maruts from the flanks, yes, from the flanks of heaven.

5. For thee the white, bright, rushing Somas, strong in raptures, have rushed to the whirl, they have rushed to the whirl of the waters. The tired hunter asks luck of thee in

[16] Vayu is the wind; he is also in the next hymn addressed as Vata.

the chase; thou shieldest by thy power from every being, yes, thou shieldest by thy power from powerful spirits.

6. Thou, O Vayu, art worthy as the first before all others to drink these our Somas; thou art worthy to drink these poured-out Somas. Among the people also who invoke thee and have turned to thee, all the cows pour out the milk; they pour out butter and milk for the Soma.

BOOK X.— HYMN 168

To Vâta

1. Now for the greatness of the chariot of Vâta! Its roar goes crashing and thundering. It moves touching the sky, and creating red sheens, or it goes scattering the dust of the earth.

2. Afterward there rise the gusts of Vâta; they go toward him, like women to a feast. The god goes with them on the same chariot, he, the king of the whole of this world.

3. When he moves on his paths along the sky, he rests not even a single day, the friend of the waters, the first-born, the holy, where was he born, whence did he spring?

4. The breath of the gods, the germ of the world, that god moves wherever he listeth; his roars indeed are heard, not his form — let us offer sacrifice to that Vâta!

HYMNS BY WOMEN

BOOK I.—HYMN 179[1]

1. LOPAMUDRA: Many years have I been serving thee diligently, both day and night, and through mornings, bringing on old age: decay now impairs the beauty of my limbs: what, therefore, is now to be done? Let husbands approach their wives.

2. The ancient sages, disseminators of truth, who, verily, conversed of truths with the gods, begot progeny, nor thereby violated their vow of continence; therefore should wives be approached by their husbands.

3. AGASTYA: Penance has not been practised in vain: since the gods protect us, we may indulge all our desires: in this world we may triumph in many conflicts, if we exert ourselves mutually together.

4. Desire, either from this cause or from that, has come upon me while engaged in prayer and suppressing passion: Let Lopamudra approach her husband: the unsteady female beguiles the firm and resolute man.

5. PUPIL: I beseech the Soma-juice, which has been drunk in my heart, that it may fully expiate the sin we have committed; man is subject to many desires.

6. Agastya, a venerable sage, working with prayer and sacrifice, desiring progeny, offspring, and strength, prac-

[1] This is one of the very few of the older poems of the Rig which seems to have but little of the character of a hymn. We must rather characterize it as a love-song or primeval drama. The princess Lopamudra sings the first two stanzas to her husband, the celebrated sage and ascetic Agastya. He answers in the next two stanzas. In the last two his pupils, or the chief among them, comment in the style of a Greek chorus. They regret their own sin in having listened curiously to the sage and his wife, but they approve Agastya's decision. This translation is by H. H. Wilson, Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Oxford.

tised both classes of obligations, and received true benedictions from the gods.

BOOK X.— HYMN 125 [2]

1. I travel with the Rudras and the Vasus, with the Adityas and All-Gods I wander.
 I hold aloft both Varuna and Mitra, Indra, and Agni, and the pair of Asvins.
2. I cherish and sustain high-swelling Soma, and Tvashtar I support, Pushan and Bhaga.
 I load with wealth the zealous sacrificer who pours the juice and offers the oblation.
3. I am the Queen, the gatherer-up of treasures, most thoughtful, first of those who merit worship.
 Thus Gods have established me in many places with many homes to enter and abide in.
4. Through me alone all eat the food that feeds them — each man who sees, breathes, hears the word outspoken.
 They know it not, but yet they dwell beside me. Hear, one and all, the truth as I declare it.
5. I, verily, myself announce and utter the word that Gods and men alike shall welcome.
 I make the man I love exceedingly mighty, make him a sage, a Rishi, and a brahmin.
6. I bend the bow for Rudra that his arrow may strike and slay the hater of devotion.
 I rouse and order battle for the people, and I have penetrated earth and heaven.
7. On the world's summit I bring forth the Father: my home is in the waters, in the ocean.

[2] Tradition ascribes this hymn to the ascetic priestess, Vac. The word *Vac* also means "words," or "speech," or the "divine power of the spoken word." So that Vac is here both the authoress and the subject. The monotheistic spirit of the poem, its sense of a single all-embracing Power, and yet its feminine spirit of eager helpfulness, have made it much studied and admired. It has been often translated into English. The present accurate, yet musical, translation is by President R. T. Griffith of Benares College, India.

Thence I extend o'er all existing creatures, and touch even yonder heaven with my forehead.

8. I breathe a strong breath like the wind and tempest, the while I hold together all existence.

Beyond this wide earth and beyond the heavens I have become so mighty in my grandeur.

THE CREATION HYMN

BOOK X.— HYMN 129[8]

1. Then was not non-existent nor existent: there was no realm of air, no sky beyond it.
 What covered in, and where and what gave shelter? Was water there, unfathomed depth of water?
2. Death was not then, nor was there aught immortal: no sign was there, the day's and night's divider.
 That One Thing, breathless, breathed by its own nature: apart from it was nothing whatsoever.
3. Darkness there was: at first concealed in darkness this All was indiscriminated chaos.
 All that existed then was void and formless: by the great power of Warmth was born that Unit.
4. Thereafter rose Desire in the beginning — Desire, the primal seed and germ of Spirit.
 Sages who searched with their heart's thought discovered the existent's kinship in the non-existent.
5. Transversely was their severing line extended: what was above it then, and what below it?
 There were begetters, there were mighty forces, free action here and energy up yonder.
6. Who verily knows and who can here declare it, whence it was born and whence comes this creation?
 The Gods are later than this world's production. Who knows then whence it first came into being?
7. He, the first origin of this creation, whether he formed it all or did not form it,
 Whose eye controls this world in highest heaven, he verily knows it, or perhaps he knows not.

[8] This remarkable hymn is also given here in President Griffith's translation. Max Muller, in his "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature," discusses it interestingly. It is certainly a most advanced and intellectual conception of creation, though some translators would turn it from the realm of science to that of theology by translating the "great power" of the third stanza not as "Warmth" but as deep "Contemplation."

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

BOOK X.—HYMN 121[4]

1. In the beginning there arose the Golden Child (Hiranya-garbha); as soon as born, he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and this heaven: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

2. He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

3. He who through his might became the sole king of the breathing and twinkling world, who governs all this, man and beast: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

4. He through whose might these snowy mountains are, and the sea, they say, with the distant river (the Rasa), he of whom these regions are indeed the two arms: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

5. He through whom the awful heaven and the earth were made fast, he through whom the ether was established, and the firmament; he who measured the air in the sky: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

[4] This translation is by Max Muller. The hymn is ascribed to Hiranya-garbha Prâgâpatya, and is supposed to be addressed to Ka, Who, *i.e.*, the Unknown God. This is one of the hymns which has always been suspected as modern by European interpreters. The reason is clear. To us the conception of one God, which pervades the whole of this hymn, seems later than the conception of many individual gods, as recognized in various aspects of nature, such as the gods of the sky, the sun, the storms, or the fire. And in a certain sense we may be right, and language also confirms our sentiment. In our hymn there are several words which do not occur again in the Rig-Veda, or which occur in places only which have likewise been suspected to be of more modern date. But when we say that a certain hymn is modern, we must carefully consider what we mean. Our hymn, for instance, must have existed previous to the Brâhmana period, for many Brâhmanas presuppose it. Such a hymn can not be more "modern" than 1000 B. C.

6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up, trembling in their mind; he over whom the risen sun shines forth: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

7. When the great waters went everywhere, holding the germ (Hiranya-garbha), and generating light, then there arose from them the sole breath of the gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

8. He who by his might looked even over the waters which held power (the germ) and generated the sacrifice (light), he who alone is God above all gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

9. May he not hurt us, he who is the begetter of the earth, or he, the righteous, who begat the heaven; he who also begat the bright and mighty waters: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

10. Pragâpati, no other than thou embraces all these created things. May that be ours which we desire when sacrificing to thee: may we be lords of wealth![5]

[5] This last verse, identifying the "Unknown God" with Pragâpati, is generally regarded as a later addition.

THE ATHARVA VEDA

AND

BRÂHMANAS

"At the tip of my tongue honey, at the root of my tongue honeyedness; mayest thou be altogether in my power, mayest thou come unto my intent."

—A CHARM OF THE ATHARVA VEDA.

THE ATHARVA VEDA AND BRÂHMANAS

(INTRODUCTION)

THE Atharva Veda is so called because it is believed to have been preserved for centuries by the priests of the Atharvan race, before it was united with the other Vedas. Like the three older Vedas, it is divided into three portions: its original songs, which are called the Atharva Veda Samhita; the earlier commentaries on these called Brâhmanas, and the later commentaries. These commentaries are not necessarily of more recent date than those of the Rig-Veda; but in the song portion the Atharva Veda is not only written in a less ancient tongue than the Rig, but it has also a markedly different religious spirit. The songs of the Rig were joyous and self-confident; those of the Atharva are possessed with fear. They are mainly charms, defenses against evil spirits or other malign influences: In short, they are the voices of man's weakness and anxiety, not of his strength and courage. It has been suggested that this change may well be due to the Aryans having by this time conquered so much of India that they had absorbed much of the life and race of the conquered peoples, and something of their weakness. At all events the reading of the Atharvan hymns or charms in this section of our volume will impress upon the reader the darker tone of their religion.

Our scholars therefore are not inclined to reckon this Atharva Veda as being of older date than about 1000 B.C. This period would roughly coincide with that of the earliest Brâhmanas, or commentaries on the Vedic Songs. Some of these Brâhmanas therefore are also illustrated in the present section. The Brâhmanas, as already pointed out, are the prose explanations of the early priests, by which they not only sought to clarify the ancient songs, but gradually built around

them another faith — or at least a version of the old faith very different from its earlier visible form.

These Brâhmaṇas are full of legends, some quaint, some beautiful. The story of the flood has in it strange echoes of both the Babylonian story with its picture of the gods seeking man's worship, and of the Hebrew version with its depiction of sin as being the cause of the destruction of the race. Perhaps the Brâhmaṇas are not highly intellectual, since they deal more with folk-lore than philosophy; but we shall find in them the philosophic tendency which was later to produce the celebrated Upanishads.

THE ATHARVA VEDA

BOOK I.[1]— HYMN 1[2]

The thrice seven that go about, bearing all forms — let the lord of speech assign to me this day their powers, their selves.

Come again, lord of speech, together with divine mind; lord of good, make it stay; in me, in myself, be what is heard.

Just here stretch thou on, as it were the two tips of the bow with the bowstring; let the lord of speech make fast; in me, in myself, be what is heard.

Called on is the lord of speech; on us let the lord of speech call; may we be united with what is heard; let me not be parted with what is heard.

BOOK I.— HYMN 34

A Love-Spell: with a Sweet Herb[3]

This plant is honey-born; with honey we dig thee; forth from honey art thou engendered; so do thou make us possessed of honey.

[1] These hymns from the Atharva Veda are reprinted, by permission of Harvard University, from Volume Seven of the Harvard Oriental Series. They are the translations of Profs. Wm. D. Whitney and Charles R. Lanman.

[2] The hymn is called *triṣaptiya*, from its second word; but it is further styled briefly *purva*, first, and generally quoted by that name. It is used in the ceremony for the "production of wisdom," and in those for the welfare of a Vedic student. It is further used, with various other passages, in the ceremony of entrance upon Vedic study; and it is also referred to, in an obscure way (probably as representing the whole Veda of which it is the beginning), in a number of other rites with which it has no apparent connection.

[3] This hymn is used in a ceremony for superiority in disputation: the ambitious disputant is to come into the assembly from the northeast,

At the tip of my tongue honey, at the root of my tongue honeyedness; mayest thou be altogether in my power, mayest thou come unto my intent.

Honeyed is my instepping, honeyed my forthgoing; with my voice I speak what is honeyed; may I be of honey-aspect.

Than honey am I sweeter, than the honey-plant more honeyed; of me verily shalt thou be fond, as of a honeyed branch.

About thee with an encompasing sugar-cane have I gone, in order to assure absence of mutual hatred; that thou mayest be one loving me, that thou mayest be one not going away from me.

BOOK II.—HYMN 13

For Welfare and Long Life of an Infant

Giving lifetime, O Agni, choosing old age; ghee-fronted, ghee-backed, O Agni — having drunk the sweet, pleasant ghee of the cow, do thou afterward defend this boy as a father his sons.

Envelop, put ye him for us with splendor; make ye him one to die of old age; make long life; Brihaspati furnished this garment unto King Soma for enveloping himself.

Thou hast put about thee this garment in order to well-being; thou hast become protector of the people against imprecation; both do thou live a hundred numerous autumns, and do thou gather about thee abundance of wealth.

Come, stand on the stone; let thy body become a stone; let all the gods make thy lifetime a hundred autumns.

Thee here, of whom we take the garment to be first worn, let all the gods favor; thee here, growing with good growth, let many brothers be born after, after thee, as one well born.

chewing the sweet plant. It is also used twice in the nuptial ceremonies, once with tying a *madugha* amulet on the finger, and once on crushing the amulet at the consummation of the marriage.

BOOK II.—HYMN 15

Against Fear

As both the heaven and the earth do not fear, are not harmed, so, my breath, fear not.

As both the day and night do not fear, are not harmed, so, my breath, fear not.

As both sacrament and dominion do not fear, are not harmed, so my breath, fear not.

As both truth and untruth do not fear, are not harmed, so, my breath, fear not.

As both what is and what is to be do not fear, are not harmed, so, my breath, fear not.

BOOK II.—HYMN 17

For Various Gifts

Force art thou; force mayest thou give me: hail!
Power art thou; power mayest thou give me: hail!
Strength art thou; strength mayest thou give me: hail!
Lifetime art thou; lifetime mayest thou give me: hail!
Hearing art thou; hearing mayest thou give me: hail!
Sight art thou; sight mayest thou give me: hail!
Protection art thou; protection mayest thou give me: hail!

BOOK III.—HYMN 12

Accompanying the Building of a House

Just here I fix my dwelling firm; may it stand in security, sprinkling ghee; unto thee here, O dwelling, may we resort with all our heroes, with good heroes, with unharmed heroes.

Just here stand thou firm, O dwelling, rich in horses, in kine, in pleasantness, in refreshment, in ghee, in milk; erect thyself in order to great good-fortune.

A garner art thou, O dwelling, of great roof, of cleansed grain; to thee may the calf come, may the boy, may the kine, streaming in at evening.

This dwelling let Savitar, Vayu, Indra, Brihaspati fix, foreknowing; let the Maruts sprinkle it with water, with ghee; let King Baga deepen our plowing.

O mistress of the building, as sheltering, pleasant, hast thou a goddess, been fixed by the gods in the beginning; clothing thyself in grass, mayest thou be well-willing; then mayest thou give us wealth together with heroes.

With due order, O beam, ascend the post; formidable, bearing rule, force away foes; let not the attendants of thy houses be harmed, O dwelling; may we live a hundred autumns with all our heroes.

To it the tender boy, to it the calf, with moving creatures, to it the jar of *parisrut*, with mugs of curd, have come.

Bring forward, O woman, this full jar, a stream of ghee combined with ambrosia; anoint these drinkers with ambrosia; let what is offered and bestowed defend it (the dwelling).

These waters I bring forward, free from *yaksma*, *yaksma*-effacing; I set forth unto the houses, along with immortal fire.

BOOK III.—HYMN 15

For Success in Trade

I stir up the trader, Indra; let him come to us, be our forerunner; thrusting away the niggard, the waylaying wild animal, let him, having the power, be giver of riches to me.

The many roads, traveled by the gods, that go about between heaven and earth — let them enjoy me with milk, with ghee, that dealing I may get riches.

With fuel, O Agni, with ghee, I, desiring, offer the oblation, in order to energize, to strengthen; revering with worship, so far as I am able — this divine prayer, in order to hundredfold winning.

This offense of ours mayest thou, O Agni, bear with, what

distant road we have gone. Successful for us be bargain and sale; let return-dealing make me fruitful; do ye two enjoy this oblation in concord; successful for us be our going about and rising.

With what riches I practise bargaining, seeking riches with riches, ye gods — let that become more for me, not less; O Agni, put down with the oblation the gain-slaying gods.

With what riches I practise bargaining, seeking riches with riches, ye gods — therein let Indra assign me pleasure, let Pragapati, Savitar, Soma, Agni.

Unto thee with homage do we, O priest Vaicvanara (for all men), give praise; do thou watch over our progeny, ourselves, our kine, our breaths.

Every day may we bring constantly for thee as for a standing horse, O Jatavedas; rejoicing together with abundance of wealth, with good, may we be thy neighbors, O Agni, take no harm.

BOOK III.— HYMN 30

For Concord

Like-heartedness, like-mindedness, non-hostility do I make for you; do ye show affection the one toward the other, as the inviolable cow toward her calf when born.

Be the son submissive to the father, like-minded with the mother; let the wife to the husband speak words full of honey, wealful.

Let not brother hate brother, nor sister sister; becoming accordant, of like courses, speak ye words auspiciously.

That incantation in virtue of which the gods do not go apart, nor hate one another mutually, we perform in your house, concord for your men.

Having superiors, intentful, be yet not divided, accomplishing together, moving on with joint labor; come hither speaking what is agreeable one to another; I make you united, like-minded.

Your drinking be the same, in common your share of food;

in the same harness do I join you together; worship ye Agni united, like spokes about a nave.

United, like-minded I make you, of one bunch, all of you, by my conciliation; be like the gods defending immortality; late and early be well-willing yours.

BOOK IV.—HYMN 3

Against Wild Beasts and Thieves

Up from here have stridden three — tiger, man, wolf; since, hey! go the rivers, hey! the divine forest-tree, hey! let the foes bow.

By a distant road let the wolf go, by a most distant also the thief; by a distant one the toothed rope, by a distant one let the malignant hasten.

Both thy two eyes and thy mouth, O tiger, we grind up; then all thy twenty claws.

The tigers, first of creatures with teeth, do we grind up; upon that also the thief; then the snake, the sorcerer; then the wolf.

What thief shall come to-day he shall go away smashed; let him go by the falling off of roads; let Indra smite him with the thunderbolt.

Ruined are the teeth of the beast; crushed in also are its ribs; disappearing be for thee the *godha;* downward go the lurking beast.

What thou contractest mayest thou not protract; mayest thou protract what thou dost not contract; Indra-born, Soma-born art thou, an Atharvan tiger-crusher.

THE BRÂHMAṆAS

THE CREATION OF NIGHT

From the Maitrayani Brâhmaṇa[1]

Yama died. The gods sought to console Yami for the loss of Yama.

When they asked her she said, "To-day hath he died."

They said, "In this way she will never forget him. Night let us create."

Only day in those times existed — not night. The gods created night.

Then came in existence the morrow. Then she forgot him.

Therefore they say, "'Tis days and nights make men forget sorrow."

THE LEGEND OF THE FLOOD

From the Cata-patha Brâhmaṇa

In the morning they brought to Manu water for washing, just as now also they are wont to bring water for washing the hands. When he was washing himself, a fish came into his hands.

It spake to him the word, "Rear me, I will save thee!" "Wherefrom wilt thou save me?" "A flood will carry away all these creatures: from that I will save thee!" "How am I to rear thee?"

It said, "As long as we are small, there is great destruction for us: fish devour fish. Thou wilt first keep me in a jar. When I outgrow that, thou wilt dig a pit and keep me

[1] From the "Sanskrit Reader," by Prof. Charles R. Lanman.

in it. When I outgrow that, thou wilt take me down to the sea, for then I shall be beyond destruction."

It soon became a *ghasha;* for that grows largest of all fish. Thereupon it said, "In such and such a year that flood will come. Thou shalt then attend to me (to my advice) by preparing a ship; and when the flood has risen thou shalt enter into the ship, and I will save thee from it."

After he had reared it in this way, he took it down to the sea, and in the same year which the fish had indicated to him, he attended to the advice of the fish by preparing a ship; and when the flood had risen, he entered into the ship. The fish then swam up to him, and to its horn he tied the rope of the ship, and by that means he passed swiftly up to yonder northern mountain.

It then said, "I have saved thee. Fasten the ship to a tree; but let not the water cut thee off whilst thou art on the mountain. As the water subsides, thou mayest gradually descend!" Accordingly he gradually descended, and hence the slope of the northern mountain is called "Manu's descent." The flood then swept away all these creatures, and Manu alone remained here.

Being desirous of offspring, he engaged in worshiping and austerities. During this time he also performed a *paka*-sacrifice: he offered up in the waters clarified butter, sour milk, whey, and curds. Thence a woman was produced in a year: becoming quite solid she rose; clarified butter gathered in her footprint. Mitra and Varuna met her.

They said to her, "Who art thou?" "Manu's daughter," she replied. "Say thou art ours," they said. "No," she said, "I am the daughter of him who begat me." They desired to have a share in her. She either agreed or did not agree, but passed by them. She came to Manu.

Manu said to her, "Who art thou?" "Thy daughter," she replied. "How, illustrious one, art thou my daughter?" he asked. She replied, "Those offerings of clarified butter, sour milk, whey, and curds, which thou madest in the waters, with them thou hast begotten me. I am the blessing (benediction): make use of me at the sacrifice! If thou wilt make

use of me at the sacrifice, thou wilt become rich in offspring and cattle. Whatever blessing thou shalt invoke through me, all that shall be granted to thee!" He accordingly made use of her (as the benediction) in the middle of the sacrifice; for what is intermediate between the fore-offerings and the after-offerings is the middle of the sacrifice.

With her he went on worshiping and performing austerities, wishing for offspring. Through her he generated this race, which is this race of Manu; and whatever blessing he invoked through her, all that was granted to him.

Now this daughter of Manu is essentially the same as the Ida;[2] and whosoever, knowing this, performs with the Ida, he propagates this race which Manu generated; and whatever blessing he invokes through it (or her), all that is granted him.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

From the Cata-patha Brâhmana

Now when the Bhrigus, or the Angiras, attained the heavenly world, Kyavana the Bhargava, or Kyavana the Angirasa, was left behind here on earth decrepit and ghostlike.

But Saryata, the Manava, just then wandered about here with his tribe, and settled near by that same place. His boys, while playing, setting that decrepit, ghostlike man at naught, pelted him with clods.

He was wroth with the Saryatas, and sowed discord among them: father fought with son, and brother with brother.

Saryata then bethought him —"This has come to pass for something or other I have done!" He caused the cowherds and shepherds to be called together, and said —

He said, "Which of you has seen anything here this day?" They said, "Yonder lies a man, decrepit and ghostlike: him

[2] Ida is the name given Manu's fish. It is also the word naming the collection of devotional ceremonies.

the boys have pelted with clods, setting him at naught." Then Saryata knew that this was Kyavana.

He yoked his chariot, and putting his daughter Sukanya thereon, he set forth, and came to the place where the Rishi was.

He said, "Reverence be to thee, O Rishi; because I knew thee not, therefore have I offended thee; here is Sukanya, with her I make atonement to thee: let my tribe live at peace together!" And from that same time his tribe lived at peace together. But Saryata, the Manava, departed forthwith, lest he should offend him a second time.

Now the Aswins [3] then wandered about here on earth performing cures. They came to Sukanya, and desired to win her love; but she consented not thereto.

They said, "Sukanya, what a decrepit, ghostlike man is that whom thou liest with; come and follow us!" She said, "To whom my father has given me, him I will not abandon, as long as he lives!" But the Rishi was aware of this.

He said, "Sukanya, what have those two said to thee?" She told him all; and, when she had told him, he said, "If they speak to thee thus again, say thou to them, 'But surely, ye are neither quite complete nor quite perfect, and yet ye deride my husband!' and if they say to thee, 'In what respect are we incomplete, in what respect imperfect?' say thou to them, 'Nay, make my husband young again, and I will tell you!'" They came again to her and said to her the same thing.

She said, "But surely ye are neither quite complete nor quite perfect, and yet ye deride my husband!" They said, "In what respect are we incomplete, in what respect imperfect?" She said, "Nay, make ye my husband young again, and I will tell you!"

They said, "Take him down to yonder pool, and he shall come forth with whatever age he shall desire!" She took him down to that pool, and he came forth with the age he desired.

They said, "Sukanya, in what respect are we incomplete,

[3] Aswins are lesser gods.

in what respect imperfect?" The Rishi himself answered them: "In Kurukshetra yonder the gods perform a sacrifice and exclude you two from it; in that respect ye are incomplete, in that respect imperfect." And the Aswins departed forthwith, and came to the gods, as they were performing a sacrifice after the chanting of the Bahishpavamana.

THE UPANISHADS

"From every sentence deep, original, and sublime thoughts arise, and the whole is pervaded by a high and holy and earnest spirit."

—SCHOPENHAUER.

"In the whole world there is no study, except that of the originals, as beneficial and so elevating as that of the Oupnekhat [the first European translation of the Upanishads]. It has been the solace of my life; it will be the solace of my death."

—SCHOPENHAUER.

THE UPANISHADS

(INTRODUCTION)

THE Upanishads are to-day the most studied and the most admired portion of the Vedas. Each one of the four ancient Hymn Vedas has its supplementary "Brâhmana," consisting of early priestly commentary; and each of these has its supplement of later priestly commentary. These final productions, the most advanced and developed thought of all the Vedas, the most daring searches of the unknown achieved by the Hindu mind, these are called the Upanishads.

The name means "a sitting down under a master," or perhaps an entering into secret mysteries. The Upanishads, as the name implies, were long the most treasured teaching passed from mouth to mouth among the Brahmanic priesthood. Their total number seems to have approached two hundred, but not all of them have been discovered by European scholars. Perhaps some of them were never written down and are still kept secret by jealous masters. Judging from the language of the known Upanishads, they are of widely varying age; and our Western scholars have thought they could trace in them, as in the Hymn Vedas, the change and growth of Hindu thought. Certainly the Upanishads which are the most primitive in thought are also most ancient in style. So we give the reader here what is perhaps the oldest of the better-known ones, the Aitareya, with its solemn, half-mystic speculation on the creation and the three births of man.

After this we present some still more noted Upanishads, first the Mundaka. The Mundaka has at least this claim to age that it is written, like the old Hymn Vedas, in verse, instead of employing the usual Upanishad form of prose.

Moreover, the Mundaka serves as a sort of link between the public sacrifices or acts of worship conducted by means of the Hymn Vedas and the private acts of meditation represented by other Upanishads. Indeed, the Mundaka seems once to have been chanted in a public service. If so, it is a strangely deliberate setting aside of the older faith. It begins with kindly appraisal of the worth of what men had worshiped before, and then firmly dismisses this to assert that there is a higher life and knowledge.

Following this we give two brief but very celebrated Upanishads, so well known among the Hindus that they are usually called not by their true names but by their opening words. These are the Talavakara Upanishad, called the Kena, and the Vagasaneyi Upanishad, called the Isa. The Kena is the argument for the existence of Bráhmâ or of a Supreme God, and so calls itself the Brahmi-Upanishad. The Isa is the shortest and perhaps the deepest, sternest, and to our warmer life the most unhuman, of all the Indian Sacred Books. It tells how only by ignoring life can we rise above it.

Next, our volume gives the Upanishad most widely known to Europe and most noted for its lofty style and grandeur of idea, the Katha Upanishad. It has the form of a narrative in which Yama, the god of death, is persuaded to tell what man may learn through death, though even Yama warns the eager listener that he knows not the innermost truths of being. These lie beyond even death's wisdom.

Throughout the Upanishads there is frequent reference to the sacred syllable "Om," or perhaps it will be more clearly understood if spelt "Aum," since it consists of three Sanskrit sounds and so symbolizes the Brahman trinity. The true meaning of "Om" refers in some way to the concentration of the mind; that is to say, to "meditate on Om" means to make the mind blank to all outer impressions of the senses, to become solely and wholly an embodied thought. This intense concentration is demanded by all the Upanishads as being the first step toward any real knowledge and advance in spirit. The almost equally frequent word "Hari," when

used as an exclamation, signifies, "Peace!" Hence the repeated formula of the brahmins, "Hari! Om!" might be translated as "Let us meditate deeply and in peace." Or when expressed, as it frequently is, as a prayer, it means, "God give us peace and the wisdom won by meditation." This is the idea that pervades all the Upanishads. Hari! Om!

THE UPANISHADS

THE AITAREYA UPANISHAD

FOURTH ADHYÂYA [1]

First Khanda

Adoration to the Highest Self. Hari, Om!

1. Verily, in the beginning [2] all this was Self, one only; there was nothing else blinking [3] whatsoever.

2. He thought: "Shall I send forth worlds?" He sent forth these worlds,

3. Ambhas (water), Mariki (light), Mara (mortal), and Ap (water).

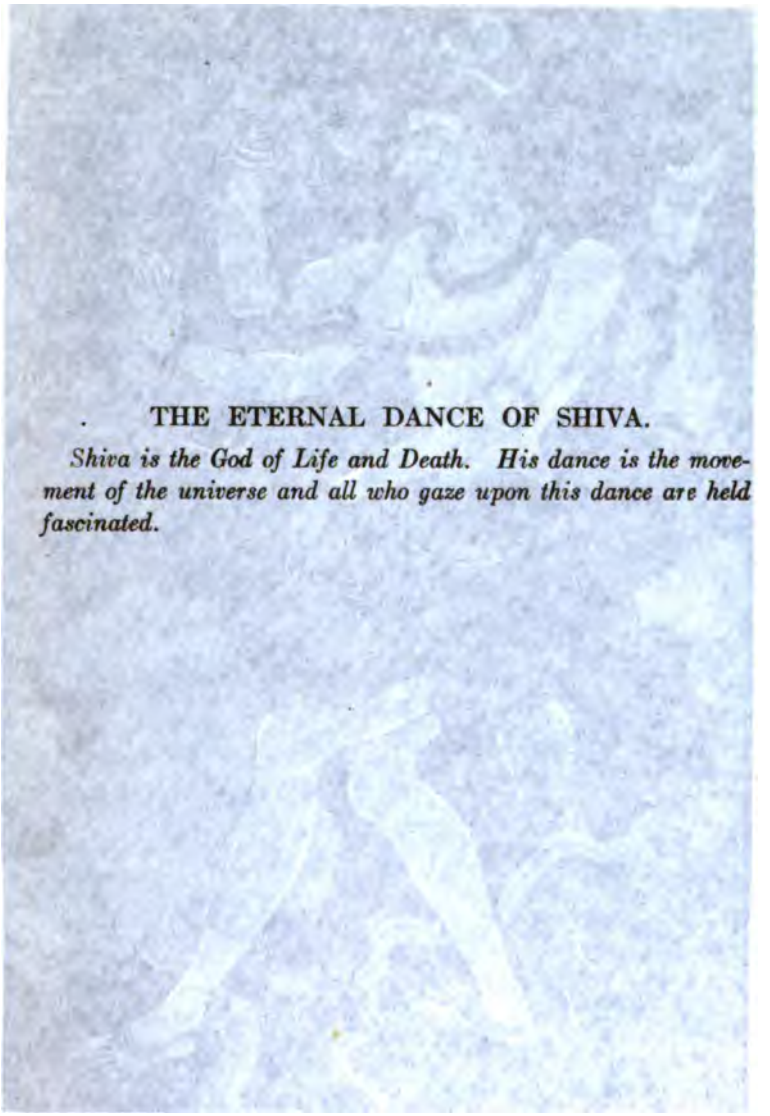
4. That Ambhas (water) is above the heaven, and it is

[1] With this fourth adhyâya of an older Brâhmaṇa begins the real Upanishad, best known under the name of the Aitareya Upanishad, and often separately edited, commented on, and translated. The difference between this Upanishad and earlier thought is easily perceived. Hitherto the answer to the question, Whence this world? had been, From Prana, prana meaning breath and life, which was looked upon for a time as a sufficient explanation of all that is. From a psychological point of view this prana is the conscious self (pragñâtman); in a more mythological form it appears as Hiraṇya-garbha, "the golden germ," sometimes even as Indra. It is one of the chief objects of the prâṇavidyâ, or life-knowledge, to show that the living principle in us is the same as the living principle in the sun, and that by a recognition of their identity and of the true nature of prana, the devotee, or he who has rightly meditated on prana during his life, enters after death into the world of Hiraṇya-garbha.

This, however, though it may have satisfied the mind of the Brahmans for a time, was not a final solution. That final solution of the problem not simply of life, but of existence, is given in this Upanishad which teaches that Atman, the Self, and not Prana, Life, is the last and only cause of everything. In some places this doctrine is laid down in all its simplicity. Our true self, it is said, has its true being in the Highest Self only. In other passages, however, and nearly in the whole of this Upanishad, this simple doctrine is mixed up with much that is mythological, fanciful, and absurd — arthavâda, as the commentators call it, but as it might often be more truly called, anarthavâda — and it is only toward the end that the identity of the self-conscious self with the Highest Self or Brahman is clearly enunciated.

[2] Before the creation.

[3] Blinking, *i.e.*, living.



THE ETERNAL DANCE OF SHIVA.

Shiva is the God of Life and Death. His dance is the movement of the universe and all who gaze upon this dance are held fascinated.

THE ETERNAL DANCE OF SHIVA.

Shiva is the God of Life and Death. His dance is the movement of the universe and all who gaze upon this dance are held fascinated.



heaven, the support. The Marîkis (the lights) are the sky. The Mara (mortal) is the earth, and the waters under the earth are the Ap world.[4]

5. He thought: "There are these worlds; shall I send forth guardians of the worlds?"

He then formed the Purusha (the person),[5] taking him forth from the water.[6]

6. He brooded on him, and when that person had thus been brooded on, a mouth burst forth like an egg. From the mouth proceeded speech, from speech Agni (fire).[7]

Nostrils burst forth. From the nostrils proceeded scent (prana), from scent Vayu (air).

Eyes burst forth. From the eyes proceeded sight, from sight Aditya (sun).

Ears burst forth. From the ears proceeded hearing, from hearing the Dis (quarters of the world).

Skin burst forth. From the skin proceeded hairs (sense of touch), from the hairs shrubs and trees.

The heart burst forth. From the heart proceeded mind, from mind Kandramas (moon).

The navel burst forth. From the navel proceeded the Apâna (the down-breathing),[8] from Apâna death.

[4] The names of the four worlds are peculiar. *Ambhas* means "water," and is the name given to the highest world, the waters above the heaven, and heaven itself. *Marîkis* are rays, here used as a name of the sky, *antariksha*. *Mara* means "dying," and the earth is called so, because all creatures living there must die. *Ap* is "water," here explained as the waters under the earth. The usual division of the world is threefold: earth, sky, and heaven. Here it is fourfold, the fourth division being the water round the earth, or, as the commentator says, under the earth. *Ambhas* was probably intended for the highest heaven (*dyaus*), and was then explained both as what is above the heaven and as heaven itself, the support. If we translate, like Sankara and Colebrooke, "the water is the region above the heaven which heaven upholds," we should lose heaven altogether, yet heaven, as the third with sky and earth, is essential in the Indian view of the world.

[5] Purusha; "an embodied being" (Colebrooke); "a being of human shape" (Röer).

[6] According to the commentator, from the five elements, beginning with water.

[7] Three things are always distinguished here — the place of each sense, the instrument of the sense, and the presiding deity of the sense.

[8] The *Apâna*, down-breathing, is generally one of the five vital airs

The generative organ burst forth. From the organ proceeded seed, from seed water.

Second Khanda

1. Those deities (devatâ), Agni and the rest, after they had been sent forth, fell into this great ocean.[9]

Then he (the Self) besieged him (the person) with hunger and thirst.

2. The deities then tormented by hunger and thirst spoke to him (the Self): "Allow us a place in which we may rest and eat food."[10]

He led a cow toward them (the deities). They said: "This is not enough." He led a horse toward them. They said: "This is not enough."

He led a man[11] toward them. Then they said: "Well done,[12] indeed." Therefore man is well done.

3. He said to them: "Enter, each according to his place."

4. Then Agni (fire), having become speech, entered the mouth. Vayu (air), having become scent, entered the nostrils. Aditya (sun), having become sight, entered the eyes. The Dis (regions), having become hearing, entered the ears. The shrubs and trees, having become hairs, entered the skin. Kandramas (the moon), having become mind, entered the heart. Death, having become down-breathing, entered the navel. The waters, having become seed, entered the generative organ.

5, Then Hunger and Thirst spoke to him (the Self): "Allow us two a place." He said to them: "I assign you to those very deities there; I make you co-partners with

which are supposed to keep the body alive. In our place, however, *apâna* is deglutition and digestion.

[9] They fell back into that universal being whence they had sprung, the first created person, the Virâg. Or they fell into the world, the last cause of which is ignorance.

[10] To eat food is explained to mean to perceive the objects which correspond to the senses, presided over by the various deities.

[11] Here *purusha* is different from the first *purusha*, the universal person. It can only be intended for intelligent man.

[12] *Sukrita*, well done, virtue; or, if taken for *svakrita*, self-made.

them." Therefore to whatever deity an oblation is offered, hunger and thirst are co-partners in it.

Third Khanda

1. He thought: "There are these worlds and the guardians of the worlds. Let me send forth food for them."

He brooded over the water.[13] From the water thus brooded on, matter[14] (*mûrti*) was born. And that matter which was born, that verily was food.[15]

2. When this food (the object-matter) had thus been sent forth, it wished to flee, crying and turning away. He (the subject) tried to grasp it by speech. He could not grasp it by speech. If he had grasped it by speech, man would be satisfied by naming food.

He tried to grasp it by scent (breath). He could not grasp it by scent. If he had grasped it by scent, man would be satisfied by smelling food.

He tried to grasp it by the eye. He could not grasp it by the eye. If he had grasped it by the eye, man would be satisfied by seeing food.

He tried to grasp it by the ear. He could not grasp it by the ear. If he had grasped it by the ear man would be satisfied by hearing food.

He tried to grasp it by the skin. He could not grasp it by the skin. If he had grasped it by the skin, man would be satisfied by touching food.

He tried to grasp it by the mind. He could not grasp it by the mind. If he had grasped it by the mind, man would be satisfied by thinking food.

He tried to grasp it by the generative organ. He could not grasp it by the organ. If he had grasped it by the organ, man would be satisfied by sending forth food.

He tried to grasp it by the down-breathing (the breath

[13] The water, as mentioned before, or the five elements.

[14] *Mûrti*, for *mûrtti*, "form" (Colebrooke); "a being of organized form," (Röer); *mûrtih*, *i.e.*, "vegetable food" for men, animal food for cats, etc.

[15] Offered food, *i.e.*, objects for the Devatâs and the senses in the body.

which helps to swallow food through the mouth and to carry it off through the rectum, the pâyvindriya). He got it.

3. Thus it is Vayu (the getter) who lays hold of food, and the Vayu is verily Annâyu (he who gives life or who lives by food).

4. He thought: "How can all this be without me?"

5. And then he thought: "By what way shall I get there?" [16]

6. And then he thought: "If speech names, if scent smells, if the eye sees, if the ear hears, if the skin feels, if the mind thinks, if the off-breathing digests, if the organ sends forth, then what am I?"

7. Then opening the suture of the skull, he got in by that door.

8. That door is called the Vidriti (tearing asunder), the Nândana (the place of bliss).

9. There are three dwelling-places for him, three dreams; this dwelling-place (the eye), this dwelling-place (the throat), this dwelling-place (the heart).[17]

10. When born (when the Highest Self had entered the body) he looked through all things, in order to see whether anything wished to proclaim here another Self. He saw this person only (himself) as the widely spread Brahman. "I saw it," thus he said;

Therefore he was Idamdra (seeing this).

11. Being Idamdra by name, they call him Indra mysteriously. For the Devas love mystery, yea, they love mystery.

[16] Or, by which of the two ways shall I get in, the one way being from the top of the foot, the other from the skull?

[17] Passages like this must always have required an oral interpretation, but it is by no means certain that the explanation given in the commentaries represents really the old traditional interpretation. Sâyana explains the three dwelling-places as the right eye, in a state of waking; as the throat, in a state of dreaming; as the heart, in a state of profound sleep. Sankara explains them as the right eye, the inner mind, and the ether in the heart. Sâyana allows another interpretation of the three dwelling-places being the body of the father, the body of the mother, and one's own body. The three dreams or sleeps he explains by waking, dreaming, and profound sleep, and he remarks that waking, too, is called a dream as compared with the true awakening, which is the knowledge of Brahman. In the last sen-

FIFTH ADHYÂYA

First Khanda

1. Let the women who are with child move away!

2. Verily, from the beginning he (the Self) is in man as a germ, which is called seed.

3. This seed, which is strength gathered from all the limbs of the body, he (the man) bears as self in his self (body). When he commits the seed to the woman, then he (the father) causes it to be born. That is his first birth.

4. That seed becomes the self of the woman, as if one of her own limbs. Therefore it does not injure her.

5. She nourishes his (her husband's) self (the son) within her. She who nourishes is to be nourished.

6. The woman bears the germ. He (the father) elevates the child even before the birth, and immediately after.[18]

7. When he thus elevates the child both before and after his birth, he really elevates his own self,

8. For the continuation of these worlds (men). For thus are these worlds continued.

9. This is his second birth.

10. He (the son), being his self, is then placed in his stead for the performance of all good works.

11. But his other self (the father), having done all he has to do, and having reached the full measure of his life, departs.

12. And departing from hence he is born again. That is his third birth.

13. And this has been declared by a Rishi.

14. "While dwelling in the womb, I discovered all the births of these Devas. A hundred iron strongholds kept me, but I escaped quickly down like a falcon."

15. Vâmadeva, lying in the womb, has thus declared this.

And having this knowledge he stepped forth, after this dissolution of the body, and having obtained all his desires

tence the speaker, when repeating three times "this dwelling-place," is supposed to point to his right eye, the throat, and the heart.

[18] By nourishing the mother, and by performing certain ceremonies both before and after the birth of a child.

in that heavenly world, became immortal, yea, he became immortal.

SIXTH ADHYÂYA

First Khanda

1. Let the women go back to their place.

2. Who is he whom we meditate on as the Self? Which is the Self?

3. That by which we see form, that by which we hear sound, that by which we perceive smells, that by which we utter speech, that by which we distinguish sweet and not sweet, and what comes from the heart and the mind, namely, perception, command, understanding, knowledge, wisdom, seeing, holding, thinking, considering, readiness (or suffering), remembering, conceiving, willing, breathing, loving, desiring?

4. No, all these are various names only of knowledge (the true Self).

5. And that Self, consisting of knowledge, is Brahman, it is Indra, it is Pragâpati. All these Devas, these five great elements, earth, air, ether, water, fire — these and those which are, as it were, small and mixed, and seeds of this kind and that kind, born from eggs, born from the womb, born from heat, born from germs, horses, cows, men, elephants, and whatsoever breathes, whether walking or flying, and what is immovable — all that is led (produced) by knowledge (the Self).

6. It rests on knowledge (the Self). The world is led (produced) by knowledge (the Self). Knowledge is its cause.[19]

7. Knowledge is Brahman.

8. He (Vâmadeva), having by this conscious self stepped forth from this world, and having obtained all desires in

[19] We have no words to distinguish between *pragñâ*, "state of knowing," and *pragñâna*, "act of knowing." Both are names of the Highest Brahman, which is the beginning and end (*pratishthâ*) of everything that exists or seems to exist.

that heavenly world, became immortal, yea, he became immortal. Thus it is, Om.

SEVENTH ADHYÂYA [20]

First Khanda

1. My speech rests in the mind, my mind rests in speech.[21] Appear to me, thou, the Highest Self! You (speech and mind) are the two pins that hold the wheels of the Veda. May what I have learnt not forsake me. I join day and night with what I have learnt.[22] I shall speak of the real, I shall speak the true. May this protect me; may this protect the teacher! May it protect me; may it protect the teacher, yea, the teacher!

[20] This seventh adhyâya contains a propitiatory prayer. It is frequently left out in the MSS. which contain the Aitareya Upanishad with Sankara's commentary.

[21] The two depend on each other.

[22] I repeat it day and night so that I may not forget it.

THE MUNDAKA UPANISHAD

FIRST MUNDAKA

First Khanda

1. Brâhmâ was the first of the Devas, the maker of the universe, the preserver of the world. He told the knowledge of Brahman, the foundation of all knowledge, to his eldest son Atharvan.

2. Whatever Brâhmâ told Atharvan, that knowledge of Brahman Atharvan formerly told to Angir; he told it to Satyavâha Bhâradvâga, and Bhâradvâga, told it in succession to Angiras.

3. *Ś*aunaka, the great householder, approached Angiras respectfully and asked: "Sir, what is that through which, if it is known, everything else becomes known?"

4. He said to him: "Two kinds of knowledge must be known, this is what all who know Brahman tell us, the higher and the lower knowledge.

5. "The lower knowledge is the Rig-Veda, Yagur-Veda, Sâma-Veda, Atharva-Veda, *Ś*ikshâ (phonetics), Kalpa (ceremonial), Vyâkara*n*a (grammar), Nirukta (etymology), Khandas (meter), Gyotisha (astronomy); but the higher knowledge is that by which the Indestructible (Brahman) is apprehended.

6. "That which can not be seen, nor seized, which has no family and no caste, no eyes nor ears, no hands nor feet, the eternal, the omnipresent (all-pervading), infinitesimal, that which is imperishable, that it is which the wise regard as the source of all beings.

7. "As the spider sends forth and draws in its thread, as plants grow on the earth, as from every man hairs spring forth on the head and the body, thus does everything arise here from the Indestructible.

8. "The Brahman swells by means of brooding (pen-

ance) [1]; hence is produced matter (food); from matter breath, mind, the true, the worlds (seven), and from the works performed by men in the worlds, the immortal (the eternal effects, rewards, and punishments of works).

9. "From him who perceives all and who knows all, whose brooding (penance) consists of knowledge from him (the highest Brahman) is born that Brahman, name, form, and matter (food)."

Second Khanda

1. This is the truth;[2] the sacrificial works which they (the poets) saw in the hymns of the Veda have been performed in many ways in the Tretâ age.[3] Practise them diligently, ye lovers of truth, this is your path that leads to the world of good works!

2. When the fire is lighted and the flame flickers, let a man offer his oblations between the two portions of melted butter, as an offering with faith.

3. If a man's Agnihotra sacrifice[4] is not followed by the new-moon and full-moon sacrifices, by the four-months' sacrifices, and by the harvest sacrifice, if it is unattended by guests, not offered at all, or without the Vaisvadeva ceremony, or not offered according to rule, then it destroys his seven worlds.[5]

[1] I have translated *tapas* by "brooding," because this is the only word in English which combines the two meanings of warmth and thought. Native authorities actually admit two roots, one "to burn," the other "to meditate."

[2] In the beginning of the second khanda the lower knowledge is first described, referring to the performance of sacrifices and other good deeds. The reward of them is perishable, and therefore a desire is awakened after the higher knowledge.

[3] The Tretâ age is frequently mentioned as the age of sacrifices.

[4] The Agnihotra is the first of all sacrifices, and the type of many others. Oblations to the gods are to be offered. There are two oblations in the morning to Sûrya and Pragâpati, two in the evening to Agni and Pragâpati. Other sacrifices, such as those mentioned in verse 3, are connected with the Agnihotra.

[5] The seven worlds form the rewards of a pious sacrificer, the first is Bhuh, the last Satya. The seven worlds may also be explained as the worlds of the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, of the son, the grandson, and great-grandson, and of the sacrificer himself.

4. Kâlî (black), Karâlî (terrific), Manogavâ (swift as thought), Sulohitâ (very red), Sudhûmravarnâ (purple), Sphulinginî (sparkling), and the brilliant Visvarûpî (having all forms), all these playing about are called the seven tongues of fire.

5. If a man performs his sacred works when these flames are shining, and the oblations follow at the right time, then they lead him as sun-rays to where the one Lord of the Devas dwells.

6. Come hither, come hither! the brilliant oblations say to him, and carry the sacrificer on the rays of the sun, while they utter pleasant speech and praise him, saying: "This is thy holy Brâhmâ-world (Svarga), gained by thy good works."

7. But frail, in truth, are those boats, the sacrifices, the eighteen, in which this lower ceremonial has been told. Fools who praise this as the highest good, are subject again and again to old age and death.

8. Fools dwelling in darkness, wise in their own conceit, and puffed up with vain knowledge, go round and round staggering to and fro, like blind men led by the blind.

9. Children, when they have long lived in ignorance, consider themselves happy. Because those who depend on their good works are, owing to their passions, improvident, they fall and become miserable when their life in the world which they had gained by their good works is finished.

10. Considering sacrifice and good works as the best, these fools know no higher good, and having enjoyed their reward on the height of heaven, gained by good works, they enter again this world or a lower one.

11. But those who practise penance and faith in the forest, tranquil, wise, and living on alms, depart free from passion through the sun to where that immortal Person dwells whose nature is imperishable.

12. Let a Brâhmana, after he has examined all these worlds which are gained by works, acquire freedom from all desires. Nothing that is eternal (not made) can be gained by what is not eternal (made). Let him, in order to under-

stand this, take fuel in his hand and approach a Guru who is learned and dwells entirely in Brahman.

13. To that pupil who has approached him respectfully, whose thoughts are not troubled by any desires, and who has obtained perfect peace, the wise teacher truly told that knowledge of Brahman through which he knows the eternal and true Person.

SECOND MUNDAKA

First Khanda

1. This is the truth. As from a blazing fire sparks, being like unto fire, fly forth a thousandfold, thus are various beings brought forth from the Imperishable, my friend, and return thither also.

2. That heavenly Person is without body, he is both without and within, not produced, without breath and without mind, pure, higher than the high Imperishable.

3. From him when entering on creation are born breath, mind, and all organs of sense, ether, air, light, water, and the earth, the support of all.

4. Fire (the sky) is his head, his eyes the sun and the moon, the quarters his ears, his speech the Vedas disclosed, the wind his breath, his heart the universe; from his feet came the earth; he is indeed the inner Self of all things.

5. From him comes Agni (fire), the sun being the fuel; from the moon (Soma) comes rain (Parganya); from the earth herbs; and man gives seed unto the woman. Thus many beings are begotten from the Person (purusha).

6. From him come the Rig, the Sâman, the Yagush, the Dîkshâ (initiatory rites), all sacrifices and offerings of animals, and the fees bestowed on priests, the year too, the sacrificer, and the worlds, in which the moon shines brightly and the sun.

7. From him the many Devas too are begotten, the Sâdhyas (genii), men, cattle, birds, the up and down breathings, rice and corn for sacrifices, penance, faith, truth, abstinence, and law.

8. The seven senses (prana) also spring from him, the seven lights (acts of sensation), the seven kinds of fuel (objects by which the senses are lighted), the seven sacrifices (results of sensation), these seven worlds (the places of the senses, the worlds determined by the senses) in which the senses move, which rest in the cave of the heart, and are placed there seven and seven.

9. Hence come the seas and all the mountains, from him flow the rivers of every kind; hence come all herbs and the juice through which the inner Self subsists with the elements.

10. The Person is all this, sacrifice, penance, Brahman, the highest immortal; he who knows this hidden in the cave of the heart, he, O friend, scatters the knot of ignorance here on earth.

Second Khanda

1. Manifest, near, moving in the cave of the heart is the great Being. In it everything is centered which ye know as moving, breathing, and blinking, as being and not-being, as adorable, as the best, that is beyond the understanding of creatures.

2. That which is brilliant, smaller than small, that on which the worlds are founded and their inhabitants, that is the indestructible Brahman, that is the breath, speech, mind; that is the true, that is the immortal. That is to be hit. Hit it, O friend!

3. Having taken the Upanishad as the bow, as the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion! Then having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend, *viz.*, that which is the Indestructible!

4. Om is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then, as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman.

5. In him the heaven, the earth, and the sky are woven, the mind also with all the senses. Know him alone as the

Self, and leave off other words! He is the bridge of the Immortal.

6. He moves about becoming manifold within the heart where the arteries meet, like spokes fastened to the nave. Meditate on the Self as Om! Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darkness!

7. He who understands all and who knows all, he to whom all this glory in the world belongs, the Self, is placed in the ether, in the heavenly city of Brahman (the heart). He assumes the nature of mind, and becomes the guide of the body of the senses. He subsists in food, in close proximity to the heart. The wise who understand this, behold the Immortal which shines forth full of bliss.

8. The fetter of the heart is broken, all doubts are solved, all his works and their effects perish when he has been beheld who is high and low (cause and effect).

9. In the highest golden sheath there is the Brahman without passions and without parts. That is pure, that is the light of lights, that is it which they know who knows the Self.

10. The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When he shines, everything shines after him; by his light all this is lighted.

11. That immortal Brahman is before, that Brahman is behind, that Brahman is right and left. It has gone forth below and above; Brahman alone is all this; it is the best.

THIRD MUNDAKA

First Khanda

1. Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on without eating.

2. On the same tree man sits grieving, immersed, bewildered by his own impotence (an-îsa). But when he sees the

other lord (îsa) contented and knows his glory, then his grief passes away.

3. When the seer sees the brilliant maker and lord of the world as the Person who has his source in Brahman, then he is wise, and shaking off good and evil, he reaches the highest oneness, free from passions;

4. For he is the Breath shining forth in all beings, and he who understands this becomes truly wise, not a talker only. He revels in the Self, he delights in the Self, and having performed his works (truthfulness, penance, meditation, etc.) he rests, firmly established in Brahman, the best of those who know Brahman.

5. By truthfulness, indeed, by penance, right knowledge, and abstinence must that Self be gained; the Self whom spotless anchorites gain is pure, and like a light within the body.

6. The true prevails, not the untrue; by the true the path is laid out, the way of the gods (devayânah), on which the old sages, satisfied in their desires, proceed to where there is that highest place of the True One.

7. That (true Brahman) shines forth grand, divine, inconceivable, smaller than small; it is far beyond what is far and yet near here, it is hidden in the cave of the heart among those who see it even here.

8. He is not apprehended by the eye, nor by speech, nor by the other senses, not by penance or good works. When a man's nature has become purified by the serene light of knowledge, then he sees him, meditating on him as without parts.

9. That subtle Self is to be known by thought (ketas) there where breath has entered fivefold; for every thought of men is interwoven with the senses, and when thought is purified, then the Self arises.

10. Whatever state a man whose nature is purified imagines, and whatever desires he desires for himself or for others, that state he conquers and those desires he obtains. Therefore let every man who desires happiness worship the man who knows the Self.

Second Khanda

1. He (the knower of the Self) knows that highest home of Brahman, in which all is contained and shines brightly. The wise who, without desiring happiness, worship that Person, transcend this seed; they are not born again.

2. He who forms desires in his mind is born again through his desires here and there. But to him whose desires are fulfilled, and who is conscious of the true Self within himself, all desires vanish, even here on earth.

3. That Self can not be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him (his body) as his own.

4. Nor is that Self to be gained by one who is destitute of strength, or without earnestness, or without right meditation. But if a wise man strives after it by those means (by strength, earnestness, and right meditation), then his Self enters the home of Brahman.

5. When they have reached him (the Self), the sages become satisfied through knowledge, they are conscious of their Self, their passions have passed away, and they are tranquil. The wise, having reached him who is omnipresent everywhere, devoted to the Self, enter into him wholly.

6. Having well ascertained the object of the knowledge of the Vedanta, and having purified their nature by the Yoga of renunciation, all anchorites, enjoying the highest immortality, become free at the time of the great end (death) in the worlds of Brâhmâ.

7. Their fifteen parts enter into their elements, their Devas (the senses) into their corresponding Devas. Their deeds and their Self with all his knowledge become all one in the highest Imperishable.

8. As the flowing rivers disappear in the sea, losing their name and their form, thus a wise man, freed from name and form, goes to the divine Person, who is greater than the great.

9. He who knows that highest Brahman becomes even Brahman. In his race no one is born ignorant of Brahman.

He overcomes grief, he overcomes evil; free from the fetters of the heart, he becomes immortal.

10. And this is declared by the following Rig-verse: "Let a man tell this science of Brahman to those only who have performed all necessary acts, who are versed in the Vedas, and firmly established in the lower Brahman, who themselves offer an oblation the one Rishi (Agni), full of faith, and by whom the rite of carrying fire on the head has been performed, according to the rule of the Atharvanas."

11. The Rishi Angiras formerly told this true science; a man who has not performed the proper rites does not read it. Adoration to the highest Rishis! Adoration to the highest Rishis!

THE KENA UPANISHAD

First Khanda

1. The Pupil asks: "At whose wish does the mind sent forth proceed on its errand? At whose command does the first breath go forth? At whose wish do we utter this speech? What god directs the eye, or the ear?"

2. The Teacher replies: "It is the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, the speech of speech, the breath of breath, and the eye of the eye. When freed from the senses the wise, on departing from this world, become immortal.[1]

3. "The eye does not go thither, nor speech, nor mind. We do not know, we do not understand, how any one can teach it.

4. "It is different from the known, it is also above the unknown, thus we have heard from those of old, who taught us this.

5. "That which is not expressed by speech and by which speech is expressed, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.

6. "That which does not think by mind, and by which, they say, mind is thought, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.

7. "That which does not see by the eye, and by which one sees the work of the eyes, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.

8. "That which does not hear by the ear, and by which the ear is heard, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore.

[1] This verse admits of various translations, and still more various explanations. What is meant by the ear of the ear is very fully explained by the commentator, but the simplest acceptation would seem to take it as an answer to the preceding questions, so that the ear of the ear should be taken for him who directs the ear, *i.e.*, the Self, or Brahman. This will become clearer as we proceed.

9. "That which does not breathe by breath, and by which breath is drawn, that alone know as Brahman, not that which people here adore."

Second Khanda

1. The Teacher says: "If thou thinkest I know it well, then thou knowest surely but little, what is that form of Brahman known, it may be, to thee?"

2. The Pupil says: "I do not think I know it well, nor do I know that I do not know it. He among us who knows this, he knows it, nor does he know that he does not know it.[2]

3. "He by whom it (Brahman) is not thought, by him it is thought; he by whom it is thought, knows it not. It is not understood by those who understand it, it is understood by those who do not understand it.

4. "It is thought to be known as if by awakening, and then we obtain immortality indeed. By the Self we obtain strength, by knowledge we obtain immortality.

5. "If a man know this here, that is the true end of life; if he does not know this here, then there is great destruction (new births). The wise who have thought on all things and recognized the Self in them become immortal, when they have departed from this world."

Third Khanda[3]

1. Brahman obtained the victory for the Devas. The Devas became elated by the victory of Brahman, and they

[2] This verse has again been variously explained. Apparently the train of thought is this: We can not know Brahman, as we know other objects, by referring them to a class and pointing out their differences. But, on the other hand, we do not know that we know him not, *i.e.*, no one can assert that we know him not, for we want Brahman in order to know anything. He, therefore, who knows this double peculiarity of the knowledge of Brahman, he knows Brahman, as much as it can be known; and he does not know, nor can anybody prove it to him, that he does not know Brahman.

[3] This khanda is generally represented as a later addition, but its prose style has more of a Brâhmaṇa character than the verses in the preceding khandas, although their metrical structure is irregular, and may be taken as a sign of antiquity.

thought, this victory is ours only, this greatness is ours only.

2. Brahman perceived this and appeared to them. But they did not know it, and said: "What sprite (yaksha or yakshya) is this?"

3. They said to Agni (fire): "O Gâtavedas, find out what sprite this is." "Yes," he said.

4. He ran toward it, and Brahman said to him: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am Agni, I am Gâtavedas."

5. Brahman said: "What power is in you?" Agni replied: "I could burn all whatever there is on earth."

6. Brahman put a straw before him, saying: "Burn this." He went toward it with all his might, but he could not burn it. Then he returned thence and said: "I could not find out what sprite this is."

7. Then they said to Vayu (air): "O Vayu, find out what sprite this is." "Yes," he said.

8. He ran toward it, and Brahman said to him: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am Vayu, I am Mâtarisvan."

9. Brahman said: "What power is in you?" Vayu replied: "I could take up all whatever there is on earth."

10. Brahman put a straw before him, saying: "Take it up." He went toward it with all his might, but he could not take it up. Then he returned thence and said: "I could not find out what sprite this is."

11. Then they said to Indra: "O Maghavan, find out what sprite this is." He went toward it, but it disappeared from before him.

12. Then in the same space (ether) he came toward a woman, highly adorned: it was Umâ, the daughter of Himavat.[4] He said to her: "Who is that sprite?"

[4] Umâ may here be taken as the wife of Śiva, daughter of Himavat, better known by her earlier name, Pârvatî, the daughter of the mountains. Originally she was, not the daughter of the mountains or of the Himalaya, but the daughter of the cloud, just as Rudra was originally, not the lord of the mountains, *girîsa*, but the lord of the clouds. We are, however, moving here in a secondary period of Indian thought, in which we see, as among Semitic nations, the manifested powers, and particularly the knowledge and wisdom of the gods, represented by their wives.

Fourth Khanda

1. She replied: "It is Brahman. It is through the victory of Brahman that you have thus become great." After that he knew that it was Brahman.

2. Therefore these Devas, *viz.*, Agni, Vayu, and Indra, are, as it were, above the other gods, for they touched it (the Brahman) nearest.

3. And therefore Indra is, as it were, above the other gods, for he touched it nearest, he first knew it.

4. This is the teaching of Brahman, with regard to the gods (mythological): It is that which now flashes forth in the lightning, and now vanishes again.

5. And this is the teaching of Brahman, with regard to the body (psychological): It is that which seems to move as mind, and by it imagination remembers again and again.[5]

6. That Brahman is called Tadvana,[6] by the name of Tadvana it is to be meditated on. All beings have a desire for him who knows this.

7. The Teacher: "As you have asked me to tell you the

[5] I have translated these paragraphs very differently from Sankara and other interpreters. The wording is extremely brief, and we can only guess the original intention of the Upanishad by a reference to other passages. Now the first teaching of Brahman, by means of a comparison with the gods or heavenly things in general, seems to be that Brahman is what shines forth suddenly like lightning. Sometimes the relation between the phenomenal world and Brahman is illustrated by the relation between bubbles and the sea, or lightning and the unseen heavenly light. In another passage lightning, when no longer seen, is to facilitate the conception of the reality of things, as distinct from their perceptibility. I think, therefore, that the first simile, taken from the phenomenal world, was meant to show that Brahman is that which appears for a moment in the lightning, and then vanishes from our sight.

The next illustration is purely psychological. Brahman is proved to exist, because our mind moves toward things, because there is something in us which moves and perceives, and because there is something in us which holds our perceptions together (*sankalpa*), and revives them again by memory.

I give my translation as hypothetical only, for certainty is extremely difficult to attain, when we have to deal with these enigmatical sayings which, when they were first delivered, were necessarily accompanied by oral explanations.

[6] Tadvana, as a name of Brahman, is explained as "the desire of it."

UMA WINS HER GOD LOVER.

By suppressing every human passion, Uma becomes the wife of Shiva, God of Life and Death.

UMA WINS HER GOD LOVER.

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of Shiva, God of Life and Death.



Upanishad, the Upanishad has now been told you. We have told you the Brâhmî Upanishad.

8. "The feet on which that Upanishad stands are penance, restraint, sacrifice; the Vedas are all its limbs, the True is its abode.

9. "He who knows this Upanishad, and has shaken off all evil, stands in the endless, unconquerable world of heaven, yea, in the world of heaven."

THE ISA UPANISHAD

1. All this, whatsoever moves on earth, is to be hidden in the Lord (the Self). When thou hast surrendered all this, then thou mayest enjoy. Do not covet the wealth of any man!

2. Though a man may wish to live a hundred years, performing works, it will be thus with him; but not in any other way: work will thus not cling to a man.

3. There are the worlds of the Asuras covered with blind darkness. Those who have destroyed their Self, who perform works, without having arrived at a knowledge of the true Self, go after death to those worlds.

4. That one (the Self), though never stirring, is swifter than thought. The Devas (senses) never reached it, it walked before them. Though standing still, it overtakes the others who are running. Mâtarisvan (the wind, the moving spirit) bestows powers on it.

5. It stirs and it stirs not; it is far, and likewise near. It is inside of all this, and it is outside of all this.

6. And he who beholds all beings in the Self, and the Self in all beings, he never turns away from it.

7. When to a man who understands, the Self has become all things, what sorrow, what trouble can there be to him who once beheld that unity?

8. He (the Self) encircled all, bright, incorporeal, scatheless, without muscles, pure, untouched by evil; a seer, wise, omnipresent, self-existent, he disposed all things rightly for eternal years.

9. All who worship what is not real knowledge (good works) enter into blind darkness: those who delight in real knowledge enter, as it were, into greater darkness.

10. One thing, they say, is obtained from real knowledge; another, they say, from what is not knowledge. Thus we have heard from the wise who taught us this.

11. He who knows at the same time both knowledge and not-knowledge overcomes death through not-knowledge, and obtains immortality through knowledge.

12. All who worship what is not the true cause enter into blind darkness: those who delight in the true cause enter, as it were, into greater darkness.

13. One thing, they say, is obtained from knowledge of the cause; another, they say, from knowledge of what is not the cause. Thus we have heard from the wise who taught us this.

14. He who knows at the same time both the cause and the destruction (the perishable body), overcomes death by destruction (the perishable body), and obtains immortality through knowledge of the true cause.

15. The door of the True is covered with a golden disk. Open that, O Pûshan, that we may see the nature of the True.

16. O Pûshan, only seer, Yama (judge), Sûrya (sun), son of Pragâpati, spread thy rays and gather them! The light which is thy fairest form, I see it. I am what he is (*viz.*, the person in the sun).

17. Breath to air, and to the immortal! Then this my body ends in ashes. Om! Mind, remember! Remember thy deeds! Mind, remember! Remember thy deeds!

18. Agni, lead us on to wealth (beatitude) by a good path, thou, O God, who knowest all things! Keep far from us crooked evil, and we shall offer thee the fullest praise![1]

[1] This Upanishad, though apparently simple and intelligible, is in reality one of the most difficult to understand properly. Coming at the end of the Vâgasaneyi-samhitâ, in which the sacrifices and the hymns to be used by the officiating priests have been described, it begins by declaring that all has to be surrendered to the Lord. The name is, "lord," is peculiar, as having a far more personal coloring than Atman, Self, or Brahman, the usual names given by the Upanishads to what is the object of the highest knowledge.

Next follows a permission to continue the performance of sacrifices, provided that all desires have been surrendered. And here occurs our first difficulty, which has perplexed ancient as well as modern commentators.

I shall try to justify my own translation. I hold that the Upanishad wishes to teach the uselessness by themselves of all good works, whether

we call them sacrificial, legal, or moral, and yet, at the same time, to recognize, if not the necessity, at least the harmlessness of good works, provided they are performed without any selfish motives, without any desire of reward, but simply as a preparation for higher knowledge, as a means, in fact, of subduing all passions, and producing that serenity of mind without which man is incapable of receiving the highest knowledge. From that point of view the Upanishad may well say, Let a man wish to live here his appointed time; let him even perform all works. If only he knows that all must be surrendered to the Lord, then the work done by him will not cling to him. It will not work on and produce effect after effect, nor will it involve him in a succession of new births in which to enjoy the reward of his works, but it will leave him free to enjoy the blessings of the highest knowledge. It will have served as a preparation for that higher knowledge which the Upanishad imparts, and which secures freedom from further births.

KATHA UPANISHAD

FIRST ADHYÂYA

First Vallî

1. Vâgasravasa, desirous of heavenly reward, surrendered at a sacrifice all that he possessed. He had a son of the name of Nakiketas.

2. When the promised presents were being given to the priests, faith entered into the heart of Nakiketas, who was still a boy, and he thought:

3. "Unblessed, surely, are the worlds to which a man goes by giving as his promised present at a sacrifice cows which have drunk water, eaten hay, given their milk, and are barren."[1]

4. He knowing that his father had promised to give up all that he possessed, and therefore his son also, said to his father: "Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?"

He said it a second and a third time. Then the father replied angrily:

"I shall give thee unto Death."

[The father, having once said so, though in haste, had to be true to his word and to sacrifice his son.]

5. The son said: "I go as the first, at the head of many who have still to die; I go in the midst of many who are now dying. What will be the work of Yama, the ruler of the departed, which to-day he has to do unto me?[2]

[1] Anandagiri explains that the cows meant here are cows no longer able to drink, to eat, to give milk, and to calve.

[2] I translate these verses freely, *i.e.*, independently of the commentator; not that I ever despise the traditional interpretation which the commentators have preserved to us, but because I think that, after having examined it, we have a right to judge for ourselves. Sankara says that the son, having been addressed by his father full of anger, was sad, and said to himself: "Among many pupils I am the first, among many middling pupils I am the middlemost, but nowhere am I the last. Yet though I am such a good pupil, my father has said

6. "Look back how it was with those who came before; look forward how it will be with those who come hereafter. A mortal ripens like corn; like corn he springs up again."

[Nakiketas enters into the abode of Yama Vaivasvata, and there is no one to receive him. Thereupon one of the attendants of Yama is supposed to say:]

7. "Fire enters into the houses, when a Brâhmana enters as a guest. That fire is quenched by this peace-offering; bring water, O Vaivasvata![3]

8. "A Brâhmana that dwells in the house of a foolish man, without receiving food to eat, destroys his hopes and expectations, his possessions, his righteousness, his sacred and his good deeds, and all his sons and cattle."

[Yama, returning to his house after an absence of three nights, during which time Nakiketas had received no hospitality from him, says:]

9. "O Brâhmana, as thou, a venerable guest, hast dwelt in my house three nights without eating, therefore choose now three boons. Hail to thee! and welfare to me!"

10. Nakiketas said: "O Death, as the first of the three boons I choose that Gautama, my father, be pacified, kind, and free from anger toward me; and that he may know me and greet me, when I shall have been dismissed by thee."

11. Yama said: "Through my favor Auddâlaki Aruni, thy father, will know thee, and be again toward thee as he was before. He shall sleep peacefully through the night, and free from anger, after having seen thee freed from the mouth of death."

12. Nakiketas said: "In the heaven-world there is no fear; thou art not there, O Death, and no one is afraid on account of old age. Leaving behind both hunger and thirst,

that he will consign me unto death. What duty has he to fulfil toward Yama which he means to fulfil to-day by giving me to him? There may be no duty; he may only have spoken in haste. Yet a father's word must not be broken." Having considered this, the son comforted his father, and exhorted him to behave like his forefathers, and to keep his word. I do not think this view of Sankara's could have been the view of the old poet.

[3] Vaivasvata, a name of Yama, the ruler of the departed. Water is the first gift to be offered to a stranger who claims hospitality.

and out of the reach of sorrow, all rejoice in the world of heaven.

13. "Thou knowest, O Death, the fire-sacrifice which leads us to heaven; tell it to me, for I am full of faith. Those who live in the heaven-world reach immortality; this I ask as my second boon."

14. Yama said: "I tell it thee, learn it from me, and when thou understandest that fire-sacrifice which leads to heaven, know, O Nakiketas, that it is the attainment of the endless worlds, and their firm support, hidden in darkness."

15. Yama then told him that fire-sacrifice, the beginning of all the worlds, and what bricks are required for the altar, and how many, and how they are to be placed. And Nakiketas repeated all as it had been told to him. Then Mrityu, being pleased with him, said again:

16. The generous, being satisfied, said to him: "I give thee now another boon; that fire-sacrifice shall be named after thee; take also this many-colored chain.

17. "He who has three times performed this Nâkiketa rite, and has been united with the three (father, mother, and teacher) and has performed the three duties (study, sacrifice, almsgiving) overcomes birth and death. When he has learnt and understood this fire, which knows or makes us know all that is born of Brahman, which is venerable and divine, then he obtains everlasting peace.

18. "He who knows the three Nâkiketa fires, and knowing the three, piles up the Nâkiketa sacrifice, he, having first thrown off the chains of death, rejoices in the world of heaven, beyond the reach of grief.

19. "This, O Nakiketas, is thy fire which leads to heaven, and which thou hast chosen as thy second boon. That fire all men will proclaim. Choose now, O Nakiketas, thy third boon."

20. Nakiketas said: "There is that doubt, when a man is dead — some saying, he is; others, he is not. This I should like to know, taught by thee: this is the third of my boons."

21. Death said: "On this point even the gods have doubted formerly; it is not easy to understand. That subject is subtle. Choose another boon, O Nakiketas; do not press me, and let me off that boon."

22. Nakiketas said: "On this point even the gods have doubted indeed, and thou, Death, hast declared it to be not easy to understand, and another teacher like thee is not to be found — surely no other boon is like unto this."

23. Death said: "Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years, herds of cattle, elephants, gold, and horses. Choose the wide abode of the earth, and live thyself as many harvests as thou desirest.

24. "If you can think of any boon equal to that, choose wealth and long life. Be king, Nakiketas, on the wide earth. I make thee the enjoyer of all desires.

25. "Whatever desires are difficult to attain among mortals, ask of them according to thy wish — these fair maidens with their chariots and musical instruments — such are indeed not to be obtained by men; be waited on by them whom I give to thee, but do not ask me about dying."

26. Nakiketas said: "These things last till to-morrow, O Death, for they wear out this vigor of all the senses. Even the whole of life is short. Keep thou thy horses, keep dance and song for thyself.

27. "No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth, when we see thee? Shall we live, as long as thou rulest? Only that boon which I have chosen is to be chosen by me.

28. "What mortal, slowly decaying here below, and knowing, after having approached them, the freedom from decay enjoyed by the immortals, would delight in a long life, after he has pondered on the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?

29. "No, that on which there is this doubt, O Death, tell us what there is in that great Hereafter. Nakiketas does not choose another boon but that which enters into the hidden world."

Second Vallî

1. Death said: "The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant misses his end.

2. "The good and the pleasant approach man: the wise goes round about them and distinguishes them. Yea, the wise prefers the good to the pleasant, but the fool chooses the pleasant through greed and avarice.

3. "Thou, O Nakiketas, after pondering all pleasures that are or seem delightful, hast dismissed them all. Thou hast not gone into the road that leadeth to wealth, in which many men perish.

4. "Wide apart and leading to different points are these two — ignorance, and what is known as wisdom. I believe Nakiketas to be one who desires knowledge, for even many pleasures did not tear thee away.

5. "Fools dwelling in darkness, wise in their own conceit, and puffed up with vain knowledge, go round and round, staggering to and fro, like blind men led by the blind.

6. "The Hereafter never rises before the eyes of the careless child deluded by the delusion of wealth. 'This is the world,' he thinks, 'there is no other'; thus he falls again and again under my sway.

7. "He (the Self) of whom many are not even able to hear, whom many, even when they hear of him, do not comprehend; wonderful is a man, when found, who is able to teach him (the Self); wonderful is he who comprehends him, when taught by an able teacher.

8. "That Self, when taught by an inferior man, is not easy to be known, even though often thought upon; unless it be taught by another, there is no way to it, for it is inconceivably smaller than what is small.

9. "That doctrine is not to be obtained by argument, but when it is declared by another, then, O dearest, it is easy to understand. Thou hast obtained it now; thou art truly a

man of true resolve. May we have always an inquirer like thee!"

10. Nakiketas said: "I know that what is called a treasure is transient, for that eternal is not obtained by things which are not eternal. Hence the Nâkiketa fire-sacrifice has been laid by me first; then, by means of transient things, I have obtained what is not transient (the teaching of Yama)."

11. Yama said: "Though thou hadst seen the fulfilment of all desires, the foundation of the world, the endless rewards of good deeds, the shore where there is no fear, that which is magnified by praise, the wide abode, the rest, yet being wise thou hast with firm resolve dismissed it all.

12. "The wise who, by means of meditation on his Self, recognizes the Ancient, who is difficult to be seen, who has entered into the dark, who is hidden in the cave, who dwells in the abyss, as God, he indeed leaves joy and sorrow far behind.[2]

13. "A mortal who has heard this and embraced it, who has separated from it all qualities, and has thus reached the subtle Being, rejoices, because he has obtained what is a cause for rejoicing. The house of Brahman is open, I believe, O Nakiketas."

14. Nakiketas said: "That which thou seest as neither this nor that, as neither effect nor cause, as neither past nor future, tell me that."

15. Yama said: "That word or place which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly — it is Om.

16. "That imperishable syllable means Brahman, that syllable means the highest (Brahman); he who knows that syllable, whatever he desires, is his.

17. "This is the best support; this is the highest sup-

[2] Yama seems here to propound the lower Brahman only, not yet the highest. Deva, God, can only be that as what the Old, *i.e.*, the Self in the heart, is to be recognized. It would therefore mean, he who finds God or the Self in his heart. See afterward, verse 21.

port; he who knows that support is magnified in the world of Bráhmâ.

18. "The knowing Self is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The Ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed.

19. "If the killer thinks that he kills, if the killed thinks that he is killed, they do not understand; for this one does not kill, nor is that one killed.

20. "The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator.

21. "Though sitting still, he walks far; though lying down, he goes everywhere. Who, save myself, is able to know that God who rejoices and rejoices not?

22. "The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.

23. "That Self can not be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him (his body) as his own.

24. "But he who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil, and subdued, or whose mind is not at rest, he can never obtain the Self even by knowledge.

25. "Who then knows where he is, he to whom the Brahmans and Kshatriyas are, as it were, but food,[3] and death itself a condiment?"

Third Vallî

1. "There are the two[4] drinking their reward in the dwelling on the highest summit (the ether in the heart). Those who know Brahman call them shade and light; like-

[3] In whom all disappears, and in whom even death is swallowed up.

[4] The two are explained as the higher and lower Brahman, the former being the light, the latter the shadow.

wise, those householders who perform the Trinâkiketa sacrifice.

2. "May we be able to master that Nâkiketa rite which is a bridge for sacrificers; also that which is the highest, imperishable Brahman for those who wish to cross over to the fearless shore.

3. "Know the Self to be sitting in the chariot, the body to be the chariot, the intellect (buddhi) the charioteer, and the mind the reins.

4. "The senses they call the horses, the objects of the senses their roads. When he (the Highest Self) is in union with the body, the senses, and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer.

5. "He who has no understanding and whose mind (the reins) is never firmly held, his senses (horses) are unmanageable, like vicious horses of a charioteer.

6. "But he who has understanding and whose mind is always firmly held, his senses are under control, like good horses of a charioteer.

7. "He who has no understanding, who is unmindful and always impure, never reaches that place, but enters into the round of births.

8. "But he who has understanding, who is mindful and always pure, reaches indeed that place, from whence he is not born again.

9. "But he who has understanding for his charioteer, and who holds the reins of the mind, he reaches the end of his journey, and that is the highest place of Vishnu.

10. "Beyond the senses there are the objects, beyond the objects there is the mind, beyond the mind there is the intellect; the Great Self is beyond the intellect.

11. "Beyond the Great there is the Undeveloped, beyond the Undeveloped there is the Person (purusha). Beyond the Person there is nothing — this is the goal, the highest road.

12. "That Self is hidden in all beings and does not shine forth, but it is seen by subtle seers through their sharp and subtle intellect.

13. "A wise man should keep down speech and mind; he should keep them within the Self which is knowledge; he should keep knowledge within the Self which is the Great; and he should keep that (the Great) within the Self which is the Quiet.

14. "Rise, awake! having obtained your boons, understand them! The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path to the Self is hard.

15. "He who has perceived that which is without sound, without touch, without form, without decay, without taste, eternal, without smell, without beginning, without end, beyond the Great, and unchangeable, is freed from the jaws of death.

16. "A wise man who has repeated or heard the ancient story of Nakiketas told by Death is magnified in the world of Brahman.

17. "And he who repeats this greatest mystery in an assembly of Brahmans, or full of devotion at the time of the Srâddha sacrifice, obtains thereby infinite rewards."

SECOND ADHYÂYA

Fourth Vallî

1. Death said: "The Self-existent pierced the openings of the senses so that they turn forward: therefore man looks forward, not backward into himself. Some wise man, however, with his eyes closed and wishing for immortality, saw the Self behind.

2. "Children follow after outward pleasures, and fall into the snare of wide-spread death. Wise men only, knowing the nature of what is immortal, do not look for anything stable here among things unstable.

3. "That by which we know form, taste, smell, sounds, and loving touches, by that also we know what exists besides. This is that which thou hast asked for.

4. "The wise, when he knows that that by which he perceives all objects in sleep or in waking is the great omnipresent Self, grieves no more.

5. "He who knows this living soul which eats honey perceives objects as being the Self, always near, the Lord of the past and the future, henceforward fears no more. This is that.

6. "He who knows him[5] who was born first from the brooding heat (for he was born before the water), who, entering into the heart, abides therein, and was perceived from the elements. This is that.

7. "He who knows Aditi also, who is one with all deities, who arises with Prana (breath or Hiranya-garbha), who, entering into the heart, abides therein, and was born from the elements. This is that.

8. "There is Agni (fire), the all-seeing, hidden in the two fire-sticks, well-guarded like a child in the womb by the mother, day after day to be adored by men when they awake and bring oblations. This is that.

9. "And that whence the sun rises, and whither it goes to set, there all the Devas are contained, and no one goes beyond. This is that.

10. "What is here visible in the world, the same is there, invisible in Brahman; and what is there, the same is here. He who sees any difference here between Brahman and the world, goes from death to death.

11. "Even by the mind this (Brahman) is to be obtained, and then there is no difference whatsoever. He goes from death to death who sees any difference here.

12. "The person (purusha), of the size of a thumb, stands in the middle of the Self (body), as lord of the past and the future, and henceforward fears no more. This is that.

13. "That person, of the size of a thumb, is like a light without smoke, lord of the past and the future, he is the same to-day and to-morrow. This is that.

14. "As rain-water that has fallen on a mountain-ridge runs down the rocks on all sides, thus does he, who sees a difference between qualities, run after them on all sides.

[5] The first manifestation of Brahman, commonly called Hiranya-garbha, which springs from the tapas of Brahman. Afterward only water and the rest of the elements become manifested.

15. "As pure water poured into pure water remains the same, thus, O Gautama, is the Self of a thinker who knows."

Fifth Vallî

1. "There is a town with eleven [6] gates belonging to the Unborn (Brahman), whose thoughts are never crooked. He who approaches it grieves no more, and liberated from all bonds of ignorance becomes free. This is that.

2. "He (Brahman) is the swan (sun), dwelling in the bright heaven; he is the Vasu (air), dwelling in the sky; he is the sacrificer (fire), dwelling on the hearth; he is the guest (Soma), dwelling in the sacrificial jar; he dwells in men, in gods (vara), in the sacrifice (rita), in heaven; he is born in the water, on earth, in the sacrifice (rita), on the mountains; he is the True and the Great.

3. "He (Brahman) it is who sends up the breath (prana), and who throws back the breath (apâna). All the Devas (senses) worship him, the adorable (or the dwarf), who sits in the center.

4. "When that incorporated (Brahman), who dwells in the body, is torn away and freed from the body, what remains then? This is that.

5. "No mortal lives by the breath that goes up and by the breath that goes down. We live by another, in whom these two repose.

6. "Well then, O Gautama, I shall tell thee this mystery, the old Brahman, and what happens to the Self, after reaching death.

7. "Some enter the womb in order to have a body, as organic beings, others go into inorganic matter, according to their work and according to their knowledge.

8. "He, the highest Person, who is awake in us while we are asleep, shaping one lovely sight after another — that indeed is the Bright; that is Brahman; that alone is called immortal. All worlds are contained in it, and no one goes beyond. This is that.

[6] Seven apertures in the head, the navel, two below, and the one at the top of the head through which the Self escapes.

9. "As the one fire, after it has entered the world, though one, becomes different according to whatever it burns, thus the one Self within all things becomes different, according to whatever it enters, and exists also without.

10. "As the one air, after it has entered the world, though one, becomes different according to whatever it enters, thus the one Self within all things becomes different, according to whatever it enters, and exists also without.

11. "As the sun, the eye of the whole world, is not contaminated by the external impurities seen by the eyes, thus the one Self within all things is never contaminated by the misery of the world, being himself without.

12. "There is one ruler, the Self within all things, who makes the one form manifold. The wise who perceive him within their Self, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others.

13. "There is one eternal thinker, thinking non-eternal thought, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise who perceive him within their Self, to them belongs eternal peace, not to others.

14. "They perceive that highest indescribable pleasure, saying, This is that. How then can I understand it? Has it its own light, or does it reflect light?

15. "The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When he shines, everything shines after him; by his light all this is lighted."

Sixth Vallî

1. "There is that ancient tree,[7] whose roots grow upward and whose branches grow downward; that indeed is called the Bright; that is called Brahman; that alone is called the Immortal. All worlds are contained in it, and no one goes beyond. This is that.

2. "Whatever there is, the whole world, when gone forth from the Brahman, trembles in its breath. That Brahman

[7] The fig-tree which sends down its branches so that they strike root and form new stems, one tree growing into a complete forest.

is a great terror, like a drawn sword. Those who know it become immortal.

3. "From terror of Brahman fire burns, from terror the sun burns, from terror Indra and Vayu, and Death, as the fifth, run away.

4. "If a man could not understand it before the falling asunder of his body, then he has to take body again in the worlds of creation.

5. "As in a mirror, so Brahman may be seen clearly here in this body; as in a dream, in the world of the Fathers; as in the water, he is seen about in the world of the Gandharvas; as in light and shade, in the world of Brâhmâ.

6. "Having understood that the senses are distinct (from the Atman), and that their rising and setting (their waking and sleeping) belong to them in their distinct existence, and not to the Atman, a wise man grieves no more.

7. "Beyond the senses is the mind; beyond the mind is the highest created Being; higher than that Being is the Great Self; higher than the Great, the highest Undeveloped.

8. "Beyond the Undeveloped is the Person, the all-pervading and entirely imperceptible. Every creature that knows him is liberated, and obtains immortality.

9. "His form is not to be seen; no one beholds him with the eye. He is imagined by the heart, by wisdom, by the mind. Those who know this are immortal.

10. "When the five instruments of knowledge stand still together with the mind, and when the intellect does not move, that is called the highest state.

11. "This, the firm holding back of the senses, is what is called Yoga. He must be free from thoughtlessness then, for Yoga comes and goes.

12. "He (the Self) can not be reached by speech, by mind, or by the eye. How can it be apprehended except by him who says: 'He is'?

13. "By the words 'He is,' is he to be apprehended, and by admitting the reality of both the invisible Brahman and the visible world, as coming from Brahman. When he has

been apprehended by the words 'He is,' then his reality reveals itself.

14. "When all desires that dwell in his heart cease, then the mortal becomes immortal, and obtains Brahman.

15. "When all the ties of the heart are severed here on earth, then the mortal becomes immortal — here ends the teaching. [8]

16. "There are a hundred and one arteries of the heart; one of them penetrates the crown of the head. Moving upward by it, a man at his death reaches the Immortal; the other arteries serve for departing in different directions.

17. "The Person not larger than a thumb, the inner Self, is always settled in the heart of men. Let a man draw that Self forth from his body with steadiness, as one draws the pith from a reed. Let him know that Self as the Bright, as the Immortal; yes, as the Bright, as the Immortal."

18. Having received this knowledge taught by Death and the whole rule of Yoga (meditation), Nakiketa became free from passion and death, and obtained Brahman. Thus it will be with another also who knows thus what relates to the Self.

19. May he protect us both! May he enjoy us both! May we acquire strength together! May our knowledge become bright! May we never quarrel! Om! Peace! peace! peace! Hari, Om!

[8] The teaching of the Vedanta extends so far and no further. What follows has reference, according to the commentator, not to him who knows the highest Brahman, for he becomes Brahman at once and migrates no more; but to him who does not know the highest Brahman fully, and therefore migrates to the Brahmaloka, receiving there the reward for his partial knowledge and for his good works.

YAMA AND NAKIKETAS.

Yama, God of Death, teaches his Dark Wisdom to the youth vowed to his service.

YAMA AND NAKIKETAS.

Yama, God of Death, teaches his Dark Wisdom to the youth
trained to his service.



THE TEACHING OF SANDILYA [1]

From the Khandogya Upanishad

1. All this is Bráhmâ.[2] Let a man meditate on that visible world as beginning, ending and breathing [3] in it (the Bráhmâ).

Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief.

2. The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised,

3. He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard-seed, smaller than a canary-seed or the kernel of a canary-seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

4. He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks and who is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Bráhmâ. When I shall have departed from hence, I shall obtain him (that Self). He who has this faith [4] has no doubt; thus said Sandilya, yea, thus he said.

[1] This is the fourteenth Khanda or chapter of the third part of the Khandogya Upanishad. It forms one of the most quoted teachings of Brahmanism.

[2] That is, everything is God.

[3] Galân is explained by *ga*, born, *la*, absorbed, and *an*, breathing. It is an artificial term, but fully recognized by the Vedanta school, and always explained in this manner.

[4] Or he who has faith, and no doubt, will obtain this.

BRÁHMÂ, OR THE UNIVERSAL SOUL[5]

1.

This universe is Bráhmâ's Self!
A part of him — these creatures all!
In him their birth, they live in him,
And into him they end withal!
The mortal ever toils and works,
And as he sows upon this earth,
In virtue's soil or ways of sin,
So reaps he in a future birth!

2.

He is Life — Intelligence pure!
He is Truth and he is Light!
His soul pervades the universe,
Like ether — escapes our mortal sight!
From him alone all works proceed,
All wishes and all feelings spring,
Serene and calm, he never speaks,
But in himself holds everything!

3.

He is the Self within my heart,
The Soul that lives and dwells within,
Smaller than the smallest seed,
Or kernel of smallest grain!
He is the Self within my heart,
Greater than the earth and sky,
Greater far than all the worlds,
Greater than the heaven on high!

[5] This is a modern versified rendering of the preceding "Teaching of Sandilya." It is by the Hindu poet and scholar R. C. Dutt.

4.

From him alone all works proceed,
 All wishes and all feelings spring,
Serene and calm, he never speaks,
 But in himself holds everything!
He is the Self within my heart,
 He is Bráhmâ! — holding all,
And when I leave this world — to him
 Will flee my liberated soul!

THE MAHABHARATA

TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

"Whatever is not in the Mahabharata is not to be found in the land of the Bharata [Indian people]."

— BENGALESE PROVERB.

"The reading of this Mahabharata destroys all sin and creates virtue;
The saying of a single stanza is enough to wipe away much guilt.
It has bound human beings in a chain of which the ends are Life and Death.
Who reads the Mahabharata with faith and wisdom, at his death is freed
From evil Life and rises to the gods."

— THE MAHABHARATA.

THE MAHABHARATA

(INTRODUCTION)

THIS name means "the Great History of the Bharatas," or people of India. As has been explained in the general introduction, this poem is the great epic narrative of India, the delight equally of her scholars and her people. Like everything in India it is vast in size, being over seven times as long as its Greek rivals, the Iliad and the Odyssey, combined. It is said to be the work of the poet Vyása; but *vyása* means "an arranger," and the poem is not only too enormous to be the work of one man, but it is also quite obviously a gathering and arranging of many poems from different ages. In its present form it probably dates from 400 or 500 B.C., and some of the older tales included within it must be several centuries older. The whole consists to-day of over two hundred thousand lines of sixteen syllables each. Of these about one-fourth keep to the central story; all the rest is made up of other stories, histories, or sermons. The most celebrated part of all is the Bhagavad Gîta, which is a didactic or philosophic poem, the highest and most widely accepted moral preachment in India, and which Sir Edwin Arnold has beautifully translated under the title of "The Song Celestial."

The central story of this truly stupendous epic tells of a great war, probably founded on some real war, between the rival descendants of the mighty king and ancient sage, Bhishma. His great grandsons, the Kauravas, are represented as ruling India. They number a hundred brothers, headed by the bold but evil Duryôdhana. They are pledged to share the realm with their cousins, the five sons of Pandu, called the Pandavas. But Duryôdhana keeps the sovereignty for himself, and wars against the five Pandavas, who are the heroes of the tale. The oldest of them is Yudhishthira, the

symbol of just and perfect manhood. The second is Bhima, a kindly, loyal-hearted giant of enormous physical strength. The third is Arjuna, the perfect warrior, master of every weapon, who from his chariot could fight sixty thousand foes at once. Then come the twins: Nakula, the most beautiful of manly men; and Sahadeva, the wisest and most steadfast. These five all, in accord with the primitive fashion of the time, wed the same wife, the glorious Princess Draupadí, who thereafter follows their fortunes. After many adventures they are victors in the great war against Duryôdhana and his followers, who are all slain. The five brothers, saddened by the loss of many friends, reorganize India in peace, and then go deliberately forth to seek Death, who has so long avoided them. This, their last journey, we give here as translated by Sir Edwin Arnold, and also their entry into heaven with the noble Yudhishthira's last triumph there.

Chiefly, however, we present that most celebrated of all Hindu poems, the Bhagavad Gîta. This is woven into the Mahabharata by the introduction of the god Krishna. It is quite obvious that Krishna came into the Hindu pantheon and also into the great epic at a comparatively late date. He is to-day the most popular god of India and the most complex, being the god of spring, of love and all its follies, yet also the god of truth and righteousness. In one form he is Ganesh, the elephant-god of slow and patient wisdom; in another he is Juggernaut, who crushes his worshipers to death. The brahmins explain him as one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the preserver of the world; and it is in this shape that he appears in the Mahabharata. He has become incarnate as a minor prince in the Pandavas' contest, so that right, as represented by the five heroes, may overthrow all-powerful wrong. It is by Prince Krishna's advice and assistance that the five are victorious at last.

The Bhagavad Gîta is the teaching of life which Krishna gives to Arjuna, the perfect warrior. Arjuna, on the eve of a mighty battle, visits Krishna, his friend and counselor, who in this episode is presented openly as a god. Arjuna is sad and deeply puzzled; he has no wish to slay those opposed

to him, yet he must uphold his brothers and the right. What is the right, anyway? What does life mean, and death, and toward what goal should man strive? Krishna answers him deeply and wonderfully in the highest flight of Hindu poetry. The resemblance of portions of the doctrine of the Bhagavad Gîta to the doctrines of the Christian faith makes the question of the date of the Hindu poem one of extreme interest. Nothing positive, however, can be said on this point. This is certainly one of the last additions to the Mahabharata, and perhaps the weight of evidence might lead us to set it as late as the year 200 after Christ, yet it may well be of far earlier date.

THE MAHABHARATA

THE SONG CELESTIAL;

OR,

BHAGAVAD GÎTA

CHAPTER I

DHRITIRASHTRA: Ranged thus for battle on the sacred plain —
On Kurukshetra — say, Sanjaya! say
What wrought my people, and the Pandavas?
SANJAYA: When he beheld the host of Pandavas,
Raja Duryôdhana to Drona spoke . . .

Then, at the signal of the aged king,
With blare to wake the blood, rolling around
Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter
Blew the great conch; and, at the noise of it,
Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns
Burst into sudden clamor; as the blasts
Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed!
Then might be seen, upon their car of gold
Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-shells,
Krishna the God, Arjuna at his side:
Krishna, with knotted locks, blew his great conch
Carved of the "Giant's bone"; Arjuna blew
Indra's loud gift; Bhima the terrible —
Wolf-bellied Bhima — blew a long reed-conch;
And Yudhisthira, Kunti's blameless son,
Winded a mighty shell, "Victory's Voice";
And Nakula blew shrill upon his conch
Named the "Sweet-sounding," Sahadev on his
Called "Gem-bedecked" . . .

Then 'twas —
Beholding Dhritirashtra's battle set,

Weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth, the war
Instant to break — Arjun spake this thing
To Krishna the Divine, his charioteer:
"Drive, Dauntless One! to yonder open ground
Betwixt the armies; I would see more nigh
These who will fight with us, those we must slay
To-day, in war's arbitrament; for, sure,
On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain,
Obeying Dhritirashtra's sinful son."

Thus, by Arjuna prayed, (O Bharata!)
Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer
Drove the bright car, reining its milk-white steeds
Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords.
"See!" spake he to Arjuna, "where they stand,
Thy kindred of the Kurus": and the Prince
Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,
Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,
Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed
With friends and honored elders; some this side,
Some that side ranged: and, seeing those opposed,
Such kith grown enemies — Arjuna's heart
Melted with pity, while he uttered this:
ARJUNA: "Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips
Gandîv, the goodly bow; a fever burns
My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;
The life within me seems to swim and faint;
Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!
It is not good, O Keshav! naught of good
Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
Thus sadly won! *Aho!* what victory
Can bring delight, Govinda! what rich spoils
Could profit; what rule recompense; what span

Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood?
Seeing that these stand here, ready to die,
For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,
And power grew precious: grandsires, sires, and sons,
Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
Elders and friends! Shall I deal death on these
Even though they seek to slay us? Not one blow,
O Madhusudan! will I strike to gain
The rule of all Three Worlds; then, how much less
To seize an earthly kingdom! Killing these
Must breed but anguish, Krishna! If they be
Guilty, we shall grow guilty by their deaths;
Their sins will light on us, if we shall slay
Those sons of Dhritirashtra, and our kin;
What peace could come of that, O Madhava?
For if indeed, blinded by lust and wrath,
These can not see, or will not see, the sin
Of kingly lines o'erthrown and kinsmen slain,
How should not we, who see, shun such a crime —
We who perceive the guilt and feel the shame —
O thou Delight of Men, Janárdana?
By overthrow of houses perisheth
Their sweet continuous household piety,
And — rites neglected, piety extinct —
Enters impiety upon that home;
Its women grow unwomaned, whence there spring
Mad passions, and the mingling-up of castes,
Sending a Hell-ward road that family,
And whoso wrought its doom by wicked wrath.
Nay, and the souls of honored ancestors
Fall from their place of peace, being bereft
Of funeral-cakes and the wan death-water.
So teach our holy hymns. Thus, if we slay
Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power,
Ahovat! what an evil fault it were!
Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,
To face them weaponless, and bare my breast
To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow."

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts,
Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,
And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER I OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of the Distress of Arjuna."

CHAPTER II

SANJAYA: Him, filled with such compassion and such grief,
With eyes tear-dimmed, despondent, in stern words
The Driver thus addressed:
KRISHNA: How hath this weakness taken thee? Whence springs
The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,
Barring the path of virtue? Nay, Arjun!
Forbid thyself to feebleness! it mars
Thy warrior-name! cast off the coward-fit!
Wake! Be thyself! Arise, Scourge of thy Foes!
ARJUNA: How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts
On Bhishma, or on Drona — O thou Chief! —
Both worshipful, both honorable men?

Better to live on beggar's bread
With those we love alive,
Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,
And guiltily survive!
Ah! were it worse — who knows? — to be
Victor or vanquished here,
When those confront us angrily
Whose death leaves living drear?

In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,
My thoughts — distracted — turn
To thee, the Guide I reverence most,
That I may counsel learn:

I know not what would heal the grief
Burned into soul and sense,
If I were earth's unchallenged chief —
A god — and these gone thence!

SANJAYA: So spake Arjuna to the Lord of Hearts,
And sighing, "I will not fight!" held silence then.
To whom, with tender smile, (O Bharata!)
While the Prince wept despairing 'twixt those hosts,
Krishna made answer in divinest verse:

KRISHNA: Thou grievest where no grief should be! thou speak'st
Words lacking wisdom! for the wise in heart
Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
Forever and forever afterward.
All that doth live lives always! To man's frame
As there come infancy and youth and age,
So come there raisings-up and layings-down
Of other and of other life-abodes,
Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks—
Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements —
Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
The soul that with a strong and constant calm
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying! That which is
Can never cease to be; that which is not
Will not exist. To see this truth of both
Is theirs who part essence from accident,
Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;
It can not anywhere, by any means,
Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
But for these fleeting frames which it informs
With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,

They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
Know naught! Life can not slay. Life is not slain!
Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
Immortal, indestructible — shall such
Say, "I have killed a man, or caused to kill"?

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day!"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life;
Flame burns it not, waters can not o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
Invisible, ineffable, by word
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then —
Knowing it so — grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
Is, like the man, new-born, still living man —
One same, existent Spirit — wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death; the end of death

Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
Of living things comes unperceived; the death
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?
Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate!
 Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon!
Strange and great for tongue to relate,
 Mystical hearing for every one!
Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,
 When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done!

 This Life within all living things, my Prince!
Hides beyond harm; scorn thou to suffer, then,
For that which can not suffer. Do thy part!
Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
Naught better can betide a martial soul
Than lawful war; happy the warrior
To whom comes joy of battle — comes, as now,
Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him
A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st
This honorable field — a Kshattriya —
If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
Duty and task go by — that shall be sin!
And those to come shall speak thee infamy
From age to age; but infamy is worse
For men of noble blood to bear than death!
The chiefs upon their battle-chariots
Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray.
Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn
Thou must abide, while all thine enemies
Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock
The valor which thou hadst; what fate could fall
More grievously than this? Either — being killed —
Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or — alive
And victor — thou wilt reign an earthly king.
Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti! brace

Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet —
As things alike to thee — pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat:
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin!

Thus far I speak to thee
As from the "Sânkhya"— unspiritually —
Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yôg,
Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst
Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds.
Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred,
No loss be feared: faith — yea, a little faith —
Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread.
Here, Glory of the Kurus! shines one rule —
One steadfast rule — while shifting souls have laws
Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem
The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol
The letter of their Vedas, saying, "This
Is all we have, or need"; being weak at heart
With wants, seekers of Heaven; which comes — they say —
As "fruit of good deeds done"; promising men
Much profit in new births for works of faith;
In various rites abounding; following whereon
Large merit shall accrue toward wealth and power;
Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire
Least fixity of soul have such, least hold
On heavenly meditation. Much these teach,
From Veds, concerning the "three qualities";
But thou, be free of the "three qualities,"
Free of the "pairs of opposites," [1] and free
From that sad righteousness which calculates;
Self-ruler, Arjuna! simple, satisfied! [2]
Look! like as when a tank pours water forth
To suit all needs, so do these brahmins draw
Text for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.

[1] Technical phrases of Vedic religion.
[2] The whole of this passage is highly involved and difficult to render.

But thou, want not! ask not! Find full reward
Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be
Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.
And live in action! Labor! Make thine acts
Thy piety, casting all self aside,
Contemning gain and merit; equable
In good or evil: equability
Is Yôg, is piety!

Yet, the right act
Is less, far less, than the right-thinking mind.
Seek refuge in thy soul; have there thy heaven!
Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts!
The mind of pure devotion — even here —
Casts equally aside good deeds and bad,
Passing above them. Unto pure devotion
Devote thyself: with perfect meditation
Comes perfect act, and the right-hearted rise —
More certainly because they seek no gain —
Forth from the bands of body, step by step,
To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul
Hath shaken off those tangled oracles
Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar
To high neglect of what's denied or said,
This way or that way, in doctrinal writ.
Troubled no longer by the priestly lore,
Safe shall it live, and sure; steadfastly bent
On meditation. This is Yôg — and Peace!

ARJUNA: What is his mark who hath that steadfast heart,
Confirmed in holy meditation? How
Know we his speech, Kesava? Sits he, moves he
Like other men?

KRISHNA: When one, O Prithâ's Son! —
Abandoning desires which shake the mind —
Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,
He hath attained the Yôg — that man is such!
In sorrows not dejected, and in joys
Not overjoyed; dwelling outside the stress

Of passion, fear, and anger; fixed in calms
Of lofty contemplation; such a one
Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse!
He who to none and nowhere overbound
By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
Neither desponding nor exulting, such
Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who shall draw
As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
Under its shield, his five frail senses back
Under the spirit's buckler from the world
Which else assails them, such a one, my Prince!
Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense
Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes,
The appetites of him who lives beyond
Depart, aroused no more. Yet may it chance,
O Son of Kunti! that a governed mind
Shall sometime feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest
Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit
On Me intent. That man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness; then the memory — all betrayed —
Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
But, if one deals with objects of the sense
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity;
And out of that tranquillity shall rise
The end and healing of his earthly pains,
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
Whence shall he hope for happiness?

The mind
That gives itself to follow shows of sense
Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives
To wreck and death. Only with him, great Prince!
Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense —
Only with him who holds his mastery,
Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom
To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day
To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day
Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,
To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint!

And like the ocean, day by day receiving
 Floods from all lands, which never overflows;
Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
 Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those —

So is the perfect one! to his soul's ocean
 The world of sense pours streams of witchery,
They leave him as they find, without commotion,
 Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh
Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free.
From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self,"
Toucheth tranquillity! O Prithâ's Son!
That is the state of Brahm! There rests no dread
When that last step is reached! Live where he will,
Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plaining,
To blest Nirvana, with the Gods, attaining.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER II OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Doctrines."

Chapter III

Arjuna: Thou whom all mortals praise, Janârdana!
If meditation be a nobler thing
Than action, wherefore, then, great Kesava!
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight?
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed!
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly:
By what road shall I find the better end?

Krishna: I told thee, blameless Lord! there be two paths
Shown to this world; two schools of wisdom. First
The Sânkhya's, which doth save in way of works
Prescribed by reason; next, the Yôg, which bids
Attain by meditation, spiritually:
Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act
By shunning action; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,
Rests any actionless; his nature's law
Compels him, even unwilling, into act;
For thought is act in fancy. He who sits
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,
Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite:
But he who, with strong body serving mind,
Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,
Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such a one
Is honorable. Do thine allotted task!
Work is more excellent than idleness;
The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.
There is a task of holiness to do,
Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
The faithful soul; such earthly duty do
Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform
Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajâpati —
In the beginning, when all men were made,
And, with mankind, the sacrifice —" Do this!

Work! sacrifice! Increase and multiply
With sacrifice! This shall be Kamadûk,
Your 'Cow of Plenty,' giving back her milk
Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby;
The gods shall yield thee grace. Those meats ye crave
The gods will grant to Labor, when it pays
Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats
Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven
No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world."

Who eat of food after their sacrifice
Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast
All for themselves eat sin and drink of sin.
By food the living live; food comes of rain,
And rain comes by the pious sacrifice,
And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil;
Thus action is of Brâhmâ, who is One,
The Only, All-pervading; at all times
Present in sacrifice. He that abstains
To help the rolling wheels of this great world,
Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,
Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,
Self-concentrated, serving self alone,
No part hath he in aught; nothing achieved,
Naught wrought or unwrought toucheth him; no hope
Of help for all the living things of earth
Depends from him. Therefore, thy task prescribed
With spirit unattached gladly perform,
Since in performance of plain duty man
Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone
Janak and ancient saints reached blessedness!
Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose
The unwise people take; what best men do
Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
The multitude will follow. Look on me,
Thou Son of Prithâ! in the three wide worlds
I am not bound to any toil, no height

Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
Yet I act here! and, if I acted not —
Earnest and watchful — those that look to me
For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
And I should break earth's order and commit
Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata!
Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,
So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set
To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss;
Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts
Seed of despair. Yea! let each play his part
In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.
All things are everywhere by Nature wrought
In interaction of the qualities.
The fool, cheated by self, thinks, "This I did"
And "That I wrought"; but — ah, thou strong-armed
Prince! —
A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play
Of visible things within the world of sense,
And how the qualities must qualify,
Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught
Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,
Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.
Those make thou not to stumble, having the light;
But all thy dues discharging, for my sake,
With meditation centered inwardly,
Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,
Heedless of issue — fight! They who shall keep
My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,
Have quittance from all issue of their acts;
But those who disregard my ordinance,
Thinking they know, know naught, and fall to loss,
Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one
Doth of his kind, following what fits him most:
And lower creatures of their kind; in vain
Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be
The objects of the sense will stir the sense

To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man
Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.
Finally, this is better, that one do
His own task as he may, even though he fail,
Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.
To die performing duty is no ill;
But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

ARJUNA: Yet tell me, Teacher! by what force doth man
Go to his ill, unwilling; as if one
Pushed him that evil path?

KRISHNA: Kama it is!
Passion it is! born of the Darkness,
Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite,
Sinful, and strong is this! — man's enemy!
As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust
Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds
The babe unborn, so is this world of things
Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh.
The wise fall, caught in it; the unresting foe
It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms,
Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame.
Sense, mind, and reason — these, O Kunti's Son!
Are booty for it; in its play with these
It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him.
Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata!
Govern thy heart! Constrain th' entangled sense!
Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps
Knowledge and judgment! Yea, the world is strong,
But what discerns it stronger, and the mind
Strongest; and high o'er all the ruling Soul.
Wherefore, perceiving him who reigns supreme,
Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul!
Fight! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero! slay
What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would betray!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER III OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Virtue in Work."

Chapter IV

Krishna: This deathless Yoga, this deep union,
I taught Vivaswata,[8] the Lord of Light;
Vivaswata to Manu gave it; he
To Ikshwâku; so passed it down the line
Of all my royal Rishis. Then, with years,
The truth grew dim and perished, noble Prince!
Now once again to thee it is declared —
This ancient lore, this mystery supreme —
Seeing I find thee votary and friend.

Arjuna: Thy birth, dear Lord, was in these later days,
And bright Vivaswata's preceded time!
How shall I comprehend this thing thou sayest,
"From the beginning it was I who taught"?

Krishna: Manifold the renewals of my birth
Have been, Arjuna! and of thy births, too!
But mine I know, and thine thou knowest not,
O Slayer of thy Foes! Albeit I be
Unborn, undying, indestructible,
The Lord of all things living; not the less —
By Maya, by my magic which I stamp
On floating Nature-forms, the primal vast—
I come, and go, and come. When Righteousness
Decline, O Bharata! when Wickedness
Is strong, I risé, from age to age, and take
Visible shape, and move a man with men,
Succoring the good, thrusting the evil back,
And setting Virtue on her seat again.
Who knows the truth touching my births on earth
And my divine work, when he quits the flesh
Puts on its load no more, falls no more down
To earthly birth: to me he comes, dear Prince!

Many there be who come! from fear set free,
From anger, from desire; keeping their hearts
Fixed upon me — my Faithful — purified

[8] A name of the sun.

By sacred flame of Knowledge. Such as these
Mix with my being. Whoso worship me,
Them I exalt; but all men everywhere
Shall fall into my path; albeit, those souls
Which seek reward for works make sacrifice
Now to the lower gods. I say to thee
Here have they their reward. But I am he
Made the Four Castes, and portioned them a place
After their qualities and gifts. Yea, I
Created, the Reposeful; I that live
Immortally, made all those mortal births:
For works soil not my essence, being works
Wrought uninvolved.[4] Who knows me acting thus
Unchained by action, action binds not him;
And, so perceiving, all those saints of old
Worked, seeking for deliverance. Work thou
As, in the days gone by, thy fathers did.
 Thou sayst, perplexed, It hath been asked before
By singers and by sages, "What is act,
And what inaction?" I will teach thee this,
And, knowing, thou shalt learn which work doth save
Needs must one rightly meditate those three —
Doing, not doing, and undoing. Here
Thorny and dark the path is! He who sees
How action may be rest, rest action — he
Is wisest 'mid his kind; he hath the truth!
He doeth well, acting or resting. Freed
In all his works from prickings of desire,
Burned clean in act by the white fire of truth,
The wise call that man wise; and such a one,
Renouncing fruit of deeds, always content.
Always self-satisfying, if he works,
Doth nothing that shall stain his separate soul,
Which — quit of fear and hope — subduing self —
Rejecting outward impulse — yielding up
To body's need nothing save body, dwells
Sinless amid all sin, with equal calm

[4] Without desire of fruit.

Taking what may befall, by grief unmoved,
Unmoved by joy, unenvyingly; the same
In good and evil fortunes; nowise bound
By bond of deeds. Nay, but of such a one,
Whose crave is gone, whose soul is liberate,
Whose heart is set on truth — of such a one
What work he does is work of sacrifice,
Which passeth purely into ash and smoke
Consumed upon the altar! All's then God!
The sacrifice is Brahm, the ghee and grain
Are Brahm, the fire is Brahm, the flesh it eats
Is Brahm, and unto Brahm attaineth he
Who, in such office, meditates on Brahm.
Some votaries there be who serve the gods
With flesh and altar-smoke; but other some
Who, lighting subtler fires, make purer rite
With will of worship. Of the which be they
Who, in white flame of continence, consume
Joys of the sense, delights of eye and ear,
Foregoing tender speech and sound of song:
And they who, kindling fires with torch of Truth,
Burn on a hidden altar-stone the bliss
Of youth and love, renouncing happiness:
And they who lay for offering there their wealth,
Their penance, meditation, piety,
Their steadfast reading of the scrolls, their lore
Painfully gained with long austerities:
And they who, making silent sacrifice,
Draw in their breath to feed the flame of thought,
And breathe it forth to waft the heart on high,
Governing the ventage of each entering air
Lest one sigh pass which helpeth not the soul:
And they who, day by day denying needs,
Lay life itself upon the altar-flame,
Burning the body wan. Lo! all these keep
The rite of offering, as if they slew
Victims; and all thereby efface much sin.
Yea! and who feed on the immortal food

Left of such sacrifice, to Bráhmâ pass,
To The Unending. But for him that makes
No sacrifice, he hath nor part nor lot
Even in the present world. How should he share
Another, O thou Glory of thy Line?

In sight of Bráhmâ all these offerings
Are spread and are accepted! Comprehend
That all proceed by act; for knowing this,
Thou shalt be quit of doubt. The sacrifice
Which Knowledge pays is better than great gifts
Offered by wealth, since gifts' worth — O my Prince! —
Lies in the mind which gives, the will that serves:
And these are gained by reverence, by strong search,
By humble heed of those who see the Truth
And teach it. Knowing Truth, thy heart no more
Will ache with error, for the Truth shall show
All things subdued to thee, as thou to me.
Moreover, Son of Pandu! wert thou worst
Of all wrong-doers, this fair ship of Truth
Should bear thee safe and dry across the sea
Of thy transgressions. As the kindled flame
Feeds on the fuel till it sinks to ash,
So unto ash, Arjuna! unto naught
The flame of Knowledge wastes works' dross away!
There is no purifier like thereto
In all this world, and he who seeketh it
Shall find it — being grown perfect — in himself.
Believing, he receives it when the soul
Masters itself, and cleaves to Truth, and comes —
Possessing knowledge — to the higher peace,
The uttermost repose. But those untaught,
And those without full faith, and those who fear
Are shent; no peace is here or other where,
No hope, nor happiness for whoso doubts.
He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished doubt,
Disparting self from service, soul from works,
Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince!

Works fetter him no more! Cut then atwain
With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata!
This doubt that binds thy heart-beats! cleave the bond
Born of thy ignorance! Be bold and wise!
Give thyself to the field with me! Arise!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER IV OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled, "The Book of the Religion of Knowledge."

CHAPTER V

ARJUNA: Yet, Krishna! at the one time thou dost laud
Surcease of works, and, at another time,
Service through work. Of these twain plainly tell
Which is the better way?

KRISHNA: To cease from works
Is well, and to do works in holiness
Is well; and both conduct to bliss supreme;
But of these twain the better way is his
Who working piously refraineth not.

That is the true Renouncer, firm and fixed,
Who — seeking naught, rejecting naught — dwells proof
Against the "opposites." [5] O valiant Prince!
In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed:
'Tis the new scholar talks as they were two,
This Sânkhya and this Yôga: wise men know
Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both!
The region of high rest which Sânkhyans reach
Yogins attain. Who sees these twain as one
Sees with clear eyes! Yet such abstraction, Chief!
Is hard to win without much holiness.
Whoso is fixed in holiness, self-ruled,
Pure-hearted, lord of sense and of self,
Lost in the common life of all which lives —
A "Yôgayukt" — he is a Saint who wends
Straightway to Brahm. Such a one is not touched

[5] That is, "joy and sorrow, success and failure, heat and cold," etc.

By taint of deeds. "Naught of myself I do!"
Thus will he think — who holds the truth of truths —
In seeing, hearing, touching, smelling; when
He eats, or goes, or breathes; slumbers or talks,
Holds fast or loosens, opes his eyes or shuts;
Always assured, "This is the sense-world plays
With senses." He that acts in thought of Brahm,
Detaching end from act, with act content,
The world of sense can no more stain his soul
Than waters mar th' enameled lotus-leaf.
With life, with heart, with mind; nay with the help
Of all five senses — letting selfhood go —
Yogins toil ever toward their souls' release.
Such votaries, renouncing fruit of deeds,
Gain endless peace: the unvowed, the passion-bound,
Seeking a fruit from works, are fastened down.
The embodied sage, withdrawn within his soul,
Sits godlike in the body, in "the town
Which hath nine gateways," neither doing aught
Nor causing any deed. This world's Lord makes
Neither the work, nor passion for the work,
Nor lust for fruit of work; the man's own self
Pushes to these! The Master of this World
Takes on himself the good or evil deeds
Of no man — dwelling beyond! Mankind errs here
By folly, darkening knowledge. But, for whom
That darkness of the soul is chased by light,
Splendid and clear shines manifest the Truth
As if a Sun of Wisdom sprang to shed
Its beams of dawn. Him meditating still,
Him seeking, with him blended, stayed on him,
The souls illuminated take that road
Which hath no turning back — their sins flung off
By strength of faith. [Who will may have this Light;
Who hath it sees.] To him who wisely sees,
The brahmin with his scrolls and sanctities,
The cow, the elephant, the unclean dog,
The Outcast gorging dog's meat, are all one.

The world is overcome — aye! even here!
By such as fix their faith on Unity.
The sinless Bráhmâ dwells in Unity,
And they in Bráhmâ. Be not over-glad
Attaining joy, and be not over-sad
Encountering grief, but, stayed on Bráhmâ, still
Constant let each abide! The sage whose soul
Holds off from outer contacts, in himself
Finds bliss; to Bráhmâ joined by piety,
His spirit tastes eternal peace. The joys
Springing from sense-life are but quickening wombs
Which breed sure griefs: those joys begin and end!
The wise mind takes no pleasure, Kunti's Son!
In such as those! But if a man shall learn,
Even while he lives and bears his body's chain,
To master lust and anger, he is blest!
He is the *Yukta;* he hath happiness,
Contentment, light, within: his life is merged
In Bráhmâ's life; he doth Nirvana touch!
Thus go the Rishis unto rest, who dwell
With sins effaced, with doubts at end, with hearts
Governed and calm. Glad in all good they live,
Nigh to the peace of God; and all those live
Who pass their days exempt from greed and wrath,
Subduing self and senses, knowing the Soul!

The Saint who shuts outside his placid soul
All touch of sense, letting no contact through;
Whose quiet eyes gaze straight from fixëd brows,
Whose outward breath and inward breath are drawn
Equal and slow through nostrils still and close;
That one — with organs, heart, and mind constrained,
Bent on deliverance, having put away
Passion, and fear, and rage — hath, even now,
Obtained deliverance, ever and ever freed.
Yea! for he knows me who am he that heeds
The sacrifice and worship, God revealed;
And he who heeds not, being Lord of Worlds,

Lover of all that lives, God unrevealed,
Wherein who will shall find surety and shield!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER V OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by Renouncing Fruit of Works."

CHAPTER VI

KRISHNA: Therefore, who doeth work rightful to do,
Not seeking gain from work, that man, O Prince!
Is Sânyasi and Yôgi — both in one
And he is neither who lights not the flame
Of sacrifice, nor setteth hand to task.

Regard as true Renouncer him that makes
Worship by work, for who renounceth not
Works not as Yôgin. So is that well said:
"By works the votary doth rise to faith,
And saintship is the ceasing from all works";
Because the perfect Yôgin acts — but acts
Unmoved by passions and unbound by deeds,
Setting result aside.

Let each man raise
The Self by Soul, not trample down his Self,
Since Soul that is Self's friend may grow Self's foe.
Soul is Self's friend when Self doth rule o'er Self,
But Self turns enemy if Soul's own self
Hates Self as not itself.
The sovereign soul
Of him who lives self-governed and at peace
Is centered in itself, taking alike
Pleasure and pain; heat, cold; glory and shame.
He is the Yôgi, he is *Yûkta,* glad
With joy of light and truth; dwelling apart
Upon a peak, with senses subjugate
Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistening gold

Show all as one. By this sign is he known
Being of equal grace to comrades, friends,
Chance-comers, strangers, lovers, enemies,
Aliens and kinsmen; loving all alike,
Evil or good.
Sequestered should he sit,
Steadfastly meditating, solitary,
His thoughts controlled, his passions laid away,
Quit of belongings. In a fair, still spot
Having his fixed abode — not too much raised
Nor yet too low — let him abide, his goods
A cloth, a deerskin, and the Kusa-grass.
There, setting hard his mind upon The One,
Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,
Let him accomplish Yôga, and achieve
Pureness of soul, holding immovable
Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed
Upon his nose-end, rapt from all around,
Tranquil in spirit, free of fear, intent
Upon his Brahmacharya vow, devout,
Musing on me, lost in the thought of me.
That Yôjin, so devoted, so controlled,
Comes to the peace beyond — My peace, the peace
Of high Nirvana!

But for earthly needs
Religion is not his who too much fasts
Or too much feasts, nor his who sleeps away
An idle mind; nor his who wears to waste
His strength in vigils. Nay, Arjuna! call
That the true piety which most removes
Earth-aches and ills, where one is moderate
In eating and in resting, and in sport;
Measured in wish and act; sleeping betimes,
Waking betimes for duty.
When the man,
So living, centers on his soul the thought
Straitly restrained — untouched internally

By stress of sense — then is he *Yûkta.* See!
Steadfast a lamp burns sheltered from the wind;
Such is the likeness of the Yôgi's mind
Shut from sense-storms and burning bright to Heaven.
When mind broods placid, soothed with holy wont;
When Self contemplates self, and in itself
Hath comfort; when it knows the nameless joy
Beyond all scope of sense, revealed to soul —
Only to soul! and, knowing, wavers not,
True to the farther Truth; when, holding this,
It deems no other treasure comparable,
But, harbored there, can not be stirred or shook
By any gravest grief, call that state "peace,"
That happy severance Yôga; call that man
The perfect Yôgin!
Steadfastly the will
Must toil thereto, till efforts end in ease,
And thought has passed from thinking. Shaking off
All longings bred by dreams of fame and gain,
Shutting the doorways of the senses close
With watchful ward; so, step by step, it comes
To gift of peace assured and heart assuaged,
When the mind dwells self-wrapped, and the soul broods
Cumberless. But, as often as the heart
Breaks — wild and wavering — from control, so oft
Let him re-curb it, let him rein it back
To the soul's governance; for perfect bliss
Grows only in the bosom tranquillized,
The spirit passionless, purged from offense,
Vowed to the Infinite. He who thus vows
His soul to the Supreme Soul, quitting sin,
Passes unhindered to the endless bliss
Of unity with Brâhmâ. He so vowed,
So blended, sees the Life-Soul resident
In all things living, and all living things
In that Life-Soul contained. And whoso thus
Discerneth me in all, and all in me,
I never let him go; nor looseneth he

Hold upon me; but, dwell he where he may,
Whate'er his life, in me he dwells and lives,
Because he knows and worships me, who dwell
In all which lives, and cleaves to me in all.
Arjuna! if a man sees everywhere —
Taught by his own similitude — one Life,
One Essence in the Evil and the Good,
Hold him a Yôgi, yea! well-perfected!

ARJUNA: Slayer of Madhu! yet again, this Yôg,
This Peace, derived from equanimity,
Made known by thee — I see no fixity
Therein, no rest, because the heart of men
Is unfixed, Krishna! rash, tumultuous,
Wilful and strong. It were all one, I think,
To hold the wayward wind, as tame man's heart.

KRISHNA: Hero long-armed! beyond denial, hard
Man's heart is to restrain, and wavering;
Yet may it grow restrained by habit, Prince!
By wont of self-command. This Yôg, I say,
Cometh not lightly to th' ungoverned ones;
But he who will be master of himself
Shall win it, if he stoutly strive thereto.

ARJUNA: And what road goeth he who, having faith,
Fails, Krishna! in the striving; falling back
From holiness, missing the perfect rule?
Is he not lost, straying from Brâhmâ's light,
Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and heaven
When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth?
Fain would I hear thee answer me herein,
Since, Krishna! none save thou can clear the doubt.

KRISHNA: He is not lost, thou Son of Prithâ! No!
Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
Because no heart that holds no right desire
Treadeth the road of loss! He who should fail,
Desiring righteousness, cometh at death
Unto the Region of the Just; dwells there
Measureless years, and being born anew,
Beginneth life again in some fair home

Amid the mild and happy. It may chance
He doth descend into a Yôgin house
On Virtue's breast; but that is rare! Such birth
Is hard to be obtained on this earth, Chief!
So hath he back again what heights of heart
He did achieve, and so he strives anew
To perfectness, with better hope, dear Prince!
For by the old desire he is drawn on
Unwittingly; and only to desire
The purity of Yôg is to pass
Beyond the *Sabdabrahm,* the spoken Ved.
But, being Yôgi, striving strong and long,
Purged from transgressions, perfected by births
Following on births, he plants his feet at last
Upon the farther path. Such as one ranks
Above ascetics, higher than the wise,
Beyond achievers of vast deeds! Be thou
Yôgi Arjuna! And of such believe,
Truest and best is he who worships me
With inmost soul, stayed on my mystery!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VI OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint."

CHAPTER VII

KRISHNA: Learn now, dear Prince! how, if thy soul be set
Ever on me — still exercising Yôg,
Still making me thy Refuge — thou shalt come
Most surely unto perfect hold of me.
I will declare to thee that utmost lore,
Whole and particular, which, when thou knowest,
Leaveth no more to know here in this world.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance,
Striveth for Truth; and of those few that strive —

Nay, and rise high — one only — here and there —
Knoweth me, as I am, the very Truth.

Earth, water, flame, air, ether, life, and mind,
And individuality — those eight
Make up the showing of me, Manifest.

These be my lower Nature; learn the higher,
Whereby, thou Valiant One! this Universe
Is, by its principle of life, produced;
Whereby the worlds of visible things are born
As from a *Yoni*. Know! I am that womb:
I make and I unmake this Universe:
Than me there is no other Master, Prince!
No other Maker! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,
The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is;
The wisdom of the wise, the intellect
Of the informed, the greatness of the great,
The splendor of the splendid. Kunti's Son!
These am I, free from passion and desire;
Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,
Chief of the Bharatas! for all those moods,
Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,
Which Nature frames, deduce from me; but all
Are merged in me — not I in them! The world —
Deceived by those three qualities of being —
Wotteth not me who am outside them all,
Above them all, Eternal! Hard it is
To pierce that veil divine of various shows

Which hideth me; yet they who worship me
Pierce it and pass beyond.
I am not known
To evil-doers, nor to foolish ones,
Nor to the base and churlish; nor to those
Whose mind is cheated by the show of things,
Nor those that take the way of Asuras.[6]

Four sorts of mortals know me: he who weeps,
Arjuna! and the man who yearns to know;
And he who toils to help; and he who sits
Certain of me, enlightened.
Of these four
O Prince of India! highest, nearest, best
That last is, the devout soul, wise, intent
Upon "The One." Dear, above all, am I
To him; and he is dearest unto me!
All four are good, and seek me; but mine own,
The true of heart, the faithful — stayed on me,
Taking me as their utmost blessedness,
They are not "mine," but I — even I myself!
At end of many births to me they come!
Yet hard the wise Mahatma is to find,
That man who sayeth, "All is Krishna!"

There be those, too, whose knowledge, turned aside
By this desire or that, gives them to serve
Some lower gods, with various rites, constrained
By that which moldeth them. Unto all such —
Worship what shrine they will, what shapes, in faith —
'Tis I who give them faith! I am content!
The heart thus asking favor from its God,
Darkened but ardent, hath the end it craves,
The lesser blessing — but 'tis I who give!
Yet soon is withered what small fruit they reap:
Those men of little minds, who worship so,
Go where they worship, passing with their gods.

[6] Beings of low and devilish nature.

But mine come unto me! Blind are the eyes
Which deem th' Unmanifested manifest,
Not comprehending me in my true Self!
Imperishable, viewless, undeclared,
Hidden behind my magic veil of shows,
I am not seen by all; I am not known —
Unborn and changeless — to the idle world.
But I, Arjuna! know all things which were,
And all which are, and all which are to be,
Albeit not one among them knoweth me!

By passion for the "pairs of opposites,"
By those twain snares of Like and Dislike, Prince!
All creatures live bewildered, save some few
Who, quit of sins, holy in act, informed,
Freed from the "opposites," and fixed in faith,
Cleave unto me.

Who cleave, who seek in me
Refuge from birth and death, those have the Truth!
Those know me Bráhmâ; know me Soul of Souls,
The Adhyâtman; know Karma, my work;
Know I am Adhibhûta, Lord of Life,
And Adhidaiva, Lord of all the Gods,
And Adhiyajna, Lord of Sacrifice;
Worship me well, with hearts of love and faith
And find and hold me in the hour of death.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VII OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by Discernment."

CHAPTER VIII

ARJUNA: Who is that Bráhmâ? What that Soul of Souls,
The Adhyâtman? What, thou Best of All!
Thy work, the Karma? Tell me what it is
Thou namest Adhibhûta? What again

Means Adhidaiva? Yea, and how it comes
Thou canst be Adhiyajna in thy flesh?
Slayer of Madhu! Further, make me know
How good men find thee, in the hour of death?

KRISHNA: I Brâhmâ am! the One Eternal God,
And Adhyâtman is my Being's name,
The Soul of Souls! What goeth forth from me,
Causing all life to live, is Karma called:
And, Manifested in divided forms,
I am the Adhibhûta, Lord of Lives;
And Adhidaiva, Lord of all the Gods,
Because I am Purusha, who begets.
And Adhiyajna, Lord of Sacrifice,
I — speaking with thee in this body here —
Am, thou embodied one! (for all the shrines
Flame unto me!) And, at the hour of death,
He that hath meditated me alone,
In putting off his flesh, comes forth to me,
Enters into my being — doubt thou not!
But, if he meditated otherwise
At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,
He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son!
Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.

Have me, then, in thy heart always! and fight!
Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on me,
Shalt surely come to me! All come who cleave
With never-wavering will of firmest faith,
Owning none other Gods: all come to me,
The Uttermost, Purusha, Holiest!

Whoso hath known me, Lord of sage and singer,
Ancient of days; of all the Three Worlds Stay,
Boundless, but unto every atom Bringer
Of that which quickens it: whoso, I say,

Hath known my form, which passeth mortal knowing;
Seen my effulgence — which no eye hath seen —

Than the sun's burning gold more brightly glowing,
Dispersing darkness — unto him hath been

Right life! And, in the hour when life is ending,
With mind set fast and trustful piety,
Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending,
In happy peace that faithful one doth die —

In glad peace passeth to Purusha's heaven.
The place which they who read the Vedas name
Aksharam, "Ultimate"; whereto have striven
Saints and ascetics — their road is the same.

That way — the highest way — goes he who shuts
The gates of all his senses, locks desire
Safe in his heart, centers the vital airs
Upon his parting thought, steadfastly set;
And, murmuring Om, the sacred syllable —
Emblem of Brahm — dies, meditating me.

For who, none other Gods regarding, looks
Ever to me, easily am I gained
By such a Yôgi; and attaining me,
They fail not — those Mahatmas — back to birth,
To life, which is the place of pain, which ends,
But take the way of utmost blessedness.

The worlds, Arjuna! — even Bráhmâ's world —
Roll back again from Death to Life's unrest;
But they, O Kunti's Son! that reach to me,
Taste birth no more. If ye know Bráhmâ's Day
Which is a thousand Yugas; if ye know
The thousand Yugas making Bráhmâ's Night,
Then know ye Day and Night as he doth know!
When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible
Is brought anew into the Visible;
When that deep Night doth darken, all which is
Fades back again to him who sent it forth;

Yea! this vast company of living things —
Again and yet again produced — expires
At Bráhmâ's Nightfall; and at Bráhmâ's Dawn,
Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.
But — higher, deeper, innermost — abides
Another Life, not like the life of sense,
Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures
When all created things have passed away:
This is that Life named the Unmanifest,
The Infinite! the All! the Uttermost.
Thither arriving none return. That Life
Is mine, and I am there! And, Prince! by faith
Which wanders not, there is a way to come
Thither. I, the Purusha, I who spread
The Universe around me — in whom dwell
All living Things — may so be reached and seen!
Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,
Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,
Such wisdom is! The Yogi, this way knowing,
Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VIII OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled, "The Book of Religion by Devotion to the One Supreme God."

CHAPTER IX

KRISHNA: Now will I open unto thee — whose heart
Rejects not — that last lore, deepest-concealed,
That farthest secret of my Heavens and Earths,
Which but to know shall set thee free from ills —
A royal lore! a Kingly mystery!
Yea! for the soul such light as purgeth it
From every sin; a light of holiness
With inmost splendor shining; plain to see;
Easy to walk by, inexhaustible!

They that receive not this, failing in faith
To grasp the greater wisdom, reach not me,

Destroyer of thy foes! They sink anew
Into the realm of Flesh, where all things change!

By me the whole vast Universe of things
Is spread abroad; by me, the Unmanifest!
In me are all existences contained;
Not I in them!

Yet they are not contained,
Those visible things! Receive and strive to embrace
The mystery majestical! My Being —
Creating all, sustaining all — still dwells
Outside of all!

See! as the shoreless airs
Move in the measureless space, but are not space,
[And space were space without the moving airs;]
So all things are in me, but are not I.

At closing of each Kalpa, Indian Prince!
All things which be back to my Being come:
At the beginning of each Kalpa, all
Issue new-born from me.

By Energy
And help of Prakritî, my outer Self,
Again, and yet again, I make go forth
The realms of visible things — without their will —
All of them — by the power of Prakritî.

Yet these great makings, Prince! involve me not,
Enchain me not! I sit apart from them,
Other, and Higher, and Free; nowise attached!

Thus doth the stuff of worlds, molded by me,
Bring forth all that which is, moving or still,
Living or lifeless! Thus the worlds go on!

The minds untaught mistake me, veiled in farm;
Naught see they of my secret Presence, naught

Of my hid Nature, ruling all which lives.
Vain hopes pursuing, vain deeds doing; fed
On vainest knowledge, senselessly they seek
An evil way, the way of brutes and fiends.
But my Mahatmas, those of noble soul
Who tread the path celestial, worship me
With hearts unwandering — knowing me the Source,
Th' Eternal Source, of Life. Unendingly
They glorify me; seek me; keep their vows
Of reverence and love, with changeless faith
Adoring me. Yea, and those too adore,
Who, offering sacrifice of wakened hearts,
Have sense of one pervading Spirit's stress,
One Force in every place, though manifold!
I am the Sacrifice! I am the Prayer!
I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead!
I am the healing herb! I am the ghee,
The Mantra, and the flame, and that which burns!
I am — of all this boundless Universe —
The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard!
The end of Learning! That which purifies
In lustral water! I am Om! I am
Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved;
The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,
The Witness; the Abode, the Refuge-House,
The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life
Which sends, and swallows up; Treasure of Worlds
And Treasure-Chamber! Seed and Seed-Sower,
Whence endless harvests spring! Sun's heat is mine;
Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;
Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,
Arjuna! Sat and Asat, Visible Life,
And Life Invisible!

Yea! those who learn
The threefold Veds, who drink the Soma-wine,
Purge sins, pay sacrifice — from me they earn
Passage to Swarga; where the meats divine

Of great gods feed them in high Indra's heaven.
Yet they, when that prodigious joy is o'er,
Paradise spent, and wage for merits given,
Come to the world of death and change once more.

They had their recompense! they stored their treasure,
Following the threefold Scripture and its writ;
Who seeketh such gaineth the fleeting pleasure
Of joy which comes and goes! I grant them it!

But to those blesséd ones who worship me,
Turning not otherwise, with minds set fast,
I bring assurance of full bliss beyond.

Nay, and of hearts which follow other gods
In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,
O Kunti's Son! though they pray wrongfully;
For I am the Receiver and the Lord
Of every sacrifice, which these know not
Rightfully; so they fall to earth again!
Who follow gods go to their gods; who vow
Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris; minds
To evil Bhûts given o'er sink to the Bhûts;
And whoso loveth me cometh to me.
Whoso shall offer me in faith and love
A leaf, a flower, a fruit, water poured forth,
That offering I accept, lovingly made
With pious will. Whate'er thou doest, Prince!
Eating or sacrificing, giving gifts,
Praying or fasting, let it all be done
For me, as mine. So shalt thou free thyself
From *Karmabandh*, the chain which holdeth men
To good and evil issue, so shalt come
Safe unto me — when thou art quit of flesh —
By faith and abdication joined to me!

I am alike for all! I know not hate,
I know not favor! What is made is mine!

But them that worship me with love, I love;
They are in me, and I in them!

Nay, Prince!
If one of evil life turn in his thought
Straightly to me, count him amidst the good;
He hath the high way chosen; he shall grow
Righteous ere long; he shall attain that peace
Which changes not. Thou Prince of India!
Be certain none can perish, trusting me!
O Prithâ's Son! whose soul will turn to me,
Though they be born from the very womb of Sin,
Woman or man; sprung of the Vaisya caste
Or lowly disregarded Sudra — all
Plant foot upon the highest path; how then
The holy brahmins and my Royal Saints?
Ah! ye who into this ill world are come —
Fleeting and false — set your faith fast on me!
Fix heart and thought on me! Adore me! Bring
Offerings to me! Make me prostrations! Make
Me your supremest joy! and, undivided,
Unto my rest your spirits shall be guided.

HERE ENDS CHAPTER IX OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by the Kingly Knowledge and the Kingly Mystery."

CHAPTER X

KRISHNA:[7] Here further yet, thou Long-Armed Lord!
these latest words I say —
Uttered to bring thee bliss and peace, who lovest me alway —
Not the great company of gods nor kingly Rishis know
My Nature, Who have made the gods and Rishis long ago;
He only knoweth — only he is free of sin, and wise,

[7] The Sanskrit poem here rises to an elevation of style and manner which I have endeavored to mark by change of meter.

Who seeth me, Lord of the Worlds, with faith-enlightened eyes,
Unborn, undying, unbegun. Whatever Natures be
To mortal men distributed, those natures spring from me!
Intellect, skill, enlightenment, endurance, self-control,
Truthfulness, equability, and grief or joy of soul,
And birth and death, and fearfulness, and fearlessness, and shame,
And honor, and sweet harmlessness, and peace which is the same
Whate'er befalls, and mirth, and tears, and piety, and thrift,
And wish to give, and will to help — all cometh of my gift!
The Seven Chief Saints, the Elders Four, the Lordly Manus set —
Sharing my work — to rule the worlds, these too did I beget;
And Rishis, Pitris, Manus, all, by one thought of my mind;
Thence did arise, to fill this world, the races of mankind;
Wherefrom who comprehends my reign of mystic Majesty —
That truth of truths — is thenceforth linked in faultless faith to me:
Yea! knowing me the source of all, by me all creatures wrought,
The wise in spirit cleave to me, into my Being brought;
Hearts fixed on me; breaths breathed to me; praising me, each to each,
So have they happiness and peace, with pious thought and speech;
And unto these — thus serving well, thus loving ceaselessly —
I give a mind of perfect mood, whereby they draw to me;
And, all for love of them, within their darkened souls I dwell,
And, with bright rays of wisdom's lamp, their ignorance dispel.

ARJUNA: Yes! Thou art Parabrahm! The High Abode!
The Great Purification! Thou art God
Eternal, All-creating, Holy, First,
Without beginning! Lord of Lords and Gods!

Declared by all the Saints — by Narada,
Vyâsa Asita, and Devalas;
And here thyself declaring unto me!
What thou hast said now know I to be truth,
O Kesava! that neither gods nor men
Nor demons comprehend thy mystery
Made manifest, Divinest! Thou thyself
Thyself alone dost know, Maker Supreme!
Master of all the living! Lord of Gods!
King of the Universe! To thee alone
Belongs to tell the heavenly excellence
Of those perfections wherewith thou dost fill
These worlds of thine; Pervading, Immanent!
How shall I learn, Supremest Mystery!
To know thee, though I muse continually?
Under what form of thine unnumbered forms
Mayst thou be grasped? Ah! yet again recount,
Clear and complete, thy great appearances,
The secrets of thy Majesty and Might,
Thou High Delight of Men! Never enough
Can mine ears drink the Amrit [8] of such words!

KRISHNA: *Hanta!* So be it! Kuru Prince! I will to thee unfold
Some portions of my majesty, whose powers are manifold!
I am the Spirit seated deep in every creature's heart;
From me they come; by me they live; at my word they depart!
Vishnu of the Adityas I am, those Lords of Light;
Marîtchi of the Maruts, the King of Storm and Blight;
By day I gleam, the golden Sun of burning cloudness Noon;
By night, amid the asterisms I glide, the dappled Moon!
Of Vedas I am Sâma-Ved, of gods in Indra's Heaven
Vâsava; of the faculties to living beings given
The mind which apprehends and thinks; of Rudras *Sankara*;
Of Yakshas and of Râkshasas, Vittesh; and Pâvaka
Of Vasus, and of mountain-peaks Meru; Vrihaspati
Know me 'mid planetary Powers; 'mid Warriors heavenly

[8] The nectar of immortality.

Skanda; of all the water-floods the Sea which drinketh each,
And Bhrigu of the holy Saints, and Om of sacred speech;
Of prayers the prayer ye whisper; of hills Himâla's snow,
And Aswattha, the fig-tree, of all the trees that grow;
Of the Devarshis, Narada; and Chitrarath of them
That sing in Heaven, and Kapila of Munis, and the gem
Of flying steeds, Uchchaisravas, from Amrit-wave which burst;
Of elephants Airâvata; of males the Best and First;
Of weapons Heav'n's hot thunderbolt; of cows white Kâmadhuk,
From whose great milky udder-teats all hearts' desires are strook;
Vâsuki of the serpent-tribes, round Mandara entwined;
And thousand-fanged Ananta, on whose broad coils reclined
Leans Vishnu; and of water-things Varuna; Aryam
Of Pitris, and, of those that judge, Yama the Judge I am;
Of Daityas dread Prahlâda; of what metes days and years,
Time's self I am; of woodland-beasts — buffaloes, deers, and bears —
The lordly-painted tiger; of birds the vast Garûd,
The whirlwind 'mid the winds; 'mid chiefs Rama with blood imbrued,
Makar 'mid fishes of the sea, and Ganges 'mid the streams;
Yea! First, and Last, and Center of all which is or seems
I am, Arjuna! Wisdom Supreme of what is wise,
Words on the uttering lips I am, and eyesight of the eyes,
And "A" of written characters, Dwandwa[9] of knitted speech,
And Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose power sustaineth each;
And bitter Death which seizes all, and joyous sudden Birth,
Which brings to light all beings that are to be on earth;
And of the viewless virtues, Fame, Fortune, Song am I,
And Memory, and Patience; and Craft, and Constancy:
Of Vedic hymns Vrihatsâm, of meters Gayatrî,
Of months the Mârgasirsha, of all the seasons three

[9] The compound form of Sanskrit words.

The flower-wreathed Spring; in dicer's-play the conquering
Double-Eight;
The splendor of the splendid, and the greatness of the great,
Victory I am, and Action! and the goodness of the good,
And Vâsudev of Vrishni's race, and of this Pandu brood
Thyself! — Yea, my Arjuna! thyself; for thou art mine!
Of poets Usana, of saints Vyâsa, sage divine;
The policy of conquerors, the potency of kings,
The great unbroken silence in learning's secret things;
The lore of all the learnèd, the seed of all which springs.
Living or lifeless, still or stirred, whatever beings be,
None of them is in all the worlds, but it exists by me!
Nor tongue can tell, Arjuna! nor end of telling come
Of these my boundless glories, whereof I teach thee some;
For wheresoe'er is wondrous work, and majesty, and might,
From me hath all proceeded. Receive thou this aright!
Yet how shouldst thou receive, O Prince! the vastness of this
word?
I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER X OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,

Entitled, "The Book of Religion by the Heavenly Perfections."

CHAPTER XI

ARJUNA: This, for my soul's peace, have I heard from
thee,
The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme
Named Adhyâtman; comprehending which,
My darkness is dispelled; for now I know —
O Lotus-eyed! — whence is the birth of men,
And whence their death, and what the majesties
Of thine immortal rule. Fain would I see,
As thou thyself declar'st it, Sovereign Lord!
The likeness of that glory of thy form
Wholly revealed. O thou Divinest One!
If this can be, if I may bear the sight,

CRISPIN AND HIS BELOVED.

Crispinus, like (and by Jove, across the fair maiden Rosalia and
makes her his Rosalies.

KRISHNA AND HIS BELOVED.

Krishna, the God of Love, wooes the fair maiden Radha and makes her his Goddess.



Make thyself visible, Lord of all prayers!
Show me thy very self, the Eternal God!

KRISHNA: Gaze, then, thou Son of Prithâ! I manifest for thee
Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that clothe my Mystery:
I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,
My changeful hues, my countless forms. See! in this face of mine,
Adityas, Vasus, Rudras, Aswins, and Maruts; see
Wonders unnumbered, Indian Prince! revealed to none save thee.
Behold! this is the Universe! — Look! what is live and dead
I gather all in one — in me! Gaze, as thy lips have said,
On God Eternal, Very God! See me! see what thou prayest!
.
Thou canst not! — nor, with human eyes, Arjuna! ever mayest!
Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other eyes, new light!
And, look! This is my glory, unveiled to mortal sight!

SANJAYA: Then, O King! the God, so saying,
Stood, to Prithâ's Son displaying
All the splendor, wonder, dread
Of his vast Almighty-head.
Out of countless eyes beholding,
Out of countless mouths commanding,
Countless mystic forms enfolding
In one Form: supremely standing
Countless radiant glories wearing,
Countless heavenly weapons bearing,
Crowned with garlands of star-clusters,
Robed in garb of woven lusters,
Breathing from his perfect Presence
Breaths of every subtle essence
Of all heavenly odors; shedding
Blinding brilliance; overspreading —
Boundless, beautiful — all spaces

With his all-regarding faces;
So he showed! If there should rise
Suddenly within the skies
Sunburst of a thousand suns
Flooding earth with beams undeemed-of
Then might be that Holy One's
Majesty and radiance dreamed of!

So did Pandu's Son behold
All this universe enfold
All its huge diversity
Into one vast shape, and be
Visible, and viewed, and blended
In one Body — subtle, splendid,
Nameless — th' All-comprehending
God of Gods, the Never-Ending
Deity!

But, sore amazed,
Thrilled, o'erfilled, dazzled, and dazed,
Arjuna knelt; and bowed his head,
And clasped his palms; and cried, and said:

ARJUNA: Yea! I have seen! I see!
Lord! all is wrapped in thee!
The gods are in thy glorious frame! the creatures
Of earth, and heaven, and hell
In thy Divine form dwell,
And in thy countenance shine all the features

Of Bráhmâ, sitting lone
Upon his lotus-throne;
Of saints and sages, and the serpent races
Ananta, Vâsuki;
Yea! mightiest Lord! I see
Thy thousand thousand arms, and breasts, and faces,
And eyes — on every side
Perfect, diversified;
And nowhere end of thee, nowhere beginning,

Nowhere a center! Shifts —
Wherever a soul's gaze lifts —
Thy central Self, all-wielding, and all-winning!

Infinite King! I see
The anadem on thee
The club, the shell, the discus; see thee burning
In beams insufferable,
Lighting earth, heaven, and hell
With brilliance blazing, glowing, flashing; turning

Darkness to dazzling day,
Look I whichever way;
Ah, Lord! worship thee, the Undivided,
The Uttermost of thought,
The Treasure-Palace wrought
To hold the wealth of the worlds; the Shield provided

To shelter Virtue's laws;
The Fount whence Life's stream draws
All waters of all rivers of all being:
The One Unborn, Unending:
Unchanging and Unbending!
With might and majesty, past thought, past seeing!

Silver of moon and gold
Of sun are glories rolled
From thy great eyes; thy visage, beaming tender
Throughout the stars and skies,
Doth to warm life surprise
Thy Universe. The worlds are filled with wonder

Of thy perfections! Space
Star-sprinkled, and void place
From pole to pole of the Blue, from bound to bound,
Hath thee in every spot,
Thee, thee! — Where thou art not,
O Holy, Marvelous Form! is nowhere found!

O Mystic, Awful One!
At sight of thee, made known,
The Three Worlds quake; the lower gods draw nigh thee;
They fold their palms, and bow
Body, and breast, and brow,
And, whispering worship, laud and magnify thee!

Rishis and Siddhas cry
"Hail! Highest Majesty!"
From sage and singer breaks the hymn of glory
In dulcet harmony,
Sounding the praise of thee;
While countless companies take up the story,

Rudras, who ride the storms,
Th' Adityas' shining forms,
Vasus and Sâdhyas, Viswas, Ushmapas;
Maruts, and those great Twins
The heavenly, fair, Aswins,
Gandharvas, Rakshasas, Siddhas, and Asuras [10]—

These see thee, and revere
In sudden-stricken fear;
Yea! the Worlds — seeing thee with form stupendous,
With faces manifold,
With eyes which all behold,
Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,

Flanks, lit with sun and star,
Feet planted near and far,
Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender —
The Three wide Worlds before thee
Adore, as I adore thee,
Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendor!

I mark thee strike the skies
With front, in wondrous wise
Huge, rainbow-painted, glittering; and thy mouth

[10] These are all divine or deified orders of the Hindu Pantheon.

Opened, and orbs which see
All things, whatever be
In all thy worlds, east, west, and north and south.

O Eyes of God! O Head!
My strength of soul is fled,
Gone is heart's force, rebuked is mind's desire!
When I behold thee so,
With awful brows a-glow,
With burning glance, and lips lighted by fire

Fierce as those flames which shall
Consume, at close of all,
Earth, Heaven! Ah me! I see no Earth and Heaven!
Thee, Lord of Lords! I see,
Thee only — only thee!
Now let thy mercy unto me be given,

Thou Refuge of the World!
Lo! to the cavern hurled
Of thy wide-opened throat, and lips white-tushed,
I see our noblest ones,
Great Dhritarashtra's sons,
Bhishma, Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed!

The Kings and Chiefs drawn in,
That gaping gorge within;
The best of both these armies torn and riven!
Between thy jaws they lie,
Mangled full bloodily,
Ground into dust and death! Like streams down-driven

With helpless haste, which go
In headlong furious flow
Straight to the gulfing deeps of th' unfilled ocean,
So to that flaming cave
Those heroes great and brave
Pour, in unending streams, with helpless motion!

Like moths which in the night
Flutter toward a light,
Drawn to their fiery doom, flying and dying,
So to their death still throng,
Blind, dazzled, borne along
Ceaselessly, all those multitudes, wild flying!

Thou, that hast fashioned men,
Devourest them again,
One with another, great and small, alike!
The creatures whom thou mak'st,
With flaming jaws thou tak'st,
Lapping them up! Lord God! Thy terrors strike

From end to end of earth,
Filling life full, from birth
To death, with deadly, burning, lurid dread!
Ah, Vishnu! make me know
Why is thy visage so?
Who art thou, feasting thus upon thy dead?

Who? awful Deity!
I bow myself to thee,
Nâmostu Tê, Devavara! Prasîd! [11]
O Mightiest Lord! rehearse
Why hast thou face so fierce?
Whence doth this aspect horrible proceed?

KRISHNA: Thou seest me as Time who kills, Time who brings all to doom,
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume;
Excepting thee, of all these hosts of hostile chiefs arrayed,
There stands not one shall leave alive the battle-field! Dismayed
No longer be! Arise! obtain renown! destroy thy foes
Fight for the kingdom waiting thee when thou hast vanquished those.

[11] "Hail to thee, God of Gods! Be favorable!"

By me they fall — not thee! the stroke of death is dealt them now,
Even as they show thus gallantly; my instrument art thou!
Strike, strong-armed Prince, at Drona! at Bhishma strike! deal death
On Karna, Jyadratha; stay all their warlike breath!
'Tis I who bid them perish! Thou wilt but slay the slain;
Fight! they must fall, and thou must live, victor upon this plain!

SANJAYA: Hearing mighty Keshav's word,
Tremblingly that helmèd Lord
Clasped his lifted palms, and praying
Grace of Krishna — stood there, saying,
With bowed brow and accents broken,
These words, timorously spoken:

ARJUNA: Worthily, Lord of Might!
The whole world hath delight
In thy surpassing power, obeying thee;
The Rakshasas, in dread
At sight of thee, are sped
To all four quarters; and the company

Of Siddhas sound thy name.
How should they not proclaim
Thy Majesties, Divinest, Mightiest?
Thou Brahm, than Bráhmâ greater!
Thou Infinite Creator!
Thou God of gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest.

Thou, of all souls the Soul!
The Comprehending Whole!
Of being formed, and formless being the Framer;
O Utmost One! O Lord!
Older than eld, who stored
The worlds with wealth of life! O Treasure-Claimer,

Who wottest all, and art
Wisdom thyself! O Part
In all, and All; for all from thee have risen
Numberless now I see
The aspects are of thee!
Vayu thou art, and he who keeps the prison

Of Narak, Yama dark;
And Agni's shining spark;
Varuna's waves are thy waves. Moon and starlight
Are thine! Prajâpati
Art thou, and 'tis to thee
They knelt in worshiping the old world's far light,

The first of mortal men.
Again, thou God! again
A thousand thousand times be magnified!
Honor and worship be —
Glory and praise — to thee
Namô, Namastê, cried on every side;

Cried here, above, below,
Uttered when thou dost go,
Uttered where thou dost come! *Namô!* we call;
Namôstu! God adored!
Namôstu! Nameless Lord!
Hail to thee! Praise to thee! Thou One in all;

For thou art All! Yea, thou!
Ah! if in anger now
Thou shouldst remember I did think thee Friend,
Speaking with easy speech,
As men use each to each;
Did call thee "Krishna," "Prince," nor comprehend

Thy hidden Majesty,
The might, the awe of thee;
Did, in my heedlessness, or in my love,

On journey, or in jest,
Or when we lay at rest,
Sitting at council, straying in the grove,

Alone, or in the throng,
Do thee, most Holy! wrong,
Be thy grace granted for that witless sin
For thou art, now I know,
Father of all below,
Of all above, of all the worlds within

Garu of Gurus; more
To reverence and adore
Than all which is adorable and high!
How, in the wide worlds three
Should any equal be?
Should any other share thy Majesty?

Therefore, with body bent
And reverent intent,
I praise, and serve, and seek thee, asking grace.
As father to a son,
As friend to friend, as one
Who loveth to his lover, turn thy face

In gentleness on me!
Good is it I did see
This unknown marvel of thy Form! But fear
Mingles with joy! Retake,
Dear Lord! for pity's sake
Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear;

Be merciful, and show
The visage that I know;
Let me regard thee, as of yore, arrayed
With disk and forehead-gem,
With mace and anadem,
Thou that sustainest all things! Undismayed

Let me once more behold
The form I loved of old,
Thou of the thousand arms and countless eyes!
This frightened heart is fain
To see restored again
My Charioteer, in Krishna's kind disguise.

KRISHNA: Yea! thou hast seen, Arjuna! because I loved thee well,
The secret countenance of me, revealed by mystic spell,
Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, manifold,
Which none save thou in all the years had favor to behold;
For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor alms,
Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor prayers, nor chanted psalms,
That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal Soul unclad,
Prince of the Kurus! This was kept for thee alone! Be glad!
Let no more trouble shake thy heart, because thine eyes have seen
My terror with my glory. As I before have been
So will I be again for thee; with lightened heart behold!
Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou knew'st of old!

SANJAYA: These words to Arjuna spake
Vâsudev, and straight did take
Back again the semblance dear
Of the well-loved charioteer;
Peace and joy it did restore
When the Prince beheld once more
Mighty Bráhmâ's form and face
Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace.

ARJUNA: Now that I see come back, Janârdana!
This friendly human frame, my mind can think
Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still again!

KRISHNA: Yea! it was wonderful and terrible
To view me as thou didst, dear Prince! The gods
Dread and desire continually to view!
Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice,

Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer
Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen!
Only by fullest service, perfect faith,
And uttermost surrender am I known
And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!
Who doeth all for me; who findeth me
In all; adoreth always; loveth all
Which I have made, and me, for Love's sole end,
That man, Arjuna! unto me doth wend.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XI OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of the Manifesting of the One and Manifold."

CHAPTER XII

ARJUNA: Lord! of the men who serve thee — true in heart —
As God revealed; and of the men who serve,
Worshiping thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, Far,
Which take the better way of faith and life?

KRISHNA: Whoever serve me — as I show myself —
Constantly true, in full devotion fixed,
Those hold I very holy. But who serve —
Worshiping me The One, The Invisible,
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure —
Who thus adore me, mastering their sense,
Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,
These blessed souls come unto me.
Yet, hard
The travail is for such as bend their minds
To reach th' Unmanifest. That viewless path
Shall scarce be trod by man bearing the flesh!
But whereso any doeth all his deeds
Renouncing self for me, full of me, fixed
To serve only the Highest, night and day
Musing on me — him will I swiftly lift

Forth from life's ocean of distress and death,
Whose soul clings fast to me. Cling thou to me!
Clasp me with heart and mind! so shalt thou dwell
Surely with me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height; if thou be'st weak to set
Body and soul upon me constantly,
Despair not! give me lower service! seek
To reach me, worshiping with steadfast will;
And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,
Work for me, toil in works pleasing to me!
For he that laboreth right for love of me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring me thy failure! find
Refuge in me! let fruits of labor go,
Renouncing hope for me, with lowliest heart,
So shalt thou come; for, though to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation — very near —
Dwelleth Eternal Peace!
Who hateth naught
Of all which lives, living himself benign,
Compassionate, from arrogance exempt,
Exempt from love of self, unchangeable
By good or ill; patient, contented, firm
In faith, mastering himself, true to his word,
Seeking me, heart and soul; vowed unto me —
That man I love! Who troubleth not his kind,
And is not troubled by them; clear of wrath,
Living too high for gladness, grief, or fear,
That man I love! Who, dwelling quiet-eyed,
Stainless, serene, well-balanced, unperplexed,
Working with me, yet from all works detached,
That man I love! Who, fixed in faith on me,
Dotes upon none, scorns none; rejoices not,
And grieves not, letting good or evil hap
Light when it will, and when it will depart,
That man I love! Who, unto friend and foe

Keeping an equal heart, with equal mind
Bears shame and glory; with an equal peace
Takes heat and cold, pleasure and pain; abides
Quit of desires, hears praisé or calumny
In passionless restraint, unmoved by each;
Linked by no ties to earth, steadfast in me,
That man I love! But most of all I love
Those happy ones to whom 'tis life to live
In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
Drinking the blessèd Amrit of my Being!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XII OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of the Religion of Faith."

CHAPTER XIII

ARJUNA: Now would I hear, O gracious Kesava
Of Life which seems, and Soul beyond, which sees,
And what it is we know — or think to know.
KRISHNA: Yea! Son of Kunti! for this flesh ye see
Is *Kshetra,* is the field where Life disports;
And that which views and knows it is the Soul,
Kshetrajna. In all "fields," thou Indian prince!
I am *Kshetrajna.* I am what surveys!
Only that knowledge knows which knows the known
By the knower! What it is, that "field" of life,
What qualities it hath, and whence it is,
And why it changeth, and the faculty
That wotteth it, the mightiness of this,
And how it wotteth — hear these things from me!

The elements, the conscious life, the mind,
The unseen vital force, the nine strange gates
Of the body, and the five domains of sense;
Desire, dislike, pleasure and pain, and thought
Deep-woven, and persistency of being;
These all are wrought on Matter by the Soul!

Humbleness, truthfulness, and harmlessness,
Patience and honor, reverence for the wise.
Purity, constancy, control of self,
Contempt of sense-delights, self-sacrifice,
Perception of the certitude of ill
In birth, death, age, disease, suffering, and sin;
Detachment, lightly holding unto home,
Children, and wife, and all that bindeth men;
An ever-tranquil heart in fortunes good
And fortunes evil, with a will set firm
To worship me — me only! ceasing not;
Loving all solitudes, and shunning noise
Of foolish crowds; endeavors resolute
To reach perception of the Utmost Soul,
And grace to understand what gain it were
So to attain — this is true Wisdom, Prince!
And what is otherwise is ignorance!

Now will I speak of knowledge best to know —
That Truth which giveth man Amrit to drink,
The Truth of him, the Para-Brahm, the All,
The Uncreated; not *Asat,* not *Sat,*
Not Form, not the Unformed; yet both, and more;
Whose hands are everywhere, and everywhere
Planted his feet, and everywhere his eyes
Beholding, and his ears in every place
Hearing, and all his faces everywhere
Enlightening and encompassing his worlds.
Glorified in the senses he hath given,
Yet beyond sense he is; sustaining all,
Yet dwells he unattached: of forms and modes
Master, yet neither form nor mode hath he;
He is within all beings — and without —
Motionless, yet still moving; not discerned
For subtlety of instant presence; close
To all, to each; yet measurelessly far!
Not manifold, and yet subsisting still
In all which lives; for ever to be known

As the Sustainer, yet, at the End of Times,
He maketh all to end — and re-creates.
The Light of Lights he is, in the heart of the Dark
Shining eternally. Wisdom he is
And Wisdom's way, and Guide of all the wise,
Planted in every heart.
So have I told
Of Life's stuff, and the molding, and the lore
To comprehend. Whoso, adoring me,
Perceiveth this, shall surely come to me!

Know thou that Nature and the Spirit both
Have no beginning! Know that qualities
And changes of them are by Nature wrought;
That Nature puts to work the acting frame,
But Spirit doth inform it, and so cause
Feeling of pain and pleasure. Spirit, linked
To molded matter, entereth into bond
With qualities by Nature framed, and, thus
Married to matter, breeds the birth again
In good or evil wombs.
Yet is this —
Yea! in its bodily prison! — Spirit pure,
Spirit supreme; surveying, governing,
Guarding, possessing; Lord and Master still
Purusha, Ultimate, One Soul with me.

Whoso thus knows himself, and knows his soul
Purusha, working through the qualities
With Nature's modes, the light hath come for him!
Whatever flesh he bears, never again
Shall he take on its load. Some few there be
By meditation find the Soul in Self
Self-schooled; and some by long philosophy
And holy life reach thither; some by works:
Some, never so attaining, hear of light
From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it

Worshiping; yea! and those — to teaching true —
Overpass Death!
Wherever, Indian Prince!
Life is — of moving things, or things unmoved,
Plant or still seed — know, what is there hath grown
By bond of Matter and of Spirit: Know
He sees indeed who sees in all alike
The living, lordly Soul; the Soul Supreme,
Imperishable amid the Perishing:
For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,
In every form, the same, one, Living Life,
Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,
But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.
Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works
Are Nature's wont, for Soul to practise by
Acting, yet not the agent; sees the mass
Of separate living things — each of its kind —
Issue from One and blend again to One:
Then hath he Brâhmâ, he attains!
O Prince!
That Ultimate, High Spirit, Uncreate,
Unqualified, even when it entereth flesh
Taketh no stain of acts, worketh in naught!
Like to th' ethereal air, pervading all,
Which, for sheer subtlety, avoideth taint,
The subtle Soul sits everywhere, unstained:
Like to the light of the all-piercing sun
[Which is not changed by aught it shines upon,]
The Soul's light shineth pure in every place;
And they who, by such eye of wisdom, see
How Matter, and what deals with it, divide;
And how the Spirit and the flesh have strife —
Those wise ones go the way which leads to Life!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XIII OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by Separation of Matter and Spirit."

Chapter XIV

Krishna: Yet further will I open unto thee
This wisdom of all wisdoms, uttermost,
The which possessing, all my saints have passed
To perfectness. On such high verities
Reliant, rising into fellowship
With me, they are not born again at birth
Of *Kalpas,* nor at *Pralyas* suffer change!

This Universe the womb is where I plant
Seed of all lives! Thence, Prince of India, comes
Birth to all beings! Whoso, Kunti's son!
Mothers each mortal form, Bráhmâ conceives,
And I am he that fathers, sending seed!

Sattwan, Rajas, and *Tamas,* so are named
The qualities of Nature, "Soothfastness,"
"Passion," and "Ignorance." These three bind down
The changeless Spirit in the changeful flesh.
Whereof sweet "Soothfastness," by purity
Living unsullied and enlightened, binds
The sinless Soul to happiness and truth;
And Passion, being kin to appetite,
And breeding impulse and propensity,
Binds the embodied Soul, O Kunti's Son!
By tie of works. But Ignorance, begot
Of Darkness, blinding mortal men, binds down
Their souls to stupor, sloth, and drowsiness.
Yea, Prince of India! Soothfastness binds souls
In pleasant wise to flesh; and Passion binds
By toilsome strain; but Ignorance, which blots
The beams of wisdom, binds the soul to sloth.
Passion and Ignorance, once overcome,
Leave Soothfastness, O Bharata! Where this
With Ignorance are absent, Passion rules;
And Ignorance in hearts not good nor quick.

When at all gateways of the Body shines
The Lamp of knowledge, then may one see well
Soothfastness settled in that city reigns;
Where longing is, and ardor, and unrest,
Impulse to strive and gain, and avarice,
Those spring from Passion — Prince! — engrained; and where
Darkness and dulness, sloth and stupor are,
'Tis Ignorance hath caused them, Kuru Chief!

Moreover, when a soul departeth, fixed
In Soothfastness, it goeth to the place —
Perfect and pure — of those that know all Truth.
If it departeth in set habitude
Of Impulse, it shall pass into the world
Of spirits tied to works; and, if it dies
In hardened Ignorance, that blinded soul
Is born anew in some unlighted womb.

The fruit of Soothfastness is true and sweet;
The fruit of lusts is pain and toil; the fruit
Of Ignorance is deeper darkness. Yea!
For Light brings light, and Passion ache to have;
And gloom, bewilderments, and ignorance
Grow forth from Ignorance. Those of the first
Rise ever higher; those of the second mode
Take a mid place; the darkened souls sink back
To lower deeps, loaded with witlessness!

When, watching life, the living man perceives
The only actors are the Qualities,
And knows what rules beyond the Qualities,
Then is he come nigh unto me!
The Soul,
Thus passing forth from the Three Qualities —
Whereby arise all bodies — overcomes
Birth, Death, Sorrow, and Age; and drinketh deep
The undying wine of Amrit.

ARJUNA: Oh, my Lord!
Which be the signs to know him that hath gone
Past the Three Modes? How liveth he? What way
Leadeth him safe beyond the threefold Modes?
KRISHNA: He who with equanimity surveys
Luster of goodness, strife of passion, sloth
Of ignorance, not angry if they are,
Not wishful when they are not: he who sits
A sojourner and stranger in their midst
Unruffled, standing off, saying — serene —
When troubles break, "These be the Qualities!"
He unto whom — self-centered — grief and joy
Sound as one word; to whose deep-seeing eyes
The clod, the marble, and the gold are one;
Whose equal heart holds the same gentleness
For lovely and unlovely things, firm-set,
Well-pleased in praise and dispraise; satisfied
With honor or dishonor; unto friends
And unto foes alike in tolerance;
Detached from undertakings — he is named
Surmounter of the Qualities!

And such —
With single, fervent faith adoring me,
Passing beyond the Qualities, conforms
To Brâhmâ, and attains me!

For I am
That whereof Brâhmâ is the likeness! Mine
The Amrit is; and Immortality
Is mine; and mine perfect Felicity!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XIV OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by Separation from the Qualities."

Chapter XV

Krishna: Men call the Aswattha — the Banyan-tree —
Which hath its boughs beneath, its roots above —
The ever-holy tree. Yea! for its leaves
Are green and waving hymns which whisper Truth!
Who knows the Aswattha knows Veds, and all.

Its branches shoot to heaven and sink to earth,
Even as the deeds of men, which take their birth
From qualities: its silver sprays and blooms,
And all the eager verdure of its girth,

Leap to quick life at kiss of sun and air,
As men's lives quicken to the temptings fair
Of wooing sense: its hanging rootlets seek
The soil beneath, helping to hold it there,

As actions wrought amid this world of men
Bind them by ever-tightening bonds again.
If ye knew well the teaching of the Tree,
What its shape saith; and whence it springs; and, then

How it must end, and all the ills of it,
The axe of sharp Detachment ye would whet,
And cleave the clinging snaky roots, and lay
This Aswattha of sense-life low — to set

New growth upspringing to that happier sky —
Which they who reach shall have no day to die,
Nor fade away, nor fall — to him, I mean,
Father and First, who made the mystery

Of old Creation; for to him come they
From passion and from dreams who break away;
Who part the bonds constraining them to flesh,
And — him, the Highest, worshiping alway —

No longer grow at mercy of what breeze
Of summer pleasure stirs the sleeping trees,
What blast of tempest tears them, bough and stem:
To the eternal world pass such as these!

Another Sun gleams there! another Moon!
Another Light — not Dusk, nor Dawn, nor Noon —
Which they who once behold return no more;
They have attained my rest, life's Utmost boon!

When, in this world of manifest life,
The undying Spirit, setting forth from me,
Taketh on form, it draweth to itself
From Being's storehouse — which containeth all —
Senses and intellect. The Sovereign Soul
Thus entering the flesh, or quitting it,
Gathers these up, as the wind gathers scents,
Blowing above the flower-beds. Ear and Eye,
And Touch and Taste, and Smelling, these it takes,
Yea, and a sentient mind; linking itself
To sense-things so.

The unenlightened ones
Mark not that Spirit when he goes or comes,
Nor when he takes his pleasure in the form,
Conjoined with qualities; but those see plain
Who have the eyes to see. Holy souls see
Which strive thereto. Enlightened, they perceive
That Spirit in themselves; but foolish ones,
Even though they strive, discern not, having hearts
Unkindled, ill-informed!

Know, too, from me
Shineth the gathered glory of the suns
Which lighten all the world: from me the moons
Draw silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.
I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes
Their living force; I glide into the plant —

Root, leaf, and bloom — to make the woodlands green
With springing sap. Becoming vital warmth,
I glow in glad, respiring frames, and pass,
With outward and with inward breath, to feed
The body by all meats.[12]

For in this world
Being is twofold: the Divided, one;
The Undivided, one. All things that live
Are "the Divided." That which sits apart,
"The Undivided."

Higher still is he,
The Highest, holding all, whose Name is Lord,
The Eternal, Sovereign, First! Who fills all worlds,
Sustaining them. And — dwelling thus beyond
Divided Being and Undivided — I
Am called of men and Vedas, Life Supreme,
The Purushottama.

Who knows me thus,
With mind unclouded, knoweth all, dear Prince!
And with his whole soul ever worshipeth me.

Now is the sacred, secret Mystery
Declared to thee! Who comprehendeth this
Hath wisdom! He is quit of works in bliss!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XV OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by Attaining the Supreme."

CHAPTER XVI

KRISHNA: Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will
Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand
And governed appetites; and piety,
And love of lonely study; humbleness,

[12] I omit a verse here, evidently interpolated.

Uprightness, heed to injure naught which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
That lightly letteth go what others prize;
And equanimity, and charity
Which spieth no man's faults; and tenderness
Toward all that suffer; a contented heart,
Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild,
Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed,
With patience, fortitude, and purity;
An unrevengeful spirit, never given
To rate itself too high; such be the signs,
O Indian Prince! of him whose feet are set
On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

Deceitfulness, and arrogance, and pride,
Quickness to anger, harsh and evil speech,
And ignorance, to its own darkness blind —
These be the signs, my Prince! of him whose birth
Is fated for the regions of the vile.[13]

The Heavenly Birth brings to deliverance,
So shouldst thou know! The birth with Asuras
Brings into bondage. Be thou joyous, Prince!
Whose lot is set apart for heavenly Birth.

Two stamps there are marked on all living men,
Divine and Undivine; I spake to thee
By what marks thou shouldst know the Heavenly Man,
Hear from me now of the Unheavenly!

They comprehend not, the Unheavenly,
How Souls go forth from me; nor how they come
Back unto me: nor is there Truth in these,
Nor purity, nor rule of Life. "This world
Hath not a Law, nor Order, nor a Lord,"
So say they: "nor hath risen up by Cause
Following on Cause, in perfect purposing,

[13] Literally, "Of the Asuras."

But is none other than a House of Lust."
And, this thing thinking, all those ruined ones —
Of little wit, dark-minded — give themselves
To evil deeds, the curses of their kind.
Surrendered to desires insatiable,
Full of deceitfulness, folly, and pride,
In blindness cleaving to their errors, caught
Into the sinful course, they trust this lie
As it were true — this lie which leads to death —
Finding in Pleasure all the good which is,
And crying "Here it finisheth!"

Ensnared

In nooses of a hundred idle hopes,
Slaves to their passion and their wrath, they buy
Wealth with base deeds, to glut hot appetites;
"Thus much, to-day," they say, "we gained! thereby
Such and such wish of heart shall have its fill;
And this is ours! and th' other shall be ours!
To-day we slew a foe, and we will slay
Our other enemy to-morrow! Look!
Are we not lords? Make we not goodly cheer?
Is not our fortune famous, brave and great?
Rich are we, proudly born! What other men
Live like to us? Kill, then, for sacrifice!
Cast largesse, and be merry!" So they speak
Darkened by ignorance; and so they fall —
Tossed to and fro with projects, tricked, and bound
In net of black delusion, lost in lusts —
Down to foul Naraka. Conceited, fond,
Stubborn and proud, dead-drunken with the wine
Of wealth, and reckless, all their offerings
Have but a show of reverence, being not made
In piety of ancient faith. Thus vowed
To self-hood, force, insolence, feasting, wrath,
These my blasphemers, in the forms they wear
And in the forms they breed, my foemen are,
Hateful and hating; cruel, evil, vile,

Lowest and least of men, whom I cast down
Again, and yet again, at end of lives,
Into some devilish womb, whence — birth by birth —
The devilish wombs re-spawn them, all beguiled;
And, till they find and worship me, sweet Prince!
Tread they that Nether Road.

The Doors of Hell
Are threefold, whereby men to ruin pass —
The door of Lust, the door of Wrath, the door
Of Avarice. Let a man shun those three!
He who shall turn aside from entering
All those three gates of Narak wendeth straight
To find his peace, and comes to Swarga's gate.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVI OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of the Separateness of the Divine and Undivine."

CHAPTER XVII

ARJUNA: If men forsake the holy ordinance,
Heedless of Shastras, yet keep faith at heart
And worship, what shall be the state of those,
Great Krishna! *Sattwan, Rajas, Tamas?* Say!

KRISHNA: Threefold the faith is of mankind, and springs
From those three qualities, becoming "true,"
Or "passion-stained," or "dark," as thou shalt hear!

The faith of each believer, Indian Prince!
Conforms itself to what he truly is.
Where thou shalt see a worshiper, that one
To what he worships lives assimilate,
[Such as the shrine, so is the votary,]
The "soothfast" souls adore true gods; the souls
Obeying *Rajas* worship Rakshasas [14]
Or Yakshas; and the men of Darkness pray

[14] Rakshasas and Yakshas are unembodied but capricious beings of great power, gifts, and beauty, sometimes also of benignity.

To Pretas and to Bhutas.[15] Yea, and those
Who practise bitter penance, not enjoined
By rightful rule — penance which hath its root
In self-sufficient, proud hypocrisies —
Those men, passion-beset, violent, wild,
Torturing — the witless ones — my elements
Shut in fair company within their flesh,
(Nay, me myself, present within the flesh!)
Know them to devils devoted, not to Heaven!
For like as foods are threefold for mankind
In nourishing, so is there threefold way
Of worship, abstinence, and almsgiving!
Hear this of me! there is a food which brings
Force, substance, strength, and health, and joy to live,
Being well-seasoned, cordial, comforting,
The "Soothfast" meat. And there be foods which bring
Aches and unrests, and burning blood, and grief
Being too biting, heating, salt, and sharp,
And therefore craved by too strong appetite.
And there is foul food — kept from over-night,
Savorless, filthy, which the foul will eat,
A feast of rottenness, meet for the lips
Of such as love the "Darkness."

Thus with rites:
A sacrifice not for rewardment made,
Offered in rightful wise, when he who vows
Sayeth, with heart devout, "This I should do!"
Is "Soothfast" rite. But sacrifice for gain,
Offered for good repute, be sure that this,
O Best of Bharatas! is Rajas-rite,
With stamp of "passion." And a sacrifice
Offered against the laws, which no due dole
Of food-giving, with no accompaniment
Of hallowed hymn, nor largesse to the priests,
In faithless celebration, call it vile,
The deed of "Darkness!"— lost!

[15] These are spirits of evil; wandering ghosts,

Worship of gods
Meriting worship; lowly reverence
Of Twice-borns, Teachers, Elders; Purity,
Rectitude, and the Brahmacharya's vow,
And not to injure any helpless thing —
These make a true religiousness of Act.

Words causing no man woe, words ever true,
Gentle and pleasing words, and those ye say
In murmured reading of a Sacred Writ —
These make the true religiousness of Speech.

Serenity of soul, benignity,
Sway of the silent Spirit, constant stress
To sanctify the Nature — these things make
Good rite, and true religiousness of Mind.

Such threefold faith, in highest piety
Kept, with no hope of gain, by hearts devote
Is perfect work of *Sattwan,* true belief.

Religion shown in act of proud display
To win good entertainment, worship, fame,
Such — say I — is of *Rajas,* rash and vain.

Religion followed by a witness will
To torture self, or come at power to hurt
Another —'tis of *Tamas,* dark and ill.

The gift lovingly given, when one shall say
"Now must I gladly give!" when he who takes
Can render nothing back; made in due place,
Due time, and to a meet recipient,
Is gift of *Sattwan,* fair and profitable.

The gift selfishly given, where to receive
Is hoped again, or when some end is sought,
Or where the gift is proffered with a grudge,
This is of *Rajas,* stained with impulse, ill.

The gift churlishly flung, at evil time,
In wrongful place, to base recipient,
Made in disdain or harsh unkindliness,
Is gift of *Tamas,* dark; it doth not bless!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVII OF THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA,
Entitled "The Book of Religion by the Threefold Kinds of Faith."

CHAPTER XVIII

ARJUNA: Fain would I better know, thou Glorious One!
The very truth — Heart's Lord! — of *Sannyâs,*
Abstention; and Renunciation, Lord!
Tyâga; and what separates these twain!
KRISHNA: The poets rightly teach that *Sannyâs*
Is the foregoing of all acts which spring
Out of desire; and their wisest say
Tyâga is renouncing fruit of acts.

There be among the saints some who have held
All action sinful, and to be renounced;
And some who answer, "Nay! the goodly acts —
As worship, penance, alms — must be performed!"
Hear now my sentence, Best of Bharatas!

'Tis well set forth, O Chaser of thy Foes!
Renunciation is of threefold form,
And Worship, Penance, Alms, not to be stayed;
Nay, to be gladly done; for all those three
Are purifying waters for true souls!

Yet must be practised even those high works
In yielding up attachment, and all fruit
Produced by works. This is my judgment, Prince!
This my insuperable and fixed decree!

Abstaining from a work by right prescribed
Never is meet! So to abstain doth spring
From "Darkness," and Delusion teacheth it.
Abstaining from a work grievous to flesh,
When one saith, "'Tis unpleasing!" this is null!
Such a one acts from "passion"; naught of gain
Wins his Renunciation! But, Arjun
Abstaining from attachment to the work,
Abstaining from rewardment in the work,
While yet one doeth it full faithfully,
Saying, "'Tis right to do!" that is "true" act
And abstinence! Who doeth duties so,
Unvexed if his work fail, if it succeed
Unflattered, in his own heart justified,
Quit of debates and doubts, his is "true" act:
For, being in the body, none may stand
Wholly aloof from act; yet, who abstains
From profit of his acts is abstinent.

The fruit of labors, in the lives to come,
Is threefold for all men — Desirable,
And Undesirable, and mixed of both;
But no fruit is at all where no work was.

Hear from me, Long-armed Lord! the makings five
Which go to every act, in Sânkhya taught
As necessary. First the force; and then
The agent; next, the various instruments;
Fourth, the especial effort; fifth, the God.
What work soever any mortal doth
Of body, mind, or speech, evil or good,
By these five doth he that. Which being thus,
Whoso, for lack of knowledge, seeth himself
As the sole actor, knoweth naught at all
And seeth naught. Therefore, I say, if one —
Holding aloof from self — with unstained mind
Should slay all yonder host, being bid to slay,
He doth not slay; he is not bound thereby!

Knowledge, the thing known, and the mind which knows —
These make the threefold starting-ground of act.
The act, the actor, and the instrument —
These make the threefold total of the deed.
But knowledge, agent, act, are differenced
By three dividing qualities. Hear now
Which be the qualities dividing them.

There is "true" Knowledge. Learn thou it is this:
To see one changeless Life in all the Lives,
And in the Separate, One Inseparable.
There is imperfect Knowledge: that which sees
The separate existences apart,
And, being separated, holds them real.
There is false Knowledge: that which blindly clings
To one as if 'twere all, seeking no Cause,
Deprived of light, narrow, and dull, and "dark."

There is "right" Action: that which — being enjoined —
Is wrought without attachment, passionlessly,
For duty, not for love, nor hate, nor gain.
There is "vain" Action: that which men pursue
Aching to satisfy desires, impelled
By sense of self, with all-absorbing stress:
This is of *Rajas* — passionate and vain.
There is "dark" Action: when one doth a thing
Heedless of issues, heedless of the hurt
Or wrong for others, heedless if he harm
His own soul —'tis of *Tamas,* black and bad!

There is the "rightful" doer. He who acts
Free from self-seeking, humble, resolute,
Steadfast, in good or evil hap the same,
Content to do aright — he "truly" acts.
There is th' "impassioned" doer. He that works
From impulse, seeking a profit, rude and bold
To overcome, unchastened; slave by turns

Of sorrow and of joy: of *Rajas* he!
And there be evil-doers; loose of heart,
Low-minded, stubborn, fraudulent, remiss,
Dull, slow, despondent — children of the "dark."

Hear, too, of Intellect and Steadfastness
The threefold separation, Conqueror-Prince!
How these are set apart by Qualities.

Good is the Intellect which comprehends
The coming forth and going back of life,
What must be done, and what must not be done,
What should be feared, and what should not be feared,
What binds and what emancipates the soul:
That is of *Sattwan,* Prince! of "soothfastness."
Marred is the Intellect which, knowing right
And knowing wrong, and what is well to do
And what must not be done, yet understands
Naught with firm mind, nor as the calm truth is:
This is of *Rajas,* Prince! and "passionate!"
Evil is Intellect which, wrapped in gloom,
Looks upon wrong as right, and sees all things
Contrariwise of Truth. O Pritha's Son!
That is of *Tamas,* "dark" and desperate!

Good is the steadfastness whereby a man
Masters his beats of heart, his very breath
Of life, the action of his senses; fixed
In never-shaken faith and piety
That is of *Sattwan,* Prince! "soothfast" and fair!
Stained is the steadfastness whereby a man
Holds to his duty, purpose, effort, end,
For life's sake, and the love of goods to gain,
Arjuna! 'tis of *Rajas,* passion-stamped!
Sad is the steadfastness wherewith the fool
Cleaves to his sloth, his sorrow, and his fears,
His folly and despair. This — Pritha's Son! —
Is born of *Tamas,* "dark" and miserable!

Hear further, Chief of Bharatas! from me
The threefold kinds of Pleasure which there be.

Good pleasure is the pleasure that endures,
Banishing pain for aye; bitter at first
As poison to the soul, but afterward
Sweet as the taste of Amrit. Drink of that!
It springeth in the Spirit's deep content.
And painful Pleasure springeth from the bond
Between the senses and the sense-world. Sweet
As Amrit is its first taste, but its last
Bitter as poison. 'Tis of *Rajas,* Prince!
And foul and "dark" the Pleasure is which springs
From sloth and sin and foolishness; at first
And at the last, and all the way of life
The soul bewildering. 'Tis of *Tamas,* Prince!

For nothing lives on earth, nor 'midst the gods
In utmost heaven, but hath its being bound
With these three Qualities, by Nature framed.

The work of Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas,
And Sudras, O thou Slayer of thy Foes!
Is fixed by reason of the Qualities
Planted in each:

A Brahman's virtues, Prince!
Born of his nature, are serenity,
Self-mastery, religion, purity,
Patience, uprightness, learning, and to know
The truth of things which be. A Kshatriya's pride,
Born of his nature, lives in valor, fire,
Constancy, skilfulness, spirit in fight,
And open-handedness and noble mien,
As of a lord of men. A Vaisya's task,
Born with his nature, is to till the ground,
Tend cattle, venture trade. A Sudra's state,
Suiting his nature, is to minister.

Whoso performeth — diligent, content —
The work allotted him, whate'er it be,
Lays hold of perfectness! Hear how a man
Findeth perfection, being so content:
He findeth it through worship — wrought by work —
Of Him that is the Source of all which lives,
Of Him by whom the universe was stretched.

Better thine own work is, though done with fault,
Than doing others' work, ev'n excellently.
He shall not fall in sin who fronts the task
Set him by Nature's hand! Let no man leave
His natural duty, Prince! though it bear blame!
For every work hath blame, as every flame
Is wrapped in smoke! Only that man attains
Perfect surcease of work whose work was wrought
With mind unfettered, soul wholly subdued,
Desires forever dead, results renounced.

Learn from me, Son of Kunti! also this,
How one, attaining perfect peace, attains
Brahm, the supreme, the highest height of all!

Devoted — with a heart grown pure, restrained
In lordly self-control, foregoing wiles
Of song and senses, freed from love and hate,
Dwelling 'mid solitudes, in diet spare,
With body, speech, and will tamed to obey,
Ever to holy meditation vowed,
From passions liberate, quit of the Self,
Of arrogance, impatience, anger, pride;
Freed from surroundings, quiet, lacking naught —
Such a one grows to oneness with the Brahm;
Such a one, growing one with Brahm, serene,
Sorrows no more, desires no more; his soul,
Equally loving all that lives, loves well
Me, who have made them, and attains to me.
By this same love and worship doth he know

Me as I am, how high and wonderful,
And knowing, straightway enters into me.
And whatsoever deeds he doeth — fixed
In me, as in his refuge — he hath won
Forever and forever by my grace
Th' Eternal Rest! So win thou! In thy thoughts
Do all thou dost for me! Renounce for me!
Sacrifice heart and mind and will to me!
Live in the faith of me! In faith of me
All dangers thou shalt vanquish, by my grace;
But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,
Thou can'st but perish! If this day thou say'st,
Relying on thyself, "I will not fight!"
Vain will the purpose prove! thy qualities
Would spur thee to the war. What thou dost shun,
Misled by fair illusions, thou wouldst seek
Against thy will, when the task comes to thee
Waking the promptings in thy nature set.
There lives a Master in the hearts of men
Maketh their deeds, by subtle pulling-strings,
Dance to what tune he will. With all thy soul
Trust him, and take him for thy succor, Prince!
So — only so, Arjuna! — shalt thou gain —
By grace of him — the uttermost repose,
The Eternal Place!
Thus hath been opened thee
This Truth of Truths, the Mystery more hid
Than any secret mystery. Meditate!
And — as thou wilt — then act!

Nay! but once more
Take my last word, my utmost meaning have!
Precious thou art to me; right well-beloved!
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.
Give me thy heart! adore me! serve me! cling
In faith and love and reverence to me!
So shalt thou come to me! I promise true,
For thou art sweet to me!

And let go those —
Rites and writ duties! Fly to me alone!
Make me thy single refuge! I will free
Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!

[Hide, the holy Krishna saith
This from him that hath no faith,
Him that worships not, nor seeks
Wisdom's teaching when she speaks:
Hide it from all men who mock;
But, wherever, 'mid the flock
Of my lovers, one shall teach
This divinest, wisest, speech —
Teaching in the faith to bring
Truth to them, and offering
Of all honor unto me —
Unto Bráhmâ cometh he!
Nay, and nowhere shall ye find
Any man of all mankind
Doing dearer deed for me;
Nor shall any dearer be
In my earth. Yea, furthermore,
Whoso reads this converse o'er,
Held by us upon the plain,
Pondering piously and fain,
He hath paid me sacrifice!
(Krishna speaketh in this wise!)
Yea, and whoso, full of faith,
Heareth wisely what it saith,
Heareth meekly — when he dies,
Surely shall his spirit rise
To those regions where the Blest,
Free of flesh, in joyance rest.]

Hath this been heard by thee, O Indian Prince!
With mind intent? hath all the ignorance —
Which bred thy trouble — vanished, my Arjun?

ARJUNA: Trouble and ignorance are gone! the Light

Hath come unto me, by thy favor, Lord!
Now am I fixed! my doubt is fled away!
According to thy word, so will I do!

SANJAYA: Thus gathered I the gracious speech of Krishna, O my King!
Thus have I told, with heart a-thrill, this wise and wondrous thing
By great Vyâsa's learning writ, how Krishna's self made known
The Yôga, being Yôga's Lord. So is the high truth shown!
And aye, when I remember, O Lord my King, again
Arjuna and the God in talk, and all this holy strain,
Great is my gladness: when I muse that splendor, passing speech,
Of Hari, visible and plain, there is no tongue to reach
My marvel and my love and bliss. O Archer-Prince! all hail!
O Krishna, Lord of Yôga! surely there shall not fail
Blessing, and victory, and power, for thy most mighty sake,
Where this song comes of Arjun, and how with God he spake.

HERE ENDS, WITH CHAPTER XVIII,

Entitled, "The Book of Religion by Deliverance and Renunciation,"

THE BHAGAVAD GÎTA

THE JOURNEY TO MEET DEATH[1]

To Narayen, Lord of lords, be glory given,
To sweet Saraswati, the Queen in Heaven,
To great Vyâsa, eke, pay reverence due —
So shall this story its high course pursue.

Then Janmejaya prayed: "Thou Singer, say,
What wrought the princes of the Pandavas
On tidings of the battle so ensued,
And Krishna, gone on high?"

Answered the Sage:
"On tidings of the wreck of Vrishni's race,
King Yudhishthira of the Pandavas
Was minded to be done with earthly things,
And to Arjuna spake: 'O noble Prince,
Time endeth all; we linger, noose on neck,
Till the last day tightens the line, and kills.
Let us go forth to die, being yet alive.'
And Kuntî's son, the great Arjuna, said:
'Let us go forth to die! — Time slayeth all;
We will find Death, who seeketh other men.'
And Bhimasena, hearing, answered: 'Yea!
We will find Death!' and Sahadev cried: 'Yea!
And his twin brother Nakula': whereat
The princes set their faces for the Mount.

"But Yudhishthira — ere he left his realm,
To seek high ending — summoned Yuyutsu,
Surnamed of fights, and set him over all,
Regent, to rule in Parikshita's name
Nearest the throne; and Parikshita king

[1] From the *Mahaprasthânika Parva* of the Mahabharata.

He crowned, and unto old Subhadra said:
'This, thy son's son, shall wear the Kuru crown,
And Yadu's offspring, Vajra, shall be first
In Yadu's house. Bring up the little prince
Here in our Hastinpur, but Vajra keep
At Indraprasth; and let it be thy last
Of virtuous works to guard the lads, and guide.'

"So ordering ere he went, the righteous king
Made offering of white water, heedfully,
To Vasudev, to Rama, and the rest —
All funeral rites performing; next he spread
A funeral feast, whereat there sat as guests
Narada, Dwaipayana, Bharadwaj,
And Markandeya, rich in saintly years,
And Tajnavalkya, Hari, and the priests.
Those holy ones he fed with dainty meats
In kingliest wise, naming the name of him
Who bears the bow; and — that it should be well
For him and his — gave to the Brâhmanas
Jewels of gold and silver, lakhs on lakhs,
Fair broidered cloths, gardens and villages,
Chariots and steeds and slaves.

"Which being done —
O Best of Bharat's line! — he bowed him low
Before his Guru's feet — at Kripa's feet,
That sage all honored — saying, 'Take my prince;
Teach Parikshita as thou taughtest me;
For harken, ministers and men of war!
Fixed is my mind to quit all earthly state.'
Full sore of heart were they, and sore the folk
To hear such speech, and bitter spread the word
Through town and country, that the king would go;
And all the people cried, 'Stay with us, lord!'
But Yudhishthira knew the time was come,
Knew that life passes and that virtue lasts,
And put aside their love.

"So — with farewells
Tenderly took of lieges and of lords —
Girt he for travel, with his princely kin,
Great Yudhishthira, Dharma's royal son.
Crest-gem and belt and ornaments he stripped
From off his body, and for broidered robe
A rough dress donned, woven of jungle-bark;
And what he did — O Lord of men! — so did
Arjuna, Bhima, and the twin-born pair,
Nakula with Sahadev, and she — in grace
The peerless — Draupadí. Lastly these six,
Thou son of Bharata! in solemn form
Made the high sacrifice of Naishtiki,
Quenching their flames in water at the close;
And so set forth, 'midst wailing of all folk
And tears of women, weeping most to see
The Princess Draupadí — that lovely prize
Of the great gaming, Draupadí the Bright —
Journeying afoot; but she and all the Five
Rejoiced, because their way lay heavenward,

"Seven were they, setting forth — princess and king,
The king's four brothers, and a faithful dog.
Those left Hastinapur; but many a man,
And all the palace household, followed them
The first sad stage; and, ofttimes prayed to part,
Put parting off for love and pity, still
Sighing 'A little farther!'— till day waned;
Then one by one they turned, and Kripa said,
'Let all turn back, Yuyutsu! These must go.'
So came they homeward, but the Snake-King's child,
Ulùpi, leapt in Ganges, losing them;
And Chitranâgad with her people went
Mournful to Munipur, whilst the three queens
Brought Parikshita in.

"Thus wended they,
Pandu's five sons and loveliest Draupadí,

Fasting no meat, and journeying due east;
On righteousness their high hearts bent, to heaven
Their souls assigned; and steadfast trod their feet,
By faith upborne, past nullah, ran, and wood,
River and *jheel* and plain. King Yudhishthir
Walked foremost, Bhíma followed, after him
Arjuna, and the twin-born brethren next,
Nakula with Sahadev; in whose still steps —
O best of Bharat's offspring! — Draupadí,
That gem of women, paced; with soft, dark face —
Beautiful, wonderful! — and lustrous eyes,
Clear-lined like lotus-petals; last the dog,
Following the Pandavas.

"At length they reach
The far Lauchityan sea, which foameth white
Under Udayachâla's ridge. Know ye
That all this while Nakula had not ceased
Bearing the holy bow, named Gandiva,
And jeweled quiver, ever filled with shafts
Though one should shoot a thousand thousand times.
Here — broad across their path — the heroes see
Agni, the god. As though a mighty hill
Took form of front and breast and limbs, he spake.
Seven streams of shining splendor rayed his brow,
While the dread voice said: 'I am Agni, chiefs!
O sons of Pandu, I am Agni! Hail!
O long-armed Yudhishthira, blameless king;
O warlike Bhíma; O Arjuna, wise;
O brothers twin-born from a womb divine —
Here! I am Agni, who consumed the wood
By will of Narayan for Arjuna's sake.
Let this your brother give Gandiva back —
The matchless bow! the use for it is o'er.
That gem-ringed battle-discus which he whirled
Cometh again to Krishna in his hand
For avatars to be; but need is none
Henceforth of this most excellent bright bow,

Gandiva, which I brought for Partha's aid
From high Varuna. Let it be returned.
Cast it herein!'

"And all the princes said,
'Cast it, dear brother!' So Arjuna threw
Into that sea the quiver ever-filled,
And glittering bow. Then led by Agni's light,
Unto the south they turned, and so southwest,
And afterward right west, until they saw
Dwaraka, washed and bounded by a main
Loud-thundering on its shores; and here — O Best! —
Vanished the God; while yet those heroes walked,
Now to the northwest bending, where long coasts
Shut in the sea of salt, now to the north,
Accomplishing all quarters, journeyed they;
The earth their altar of high sacrifice,
Which these most patient feet did pace around,
Till Meru rose.

"At last it rose! These Six,
Their senses subjugate, their spirits pure,
Wending alone, came into sight — far off
In the eastern sky — of awful Himavan;
And, midway in the peaks of Himavan,
Meru, the Mountain of all mountains, rose,
Whose head is Heaven; and under Himavan
Glared a wide waste of sand, dreadful as death.

"Then, as they hastened o'er the deadly waste,
Aiming for Meru, having thoughts at soul
Infinite, eager — lo! Draupadí reeled,
With faltering heart and feet; and Bhíma turned,
Gazing upon her; and that hero spake
To Yudhishthira: 'Master, brother, king!
Why doth she fail? For never all her life
Wrought our sweet lady one thing wrong, I think.
Thou knowest, make us know, why hath she failed?'

"Then Yudhishthira answered: 'Yea, one thing.
She loved our brother better than all else —
Better than heaven: that was her tender sin,
Fault of a faultless soul; she pays for that.'

"So spake the monarch, turning not his eyes,
Though Draupadí lay dead — striding straight on
For Meru, heart-full of the things of heaven,
Perfect and firm. But yet a little space,
And Sahadev fell down, which Bhíma seeing,
Cried once again: 'O king, great Madri's son
Stumbles and sinks. Why hath he sunk? — so true,
So brave and steadfast, and so free from pride!'

"'He was not free,' with countenance still fixed,
Quoth Yudhishthira; 'he was true and fast
And wise, yet wisdom made him proud; he hid
One little hurt of soul, but now it kills.'

"So saying, he strode on — Kuntî's strong son —
And Bhíma, and Arjuna followed him,
And Nakula, and the hound; leaving behind
Sahadev in the sands. But Nakula,
Weakened and grieved to see Sahadev fall —
His loved twin-brother — lagged and stayed; and next
Prone on his face he fell, that noble face
Which had no match for beauty in the land —
Glorious and godlike Nakula! Then sighed
Bhíma anew: 'Brother and Lord! the man
Who never erred from virtue, never broke
Our fellowship, and never in the world
Was matched for goodly perfectness of form
Or gracious feature — Nakula has fallen!'

"But Yudhishthira, holding fixed his eyes —
That changeless, faithful, all-wise king — replied:
'Yea, but he erred. The godlike form he wore
Beguiled him to believe none like to him,

And he alone desirable, and things
Unlovely to be slighted. Self-love slays
Our noble brother. Bhíma, follow! Each
Pays what his debt was.'

"Which Arjuna heard,
Weeping to see them fall; and that stout son
Of Pandu, that destroyer of his foes,
That prince, who drove through crimson waves of war,
In old days, with his chariot-steeds of milk,
He, the arch-hero, sank! Beholding this —
The yielding of that soul unconquerable,
Fearless, divine, from Sakra's self derived,
Arjuna's — Bhíma cried aloud: 'O king!
This man was surely perfect. Never once,
Not even in slumber when the lips are loosed,
Spake he one word that was not true as truth.
Ah! heart of gold, why art thou broke? O king!
Whence falleth he?'

"And Yudhishthira said,
Not pausing: 'Once he lied, a lordly lie!
He bragged — our brother — that a single day
Should see him utterly consume, alone,
All those his enemies — which could not be.
Yet from a great heart sprang the unmeasured speech.
Howbeit, a finished hero should not shame
Himself in such wise, nor his enemy,
If he will faultless fight and blameless die:
This was Arjuna's sin. Follow thou me!'

"So the king still went on. But Bhíma next
Fainted, and stayed upon the way, and sank;
Yet, sinking cried, behind the steadfast prince:
'Ah! brother, see! I die! Look upon me,
Thy well-belovèd! Wherefore falter I,
Who strove to stand?'

"And Yudhishthira said:
'More than was well the goodly things of earth
Pleased thee, my pleasant brother! Light the offense,
And large thy virtue; but the o'er-fed flesh
Plumed itself over spirit. Pritha's son,
For this thou failest, who so near didst gain.'

"Thenceforth alone the long-armed monarch strode
Not looking back — nay! not for Bhíma's sake —
But walking with his face set for the Mount:
And the hound followed him; only the hound.

"After the deathly sands, the Mount! and lo!
Sakra shone forth — the God, filling the earth
And heavens with thunder of his chariot-wheels.
'Ascend,' he said, 'with me, Pritha's great son!'
But Yudhishthira answered, sore at heart
For those his kinsfolk, fallen on the way:
'O Thousand-eyed, O Lord of all the Gods,
Give that my brothers come with me, who fell!
Not without them is Swarga sweet to me.
She too, the dear and kind and queenly — she
Whose perfect virtue Paradise must crown —
Grant her to come with us! Dost thou grant this?'

"The God replied: 'In heaven thou shalt see
Thy kinsmen and the queen — these will attain —
With Krishna. Grieve no longer for thy dead,
Thou chief of men! their mortal covering stripped,
They have their places; but to thee the gods
Allot an unknown grace: thou shalt go up
Living and in thy form to the immortal homes.'

"But the king answered: 'O thou Wisest One,
Who know'st what was, and is, and is to be,
Still one more grace! This hound hath ate with me,
Followed me, loved me: must I leave him now?'

"'Monarch,' spake Indra, 'thou art now as we —
Deathless, divine; thou art become a god;
Glory and power and gifts celestial,
And all the joys of heaven are thine for aye:
What hath a beast with these? Leave here thy hound.'

"Yet Yudhishthira answered: 'O Most High,
O Thousand-eyed and Wisest! can it be
That one exalted should seem pitiless?
Nay, let me lose such glory: for its sake
I would not leave one living thing I loved.'

"Then sternly Indra spake: 'He is unclean,
And into Swarga such shall enter not.
The Krodhavasha's hand destroys the fruits
Of sacrifice, if dogs defile the fire.
Bethink thee, Dharmaraj, quit now this beast!
That which is seemly is not hard of heart.'

"Still he replied: ''Tis written that to spurn
A suppliant equals in offense to slay
A twice-born; wherefore, not for Swarga's bliss
Quit I, Mahendra, this poor clinging dog;
So without any hope or friend save me,
So wistful, fawning for my faithfulness,
So agonized to die, unless I help
Who among men was called steadfast and just.'

"Quoth Indra: 'Nay! the altar-flame is foul
Where a dog passeth; angry angels sweep
The ascending smoke aside, and all the fruits
Of offering, and the merit of the prayer
Of him whom a hound toucheth. Leave it here!
He that will enter heaven must enter pure.
Why didst thou quit thy brethren on the way,
Quit Krishna, quit the dear-loved Draupadí,
Attaining, firm and glorious to this Mount
Through perfect deeds, to linger for a brute?

Hath Yudhishthira vanquished self, to melt
With one poor passion at the door of bliss?
Stay'st thou for this, who didst not stay for them —
Draupadí, Bhíma?'

"But the king yet spake:
''Tis known that none can hurt or help the dead.
They, the delightful ones, who sank and died,
Following my footsteps, could not live again
Though I had turned; therefore I did not turn;
But could help profit, I had turned to help.
There be four sins, O Sakra, grievous sins:
The first is making suppliants despair,
The second is to slay a nursing wife,
The third is spoiling Brahmins' goods by force,
The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.
These four I deem not direr than the sin,
If one, in coming forth from woe to weal,
Abandon any meanest comrade then.'

"Straight as he spake, brightly great Indra smiled;
Vanished the hound; and in its stead stood there
The Lord of Death and Justice, Dharma's self!
Sweet were the words which fell from those dread lips,
Precious the lovely praise: 'O thou true king!
Thou that dost bring to harvest the good seed
Of Pandu's righteousness; thou that hast ruth
As he before, on which all lives! — O Son,
I tried thee in the Dwaita wood, what time
The Yaksha smote them, bringing water; then
Thou prayedst for Nakula's life — tender and just —
Not Bhíma's nor Arjuna's, true to both,
To Madrî as to Kuntî, to both queens.
Hear thou my word! Because thou didst not mount
This car divine, lest the poor hound be shent
Who looked to thee, lo! there is none in heaven
Shall sit above thee, king! — Bhârata's son,
Enter thou now to the eternal joys,

Living and in thy form. Justice and Love
Welcome thee, monarch! thou shalt throne with us!'

"Thereat those mightiest Gods, in glorious train,
Mahendra, Dharma — with bright retinue
Of Maruts, Saints, Aswin-Kumaras, Nats,
Spirits and Angels — bore the king aloft,
The thundering chariot first, and after it
Those airy-moving Presences. Serene,
Clad in great glory, potent, wonderful,
They glide at will; at will they know and see;
At wish their wills are wrought; for these are pure.
Passionless, hallowed, perfect, free of earth,
In such celestial midst the Pandu king
Soared upward; and a sweet light filled the sky
And fell on earth, cast by his face and form,
Transfigured as he rose; and there was heard
The voice of Narad — it is he who sings,
Sitting in heaven, the deeds that good men do
In all the quarters; Narad, chief of bards,
Narad the wise, who laudeth purity —
So cried he: 'Thou art risen, unmatchèd king,
Whose greatness is above all royal saints.
Hail, son of Pandu! like to thee is none
Now or before among the sons of men,
Whose fame hath filled the three wide worlds, who com'st
Bearing thy mortal body, which doth shine
With radiance as a god's.'

"The glad king heard
Narad's loud praise; he saw the immortal gods —
Dharma, Mahendra; and dead chiefs and saints,
Known upon earth, in blessèd heaven he saw;
But only those. 'I do desire,' he said,
'That region, be it of the Blest as this,
Or of the Sorrowful some otherwhere,
Where my dear brothers are, and Draupadí.
I can not stay elsewhere! I see them not!'

"Then answer made Purandará, the God:
'O thou compassionate and noblest one!
Rest in the pleasures which thy deeds have gained.
How, being as are the Gods, canst thou live bound
By mortal chains? Thou art become of us,
Who live above hatred and love, in bliss
Pinnacles, safe, supreme. Son of thy race,
Thy brothers can not reach where thou hast climbed!
Most glorious lord of men, let not thy peace
Be touched by stir of earth! Look! this is Heaven.
See where the saints sit, and the happy souls —
Siddhas and angels, and the gods who live
Forever and forever.'

"'King of gods,'
Spake Yudhishthira, 'but I will not live
A little space without those souls I loved.
O Slayer of the demons! let me go
Where Bhíma and my brothers are, and she,
My Draupadí, the princess with the face
Softer and darker than the Vrihat-leaf,
And soul as sweet as are its odors. Lo!
Where they have gone, there will I surely go.'"

THE ENTRY INTO HEAVEN.[1]

To Narayen, Lord of lords, be glory given,
To Queen Saraswati be praise in heaven;
Unto Vyâsa pay the reverence due —
So may this story its high course pursue.

Then Janmejaya said: "I am fain to learn
How it befell with my great forefathers,
The Pandu chiefs and Dhritarashtra's sons,
Being to heaven ascended. If thou know'st —
And thou know'st all, whom wise Vyâsa taught —
Tell me, how fared it with those mighty souls?"
Answered the sage: "Hear of thy forefathers —
Great Yudhishthira and the Pandu lords —
How it befell. When thus the blameless king
Was entered into heaven, there he beheld
Duryodhana, his foe, throned as a god
Amid the gods; splendidly sat that prince,
Peaceful and proud, the radiance of his brows
Far-shining like the sun's; and round him thronged
Spirits of light, with Sádhyas — companies
Goodly to see. But when the king beheld
Duryodhana in bliss, and not his own —
Not Draupadí, not Bhíma, nor the rest —
With quick-averted face and angry eyes
The monarch spake: 'Keep heaven for such as these,
If these come here! I do not wish to dwell
Where he is, whom I hated rightfully,
Being a covetous and witless prince,
Whose deed it was that in wild fields of war
Brothers and friends by mutual slaughter fell,
While our swords smote, sharpened so wrathfully

[1] From the *Swargárohana Parva* of the Mahabharata.

By all those wrongs borne wandering in the woods:
But Draupadí's the deepest wrong, for he —
He who sits there — haled her before the court,
Seizing that sweet and virtuous lady — he! —
With grievous hand wound in her tresses. Gods,
I can not look upon him! Sith 'tis so,
Where are my brothers? Thither will I go!'

"Smiling, bright Narada, the Sage, replied:
'Speak thou not rashly! Say not this, O king!
Those who come here lay enmities aside.
O Yudhishthira, long-armed monarch, hear!
Duryodhana is cleansed of sin; he sits
Worshipful as the saints, worshiped by saints
And kings who lived and died in virtue's path,
Attaining to the joys which heroes gain
Who yield their breath in battle. Even so
He that did wrong thee, knowing not thy worth,
Hath won before thee hither, raised to bliss
For lordliness, and valor free of fear.
Ah, well-belovèd prince! ponder thou not
The memory of that gaming, nor the griefs
Of Draupadí, nor any vanished hurt
Wrought in the passing shows of life by craft
Or wasteful war. Throne happy at the side
Of this thy happy foeman — wiser now;
For here is Paradise, thou chief of men!
And in its holy air hatreds are dead.'

"Thus by such lips addressed, the Pandu king
Answered uncomforted: 'Duryodhana,
If he attains, attains; yet not the less
Evil he lived and ill he died — a heart
Impious and harmful, bringing woes to all,
To friends and foes. His was the crime which cost
Our land its warriors, horses, elephants;
His the black sin that set us in the field,
Burning for rightful vengeance. Ye are gods,

And just; and ye have granted heaven to him:
Show me the regions, therefore, where they dwell,
My brothers, those, the noble-souled, the strong,
Who kept the sacred laws, who swerved no step
From virtue's path, who spake the truth, and lived
Foremost of warriors. Where is Kuntî's son,
The hero-hearted Karna? Where are gone
Sátyaki, Dhrishtadyumna, with their sons?
And where those famous chiefs who fought for me,
Dying a splendid death? I see them not.
O Narada, I see them not! No King
Draupada! no Viráta! no glad face
Of Dhrishtaketu! no Shikandina,
Prince of Panchála, nor his princely boys!
Nor Abhimanyu the unconquerable!
President Gods of heaven! I see not here
Radha's bright son, nor Yudhamanyu,
Nor Uttamanjaso, his brother dear!
Where are those noble Maharashtra lords,
Rajas and Rajputs, slain for love of me?
Dwell they in glory elsewhere, not yet seen?
If they be here, high Gods! and those with them
For whose sweet sakes I lived, here will I live,
Meek-hearted; but if such be not adjudged
Worthy, I am not worthy, nor my soul
Willing to rest without them. Ah! I burn,
Now in glad heaven, with grief, bethinking me
Of those my mother's words, what time I poured
Death-water for my dead at Kurkshetra —
"Pour for Prince Karna, son!" but I wist not
His feet were as my mother's feet, his blood
Her blood, my blood. O Gods! I did not know —
Albeit Sakra's self had failed to break
Our battle, where *he* stood. I crave to see
Surya's child, that glorious chief who fell
By Saryasáchi's hand, unknown of me;
And Bhíma! ah, my Bhíma! dearer far
That life to me; Arjuna, like a god;

Nakula and Sahadev, twin lords of war,
With tenderest Draupadí! Show me those souls!
I can not tarry where I have them not.
Bliss is not blissful, just and mighty Ones!
Save if I rest beside them. Heaven is there
Where Love and Faith make heaven. Let me go!'

"And answer made the harkening heavenly Ones:
'Go, if it seemeth good to thee, dear son!
The King of gods commands we do thy will.'

"So saying,[2] Dharma's own voice
Gave ordinance, and from the shining bands
A golden Deva glided, taking hest
To guide the king there where his kinsmen were.
So wended these, the holy angel first,
And in his steps the king, close following.
Together passed they through the gates of pearl,
Together heard them close; then to the left
Descending — by a path evil and dark,
Hard to be traversed, rugged — entered they
The 'Sinners' Road.' The tread of sinful feet
Matted the thick thorns carpeting its slope;
The smell of sin hung foul on them; the mire
About their roots was trampled filth of flesh
Horrid with rottenness, and splashed with gore
Curdling in crimson puddles; where there buzzed
And sucked and settled creatures of the swamp,
Hideous in wing and sting, gnat-clouds and flies,
With moths, toads, newts, and snakes red-gulleted,
And livid, loathsome worms, writhing in slime
Forth from skull-holes and scalps and tumbled bones.
A burning forest shut the roadside in
On either hand, and 'mid its crackling boughs
Perched ghastly birds, or flapped amongst the flames —
Vultures and kites and crows — with brazen plumes
And beaks of iron; and these grisly fowl

[2] "The Sage went on."

Screamed to the shrieks of Prets — lean, famished ghosts,
Featureless, eyeless, having pin-point mouths,
Hungering, but hard to fill — all swooping down
To gorge upon the meat of wicked ones;
Whereof the limbs disparted, trunks and heads,
Offal and marrow, littered all the way.
By such a path the king passed, sore afeared
If he had known of fear, for the air stank
With carrion stench, sickly to breathe; and lo!
Presently, 'thwart the pathway foamed a flood
Of boiling waves, rolling down corpses. This
They crossed, and then the Asipatra wood
Spread black in sight, whereof the undergrowth
Was sword-blades, spitting, every blade, some wretch;
All around poison-trees; and next to this,
Strewn deep with fiery sands, an awful waste,
Wherethrough the wicked toiled with blistering feet,
'Midst rocks of brass, red-hot, which scorched, and pools
Of bubbling pitch that gulfed them. Last the gorge
Of Kutashála Mali — frightful gate
Of utmost Hell, with utmost horrors filled.
Deadly and nameless were the plagues seen there;
Which when the monarch reached, nigh overborne
By terrors and the reek of tortured flesh,
Unto the angel spake he: 'Whither goes
This hateful road, and where be they I seek,
Yet find not?' Answer made the Heavenly One:
'Hither, great king, it was commanded me
To bring thy steps. If thou be'st overborne,
It is commanded that I lead thee back
To where the Gods wait. Wilt thou turn and mount?'

"Then, O thou Son of Bharat! Yudhishthir
Turned heavenward his face, so was he moved
With horror and the hanging stench, and spent
By toil of that black travel. But his feet
Scarce one stride measured, when about the place
Pitiful accents ran: 'Alas, sweet King! —

Ah, saintly Lord — Ah, thou that hast attained
Place with the blessèd, Pandu's offspring! — pause
A little while, for love of us who cry!
Naught can harm *thee* in all this baneful place;
But at thy coming there 'gan blow a breeze
Balmy and soothing, bringing us relief.
Ọ Pritha's son, mightiest of men! we breathe
Glad breath again to see thee; we have peace
One moment in our agonies. Stay here
One moment more, Bharata's child! Go not,
Thou Victor of the Kurus! Being here,
Hell softens and our bitter pains relax.'

"These pleadings, wailing all around the place,
Heard the King Yudhishthira — words of woe
Humble and eager; and compassion seized
His lordly mind. 'Poor souls unknown!' he sighed,
And hellward turned anew; for what those were,
Whence such beseeching voices, and of whom,
That son of Pandu wist not — only wist
That all the noxious murk was filled with forms,
Shadowy, in anguish, crying grace of him.
Wherefore he called aloud, 'Who speaks with me?
What do ye here, and what things suffer ye?'
Then from the black depth piteously there came
Answers of whispered suffering: 'Karna I,
O king!' and yet another, 'O my liege,
Thy Bhíma speaks!' and then a voice again,
'I am Arjuna, brother!' and again,
'Nakula is here and Sahadev!' and last
A moan of music from the darkness sighed,
'Draupadí cries to thee!' Thereat broke forth
The monarch's spirit — knowing so the sound,
Of each familiar voice — 'What doom is this?
What have my well-belovèd wrought to earn
Death with the damned, or life loathlier than death
In Narak's midst? Hath Karna erred so deep,
Bhíma, Arjuna, or the glorious twins,

Or she, the slender-waisted, sweetest, best,
My princess — that Duryodhana should sit
Peaceful in Paradise with all his crew,
Throned by Mahendra and the shining Gods?
How should these fail of bliss, and he attain?
What were their sins to his, their splendid faults?
For if they slipped, it was in virtue's way,
Serving good laws, performing holy rites,
Boundless in gifts, and faithful to the death.
These be their well-known voices! Are ye here,
Souls I loved best? Dream I, belike, asleep,
Or rave I, maddened with accursèd sights
And death-reeks of this hellish air?'

"Thereat
For pity and for pain the king waxed wroth.
That soul fear could not shake, nor trials tire,
Burned terrible with tenderness, the while
His eyes searched all the gloom, his planted feet
Stood fast in the mid horrors. Well-nigh, then,
He cursed the gods; well-nigh that steadfast mind
Broke from its faith in virtue. But he stayed
Th' indignant passion, softly speaking this
Unto the angel: 'Go to those thou serv'st;
Tell them I come not thither. Say I stand
Here in the throat of hell, and here will bide —
Nay, if I perish — while my well-belov'd
Win ease and peace by any pains of mine.'

"Whereupon, naught replied the shining One,
But straight repaired unto the upper light,
Where Sákra sat above the gods; and spake
Before the gods the message of the king."
"Afterward, what befell?" the prince inquired.

"Afterward, princely one!" replied the Sage,
"At hearing and at knowing that high deed
(Great Yudhishthira braving hell for love),

The Presences of Paradise uprose,
Each Splendor in his place, god Sákra chief;
Together rose they, and together stepped
Down from their thrones, treading the nether road
Where Yudhishthira tarried. Sákra led
The shining van, and Dharma, Lord of laws,
Paced glorious next. O son of Bharata,
While that celestial company came down —
Pure as the white stars sweeping through the sky,
And brighter than their brilliance — look! hell's shades
Melted before them; warm gleams drowned the gloom;
Soft, lovely scenes rolled over the ill sights;
Peace calmed the cries of torment; in its bed
The boiling river shrank, quiet and clear;
The Asipatra Vana — awful wood —
Blossomed with colors; all those cruel blades,
And dreadful rocks, and piteous scattered wreck
Of writhing bodies, where the king had passed,
Vanished as dreams fade. Cool and fragrant went
A wind before their faces, as these Gods
Drew radiant to the presence of the king —
Maruts; and Vasus eight, who shine and serve
Round Indra; Rudras: Aswins; and those Six
Immortal Lords of light beyond our light,
Th' Adityas; Sâdhyas; Siddhas — those were there,
With angels, saints, and habitants of heaven,
Smiling resplendent round the steadfast prince.

"Then spake the God of gods these gracious words
To Yudhishthira, standing in that place:

"'King Yudhishthira! O thou long-armed lord,
This is enough! All heaven is glad of thee.
It is enough! Come, thou most blessèd one,
Unto thy peace, well-gained. Lay now aside
Thy loving wrath, and hear the speech of Heaven.
It is appointed that all kings see hell.

YUDHISHTHIRA'S LAST JOURNEY.

The hero at the entrance to Heaven refuses to enter if he must leave his dog outside.

YUDHISHTHIRA'S LAST JOURNEY

The hero of the epic must forsake his wife and leave his dog behind.



The reckonings for the life of men are twain:
Of each man's righteous deeds a tally true,
A tally true of each man's evil deeds.
Who hath wrought little right, to him is paid
A little bliss in Swarga, then the woe
Which purges; who much right hath wrought, from him
The little ill by lighter pains is cleansed,
And then the joys. Sweet is peace after pain,
And bitter pain which follows peace: yet they,
Who sorely sin, taste of the heaven they miss,
And they that suffer quit their debt at last.
Lo! we have loved thee, laying hard on thee
Grievous assaults of soul, and this black road.
Bethink thee: by a semblance once, dear son!
Drona thou didst beguile; and once, dear son!
Semblance of hell hath so thy sin assoiled,
Which passeth with these shadows. Even thus
Thy Bhíma went a little space t' account,
Draupadí, Krishna — all whom thou didst love,
Never again to lose! Come, First of men!
These be delivered and their quittance made.
Also the princes, son of Bharata!
Who fell beside thee fighting, have attained.
Come thou to see! Karna, whom thou didst mourn —
That mightiest archer, master in all wars —
He hath attained, shining as doth the sun;
Come thou and see! Grieve no more, king of men!
Whose love helped them and thee, and wins its meed.
Rajas and Maharajas, warriors, aids —
All thine are thine forever. Krishna waits
To greet thee coming, 'companied by gods,
Seated in heaven, from toils and conflicts saved.
Son! there is golden fruit of noble deeds,
Of prayer, alms, sacrifice. The most just Gods
Keep thee thy place above the highest saints,
Where thou shalt sit, divine, compassed about
With royal souls in bliss, as Hari sits;

Seeing Mándháta crowned, and Bhagirath,
Daushyanti, Bhárata, with all thy line.
Now therefore wash thee in this holy stream,
Gunga's pure font, whereof the bright waves bless
All the Three Worlds. It will so change thy flesh
To likeness of th' immortal, thou shalt leave
Passions and aches and tears behind thee, there.'

"And when the awful Sákra thus had said,
Lo! Dharma spake — th' embodied Lord of Right:

"'*Bho! bho!* I am well pleased! Hail to thee, Chief!
Worthy, and wise, and firm. Thy faith is full,
Thy virtue, and thy patience, and thy truth,
And thy self-mastery. Thrice I put thee, king!
Unto the trial. In the Dwaita wood,
The day of tempting — then thou stoodest fast;
Next, on thy brethren's death and Draupadí's,
When, as a dog, I followed thee, and found
Thy spirit constant to the meanest friend.
Here was the third and sorest touchstone, son!
That thou should'st hear thy brothers cry in hell,
And yet abide to help them. Pritha's child,
We love thee! Thou art fortunate and pure,
Past trials now. Thou art approved, and they
Thou lov'st have tasted hell only a space,
Not meriting to suffer more than when
An evil dream doth come, and Indra's beam
Ends it with radiance — as this vision ends.
It is appointed that all flesh see death,
And therefore thou hast borne the passing pangs,
Briefest for thee, and brief for those of thine —
Bhíma the faithful, and the valiant twins
Nakula and Sahadev, and those great hearts
Karna, Arjuna, with thy princess dear,
Draupadí. Come, thou best-belovèd son,
Blessed of all thy line; bathe in this stream —
It is great Gunga, flowing through Three Worlds.'

"Thus high-accosted, the rejoicing king
(Thy ancestor, O liege!) proceeded straight
Unto that river's brink, which floweth pure
Through the Three Worlds, mighty, and sweet, and praised.
There, being bathed, the body of the king
Put off its mortal, coming up arrayed
In grace celestial, washed from soils of sin,
From passion, pain, and change. So, hand in hand
With brother-gods, glorious went Yudhishthir,
Lauded by softest minstrelsy, and songs
Of unknown music, where those heroes stood —
The princes of the Pandavas, his kin —
And lotus-eyed and loveliest Draupadí,
Waiting to greet him, gladdening and glad."

THE HITOPADESA

OR

BOOK OF GOOD COUNSELS

"The Hitopadesa may be fairly styled the Father of all Fables."

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE HITOPADESA[1]

INTRODUCTION

HONOR TO GUNESH, GOD OF WISDOM

This book of Counsel read, and you shall see
Fair speech and Sanskrit lore, and Policy.

On the banks of the holy river Ganges there stood a city named Pataliputra. The King of it was a good King and a virtuous, and his name was Sudarsana. It chanced one day that he overheard a certain person reciting these verses —

"Wise men, holding wisdom highest, scorn delights, as false as fair,
Daily live they as Death's fingers twined already in their hair.

Truly richer than all riches, better than the best of gain,
Wisdom is, unbought, secure — once won, none loseth her again.

Bringing dark things into daylight, solving doubts that vex the mind,
Like an open eye is Wisdom — he that hath her not is blind."

Hearing these the King became disquieted, knowing that his own sons were gaining no wisdom, nor reading the Sacred Writings, but altogether going in the wrong way; and he repeated this verse to himself —

"Childless art thou? dead thy children? leaving thee to want and dool?
Less thy misery than his is, who is father to a fool."

And again this —

"One wise son makes glad his father, forty fools avail him not:
One moon silvers all that darkness which the silly stars did dot."

"And it has been said," reflected he —

"Ease and health, obeisant children, wisdom, and a fair-voiced wife —
Thus, great King are counted up the five felicities of life.

[1] Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

For the son the sire is honored; though the bow-cane bendeth true,
Let the strained string crack in using, and what service shall it do?"

"Nevertheless," mused the King, "I know it is urged that human efforts are useless: as, for instance —

"That which will not be will not be — and what is to be will be:
Why not drink this easy physic, antidote of misery?"

"But then that comes from idleness, with people who will not do what they should do. Rather,

"Nay! and faint not, idly sighing, 'Destiny is mightiest,'
Sesamum holds oil in plenty, but it yieldeth none unpressed.
Ah! it is the Coward's babble, 'Fortune taketh, Fortune gave';
Fortune! rate her like a master, and she serves thee like a slave."

"For indeed,

"Twofold is the life we live in — Fate and Will together run:
Two wheels bear life's chariot onward — will it move on only one?"

"And

"Look! the clay dries into iron, but the potter molds the clay:
Destiny to-day is master — Man was master yesterday."

"So verily,

"Worthy ends come not by wishing. Wouldst thou? Up, and win it, then!
While the hungry lion slumbers, not a deer comes to his den."

Having concluded his reflections, the Raja gave orders to assemble a meeting of learned men. Then said he —

"Hear now, O my Pundits! Is there one among you so wise that he will undertake to give the second birth of Wisdom to these my sons, by teaching them the Books of Policy; for they have never yet read the Sacred Writings, and are altogether going in the wrong road; and ye know that

"Silly glass, in splendid settings, something of the gold may gain;
And in company of wise ones, fools to wisdom may attain."

Then uprose a great Sage, by name Vishnu-Sarman, learned in the principles of Policy as is the angel of the planet Jupiter himself, and he said —

"My Lord King, I will undertake to teach these princes Policy, seeing they are born of a great house; for —

"Labors spent on the unworthy, of reward the laborer balk;
Like the parrot, teach the heron twenty times, he will not talk."

"But in this royal family the offspring are royal-minded, and in six moons I will engage to make your Majesty's sons comprehend Policy."

The Raja replied, with condescension:

"On the eastern mountains lying, common things shine in the sun,
And by learned minds enlightened, lower minds may show as one."

"And you, worshipful sir, are competent to teach my children the rules of Policy."

So saying, with much graciousness, he gave the Princes into the charge of Vishnu-Sarman; and that Sage, by way of introduction, spake to the Princes, as they sat at ease on the balcony of the palace, in this wise:

"Hear now, my Princes! for the delectation of your Highnesses, I purpose to tell the tale of the Crow, the Tortoise, the Deer, and the Mouse."

"Pray, sir," said the King's sons, "let us hear it."

Vishnu-Sarman answered —

"It begins with the Winning of Friends; and this is the first verse of it:

THE WINNING OF FRIENDS

"Sans way or wealth, wise friends their purpose gain —
The Mouse, Crow, Deer, and Tortoise make this plain."

"However was that?" asked the Princes.

Vishnu-Sarman replied:

"On the banks of the Godavery there stood a large silk-cotton-tree, and thither at night, from all quarters and regions, the birds came to roost. Now once, when the night was just spent, and his Radiance the Moon, Lover of the white lotus, was about to retire behind the western hills, a Crow who perched there, 'Light o' Leap' by name, upon

awakening, saw to his great wonder a fowler approaching — a second God of Death. The sight set him reflecting, as he flew off uneasily to follow up the man's movements, and he began to think what mischief this ill-omened apparition foretold.

"For a thousand thoughts of sorrow, and a hundred things of dread,
By the wise unheeded, trouble day by day the foolish head."

And yet in this life it must be that

"Of the day's impending dangers, Sickness, Death, and Misery,
One will be; the wise man waking, ponders which that one will be."

Presently the fowler fixed a net, scattered grains of rice about, and withdrew to hide. At this moment 'Speckle-neck,' King of the Pigeons, chanced to be passing through the sky with his Court, and caught sight of the rice-grains. Thereupon the King of the Pigeons asked of his rice-loving followers, 'How can there possibly be rice-grains lying here in an unfrequented forest? We will see into it, of course, but We like not the look of it — love of rice may ruin us, as the Traveler was ruined.

"All out of longing for a golden bangle,
The Tiger, in the mud, the man did mangle."

"How did that happen?" asked the Pigeons.

THE STORY OF THE TIGER AND THE TRAVELER

"Thus," replied Speckle-neck: "I was pecking about one day in the Deccan forest, and saw an old tiger sitting newly bathed on the banks of a pool, like a Brahman, and with holy kuskus-grass in his paws.

'Ho! ho! ye travelers,' he kept calling out, 'take this golden bangle!'

Presently a covetous fellow passed by and heard him.

'Ah!' thought he, 'this is a bit of luck — but I must not risk my neck for it either.

"Good things come not out of bad things; wisely leave a longed-for ill.
Nectar being mixed with poison serves no purpose but to kill."

'But all gain is got by risk, so I will see into it at least"; then he called out, 'Where is thy bangle?'

The Tiger stretched forth his paw and exhibited it.

'Hem!' said the Traveler, 'can I trust such a fierce brute as thou art?'

'Listen,' replied the Tiger, 'once, in the days of my cubhood, I know I was very wicked. I killed cows, Brahmans, and men without number — and I lost my wife and children for it — and haven't kith or kin left. But lately I met a virtuous man who counseled me to practise the duty of almsgiving — and, as thou seest, I am strict at ablutions and alms. Besides, I am old, and my nails and fangs are gone — so who would mistrust me? and I have so far conquered selfishness, that I keep the golden bangle for whoso comes. Thou seemest poor! I will give it thee. Is it not said,

'Give to poor men, son of Kûnti — on the wealthy waste not wealth;
Good are simples for the sick man, good for naught to him in health.'

'Wade over the pool, therefore, and take the bangle.'

Thereupon the covetous Traveler determined to trust him, and waded into the pool, where he soon found himself plunged in mud, and unable to move.

'Ho! ho!' says the Tiger, 'art thou stuck in a slough? stay, I will fetch thee out!'

So saying he approached the wretched man and seized him — who meanwhile bitterly reflected —

'Be his Scripture-learning wondrous, yet the cheat will be a cheat;
Be her pasture ne'er so bitter, yet the cow's milk will be sweet.'

And on that verse, too —

'Trust not water, trust not weapons; trust not clawed nor horned things;
Neither give thy soul to women, nor thy life to Sons of Kings.'

And those others —

'Look! the Moon, the silver roamer, from whose splendor darkness flies
With his starry cohorts marching, like a crowned king through the skies.
All the grandeur, all the glory, vanish in the Dragon's jaw;
What is written on the forehead, that will be, and nothing more.'

Here his meditations were cut short by the Tiger devouring him. "And that," said Speckle-neck, "is why we counseled caution."

"Why, yes!" said a certain pigeon, with some presumption, "but you've read the verse —

'Counsel in danger; of it
Unwarned, be nothing begun.
But nobody asks a Prophet
Shall the risk of a dinner be run?'

Hearing that, the Pigeons settled at once; for we know that

"Avarice begetteth anger; blind desires from her begin;
A right fruitful mother is she of a countless spawn of sin."

And again,

'Can a golden Deer have being? yet for such the Hero pined:
When the cloud of danger hovers, then its shadow dims the mind.'

Presently they were caught in the net. Thereat, indeed, they all began to abuse the pigeon by whose suggestion they had been ensnared. It is the old tale!

"Be second and not first! — the share's the same
If all go well. If not, the Head's to blame."

And we should remember that

"Passion will be Slave or Mistress: follow her, she brings to woe;
Lead her, 'tis the way to Fortune. Choose the path that thou wilt go."

When King Speckle-neck heard their reproaches, he said, "No, no! it is no fault of his.

'When the time of trouble cometh, friends may ofttimes irk us most:
For the calf at milking-hour the mother's leg is tying-post.'

'And in disaster, dismay is a coward's quality; let us rather rely on fortitude, and devise some remedy. How saith the sage?

"In good fortune not elated, in ill-fortune not dismayed,
Ever eloquent in council, never in the fight affrayed —
Proudly emulous of honor, steadfastly on wisdom set;
Perfect virtues in the nature of a noble soul are met.

Whoso hath them, gem and glory of the three wide worlds[2] is he;
Happy mother she that bore him, she who nursed him on her knee."

"Let us do this now directly," continued the King: "at one moment and with one will, rising under the net, let us fly off with it: for indeed

'Small things wax exceeding mighty, being cunningly combined:
Furious elephants are fastened with a rope of grass-blades twined.'

"And it is written, you know,

'Let the household hold together, though the house be ne'er so small;
Strip the rice-husk from the rice-grain, and it groweth not at all.'

Having pondered this advice, the Pigeons adopted it; and flew away with the net. At first the fowler, who was at a distance, hoped to recover them, but as they passed out of sight with the snare about them he gave up the pursuit. Perceiving this, the Pigeons said,

"What is the next thing to be done, O King?"

"A friend of mine," said Speckle-neck, "lives near in a beautiful forest on the Gundaki. Golden-skin is his name — the King of the Mice — he is the one to cut these bonds."

Resolving to have recourse to him, they directed their flight to the hole of Golden-skin — a prudent monarch, who dreaded danger so much that he had made himself a palace with a hundred outlets, and lived always in it. Sitting there he heard the descent of the pigeons, and remained silent and alarmed.

"Friend Golden-skin," cried the King, "have you no welcome for us?"

"Ah, my friend!" said the Mouse-king, rushing out on recognizing the voice, "is it thou art come, Speckle-neck! how delightful — But what is this?" exclaimed he, regarding the entangled net.

"That," said King Speckle-neck, "is the effect of some wrong-doing in a former life —

'Sickness, anguish, bonds, and woe
Spring from wrongs wrought long ago.'

[2] Heaven, earth, and the lower regions.

Golden-skin, without replying, ran at once to the net, and began to gnaw the strings that held Speckle-neck.

"Nay! friend, not so," said the King, "cut me first these meshes from my followers, and afterward thou shalt sever mine."

"I am little," answered Golden-skin, "and my teeth are weak — how can I gnaw so much? No! no! I will nibble your strings as long as my teeth last, and afterward do my best for the others. To preserve dependents by sacrificing oneself is nowhere enjoined by wise moralists; on the contrary —

'Keep wealth for want, but spend it for thy wife,
And wife, and wealth, and all to guard thy life.'

"Friend," replied King Speckle-neck, "that may be the rule of policy, but I am one that can by no means bear to witness the distress of those who depend on me, for —

'Death, that must come, comes nobly when we give
Our wealth, and life, and all, to make men live.'

And you know the verse,

'Friend, art thou faithful? guard mine honor so!
And let the earthy rotting body go.'"

When King Golden-skin heard this answer his heart was charmed, and his fur bristled up for pure pleasure. "Nobly spoken, friend," said he, "nobly spoken! with such a tenderness for those that look to thee, the Sovereignty of the Three Worlds might be fitly thine." So saying he set himself to cut all their bonds. This done, and the pigeons extricated, the King of the Mice[3] gave them his formal welcome. "But, your Majesty," he said, "this capture in the net was a work of destiny; you must not blame yourself as you did, and suspect a former fault. Is it not written —

'Floating on his fearless pinions, lost amid the noonday skies,
Even thence the Eagle's vision kens the carcass where it lies;
But the hour that comes to all things comes unto the Lord of Air,
And he rushes, madly blinded, to his ruin in the snare.'"

[3] The mouse, as vehicle of Gunesh, is an important animal in Hindu legend.

With this correction Golden-skin proceeded to perform the duties of hospitality, and afterward, embracing and dismissing them, the pigeons left for such destination as they fancied, and the King of the Mice retired again into his hole.

Now Light o' Leap, the Crow, had been a spectator of the whole transaction, and wondered at it so much that at last he called out, "Ho! Golden-skin, thou very laudable Prince, let me too be a friend of thine, and give me thy friendship."

"Who art thou?" said Golden-skin, who heard him, but would not come out of his hole.

"I am the Crow Light o' Leap," replied the other.

"How can I possibly be on good terms with thee?" answered Golden-skin with a laugh; "have you never read —

> 'When Food is friends with Feeder, look for Woe,
> The Jackal ate the Deer, but for the Crow.'

"No! how was that?"

"I will tell thee," replied Golden-skin:

THE STORY OF THE JACKAL, DEER, AND CROW

"Far away in Behar there is a forest called Champak-Grove,[4] and in it had long lived in much affection a Deer and a Crow. The Deer, roaming unrestrained, happy and fat of carcass, was one day descried by a Jackal. 'Ho! ho!' thought the Jackal on observing him, 'if I could but get this soft meat for a meal! It might be — if I can only win his confidence.' Thus reflecting he approached, and saluted him.

'Health be to thee, friend Deer!'

'Who art thou?' said the Deer.

'I'm Small-wit, the Jackal,' replied the other. 'I live in the wood here, as the dead do, without a friend; but now that I have met with such a friend as thou, I feel as if I were beginning life again with plenty of relations. Consider me your faithful servant.'

'Very well,' said the Deer; and then, as the glorious King

[4] The champak is a bushy tree, bearing a profusion of star-like blossoms with golden centers, and of the most pleasing perfume.

of Day, whose diadem is the light, had withdrawn himself, the two went together to the residence of the Deer. In that same spot, on a branch of Champak, dwelt the Crow Sharp-sense, an old friend of the Deer. Seeing them approach together, the Crow said,

'Who is this number two, friend Deer?'

'It is a Jackal,' answered the Deer, 'that desires our acquaintance.'

'You should not become friendly to a stranger without reason,' said Sharp-sense. 'Don't you know?'

"To folks by no one known house-room deny:
The Vulture housed the Cat, and thence did die."

'No! how was that?' said both.

'In this wise,' answered the Crow.

THE STORY OF THE VULTURE, THE CAT, AND THE BIRDS

"On the banks of the Ganges there is a cliff called Vulture-Crag, and thereupon grew a great fig-tree. It was hollow, and within its shelter lived an old Vulture, named Gray-pate, whose hard fortune it was to have lost both eyes and talons. The birds that roosted in the tree made subscriptions from their own store, out of sheer pity for the poor fellow, and by that means he managed to live. One day, when the old birds were gone, Long-ear, the Cat, came there to get a meal of the nestlings; and they, alarmed at perceiving him, set up a chirruping that roused Gray-pate.

'Who comes there?' croaked Gray-pate.

"Now Long-ear, on espying the Vulture, thought himself undone; but as flight was impossible, he resolved to trust his destiny and approach.

'My lord,' said he, 'I have the honor to salute thee.'

'Who is it?' said the Vulture.

'I am a Cat.'

'Be off, Cat, or I shall slay thee,' said the Vulture.

'I am ready to die if I deserve death,' answered the Cat; 'but let what I have to say be heard.'

'Wherefore, then comest thou?' said the Vulture.

'I live,' began Long-ear, 'on the Ganges, bathing, and eating no flesh, practising the moon-penance,[5] like a Bramacharya. The birds that resort thither constantly praise your worship to me as one wholly given to the study of morality, and worthy of all trust; and so I came here to learn law from thee, Sir, who are so deep gone in learning and in years. Dost thou, then, so read the law of strangers as to be ready to slay a guest? What say the books about the householder? —

'Bar thy door not to the stranger, be he friend or be he foe,
For the tree will shade the woodman while his axe doth lay it low.'

And if means fail, what there is should be given with kind words, as —

'Greeting fair, and room to rest in; fire, and water from the well —
Simple gifts — are given freely in the house where good men dwell,'—

and without respect of person —

'Young, or bent with many winters; rich, or poor, whate'er thy guest,
Honor him for thine own honor — better is he than the best.'

Else comes the rebuke —

'Pity them that ask thy pity: who art thou to stint thy hoard,
When the holy moon shines equal on the leper and the lord!'

And that other, too,

'When thy gate is roughly fastened, and the asker turns away,
Thence he bears thy good deeds with him, and his sins on thee doth lay.'

For verily,

'In the house the husband ruleth, men the Brahmans "master" call;
Angi is the Twice-born Master — but the guest is lord of all.'

"To these weighty words Gray-pate answered,
'Yes! but cats like meat, and there are young birds here, and therefore I said, go.'

[5] A religious observance. The devotee commences the penance at the full moon with an allowance of fifteen mouthfuls for his food, diminishing this by one mouthful each day, till on the fifteenth it is reduced to one. As the new moon increases, his allowance ascends to its original proportion.

'Sir,' said the Cat (and as he spoke he touched the ground, and then his two ears, and called on Krishna to witness to his words), 'I that have overcome passion, and practised the moon-penance, know the Scriptures; and howsoever they contend, in this primal duty of abstaining from injury they are unanimous. Which of them sayeth not —

'He who does and thinks no wrong —
He who suffers, being strong —
He whose harmlessness men know —
Unto Swerga such doth go.'

"And so, winning the old Vulture's confidence, Long-ear, the Cat, entered the hollow tree and lived there. And day after day he stole away some of the nestlings, and brought them down to the hollow to devour. Meantime the parent birds, whose little ones were being eaten, made an inquiry after them in all quarters; and the Cat, discovering this fact, slipped out from the hollow, and made his escape. Afterward, when the birds come to look closely, they found the bones of their young ones in the hollow of the tree where Gray-pate lived; and the birds at once concluded that their nestlings had been killed and eaten by the old Vulture, whom they accordingly executed. That is my story, and why I warned you against unknown acquaintances."

"Sir," said the Jackal, with some warmth, "on the first day of your encountering the Deer you also were of unknown family and character: how is it, then, that your friendship with him grows daily greater? True, I am only Small-wit, the Jackal, but what says the saw? —

"In the land where no wise men are, men of little wit are lords;
And the castor-oil's a tree, where no tree else its shade affords."

The Deer is my friend; condescend, sir, to be my friend also."

'Oh!' broke in the Deer, 'why so much talking? We'll all live together, and be friendly and happy —

'Foe is friend, and friend is foe,
As our actions make them so.'

"Very good," said Sharp-sense; "as you will"; and in the morning each started early for his own feeding-ground (returning at night). One day the Jackal drew the Deer aside, and whispered, 'Deer, in one corner of this wood there is a field full of sweet young wheat; come and let me show you.' The Deer accompanied him, and found the field, and afterward went every day there to eat the green corn, till at last the owner of the ground spied him and set a snare. The Deer came again very shortly, and was caught in it, and after vainly struggling exclaimed, 'I am fast in the net, and it will be a net of death to me if no friend comes to rescue me!' Presently Small-wit, the Jackal, who had been lurking near, made his appearance, and standing still, he said to himself, with a chuckle, 'O ho! my scheme bears fruit! When he is cut up, his bones, and gristle, and blood, will fall to my share and make me some beautiful dinners.' The Deer, here catching sight of him, exclaimed with rapture, 'Ah, friend, this is excellent! Do but gnaw these strings, and I shall be at liberty. How charming to realize the saying! —

'That friend only is the true friend who is near when trouble comes;
That man only is the brave man who can bear the battle-drums;
Words are wind; deed proveth promise: he who helps at need is kin;
And the leal wife is loving though the husband lose or win.'

And is it not written —

'Friend and kinsman — more their meaning than the idle-hearted mind.
Many a friend can prove unfriendly, many a kinsman less than kind:
He who shares his comrade's portion, be he beggar, be he lord,
Comes as truly, comes as duly, to the battle as the board —
Stands before the king to succor, follows to the pile to sigh —
He is friend, and he is kinsman — less would make the name a lie.'

"Small-wit answered nothing, but betook himself to examining the snare very closely.

'This will certainly hold,' muttered he; then, turning to the Deer, he said, 'Good friend, these strings, you see, are made of sinew, and to-day is a fast-day, so that I can not possibly bite them. To-morrow morning, if you still desire it, I shall be happy to serve you.'

When he was gone, the Crow, who had missed the Deer

upon returning that evening, and had sought for him everywhere, discovered him; and seeing his sad plight, exclaimed —

'How came this about, my friend?'

'This came,' replied the Deer, 'through disregarding a friend's advice.'

'Where is that rascal Small-wit?' asked the Crow.

'He is waiting somewhere by,' said the Deer, 'to taste my flesh.'

'Well,' sighed the Crow, 'I warned you; but it is as in the true verse —

'Stars gleam, lamps flicker, friends foretell of fate;
The fated sees, knows, hears them — all too late.'

And then, with a deeper sigh, he exclaimed, 'Ah, traitor Jackal, what an ill deed hast thou done! Smooth-tongued knave — alas! — and in the face of the monition too —

'Absent, flatterers' tongues are daggers — present, softer than the silk;
Shun them! 'tis a jar of poison hidden under harmless milk;
Shun them when they promise little! Shun them when they promise much!
For, enkindled, charcoal burneth — cold, it doth defile the touch.'

"When the day broke, the Crow, who was still there, saw the master of the field approaching with his club in his hand.

'Now, friend Deer,' said Sharp-sense on perceiving him, 'do thou cause thyself to seem like one dead: puff thy belly up with wind, stiffen thy legs out, and lie very still. I will make a show of pecking thine eyes out with my beak; and whensoever I utter a croak, then spring to thy feet and betake thee to flight.'

The Deer thereon placed himself exactly as the Crow suggested, and was very soon espied by the husbandman, whose eyes opened with joy at the sight.

'Aha!' said he, 'the fellow has died of himself,' and so speaking, he released the Deer from the snare, and proceeded to gather and lay aside his nets. At that instant Sharp-sense uttered a loud croak, and the Deer sprang up and made off. And the club which the husbandman flung after him in a

rage struck Small-wit the Jackal, who was close by, and killed him. Is it not said, indeed? —

'In years, or moons, or half-moons three,
Or in three days — suddenly,
Knaves are shent — true men go free.'

"Thou seest, then," said Golden-skin, "there can be no friendship between food and feeder."

"I should hardly," replied the Crow, "get a large breakfast out of your worship; but as to that indeed you have nothing to fear from me. I am not often angry, and if I were, you know —

'Anger comes to noble natures, but leaves there no strife or storm:
Plunge a lighted torch beneath it, and the ocean grows not warm.'

"Then, also, thou art such a gad-about," objected the King.

"Maybe," answered Light o' Leap; "but I am bent on winning thy friendship, and I will die at thy door of fasting if thou grantest it not. Let us be friends! for

'Noble hearts are golden vases — close the bond true metals make;
Easily the smith may weld them, harder far it is to break.
Evil hearts are earthen vessels — at a touch they crack a-twain,
And what craftsman's ready cunning can unite the shards again?'

And then, too,

'Good men's friendships may be broken, yet abide they friends at heart;
Snap the stem of Luxmee's lotus, and its fibers will not part.'

"Good sir," said the King of the Mice, "your conversation is as pleasing as pearl necklets or oil of sandal-wood in hot weather. Be it as you will"— and thereon King Golden-skin made a treaty with the Crow, and after gratifying him with the rest of his store re-entered his hole. The Crow returned to his accustomed perch; and thenceforward the time passed in mutual presents of food, in polite inquiries, and the most unrestrained talk. One day Light o' Leap thus accosted Golden-skin:

"This is a poor place, your Majesty, for a Crow to get a living in. I should like to leave it and go elsewhere."

"Whither wouldst thou go?" replied the King; they say,

'One foot goes, and one foot stands,
When the wise man leaves his lands.'

"And they say, too," answered the Crow,

Over-love of home were weakness; wheresoe'er the hero come,
Stalwart arm and steadfast spirit find or win for him a home.
Little recks the awless lion where his hunting jungles lie —
When he enters it be certain that a royal prey shall die.'

"I know an excellent jungle now."

"Which is that?" asked the Mouse-king.

"In the Nerbudda woods, by Camphor-water," replied the Crow. "There is an old and valued friend of mine lives there — Slow-toes his name is, a very virtuous Tortoise; he will regale me with fish and good things."

"Why should I stay behind," said Golden-skin, "if thou goest? Take me also."

Accordingly, the two set forth together, enjoying charming converse upon the road. Slow-toes perceived Light o' Leap a long way off, and hastened to do him the guest-rites, extending them to the Mouse upon Light o' Leap's introduction.

"Good Slow-toes," said he, "this is Golden-skin, King of the Mice — pay all honor to him — he is burdened with virtues — a very jewel-mine of kindnesses. I don't know if the Prince of all the Serpents, with his two thousand tongues, could rightly repeat them." So speaking, he told the story of Speckle-neck. Thereupon Slow-toes made a profound obeisance to Golden-skin, and said, "How came your Majesty, may I ask, to retire to an unfrequented forest?"

"I will tell you," said the King. "You must know that in the town of Champaka there is a college for the devotees. Unto this resorted daily a beggar-priest, named Chudakarna, whose custom was to place his begging-dish upon the shelf, with such alms in it as he had not eaten, and go to sleep by it; and I, so soon as he slept, used to jump up, and devour the meal. One day a great friend of his, named Vinakarna, also a mendicant, came to visit him; and I observed that, while

conversing, he kept striking the ground with a split cane, to frighten me. 'Why don't you listen?' said Vinakarna. 'I am listening!' replied the other; 'but this plaguy mouse is always eating the meal out of my begging-dish.' Vinakarna looked at the shelf and remarked, 'However can a mouse jump as high as this? There must be a reason, though there seems none. I guess the cause — the fellow is well off and fat.' With these words Vinakarna snatched up a shovel, discovered my retreat, and took away all my hoard of provisions. After that I lost strength daily, had scarcely energy enough to get my dinner, and, in fact, crept about so wretchedly, that when Chudakarna saw me he fell to quoting —

'Very feeble folk are poor folk; money lost takes wit away:
All their doings fail like runnels, wasting through the summer day.'

"Yes!" I thought, "he is right, and so are the sayings —

'Wealth is friends, home, father, brother — title to respect and fame;
Yea, and wealth is held for wisdom — that it should be so is shame.'

'Home is empty to the childless; hearts to them who friends deplore:
Earth unto the idle-minded; and the three worlds to the poor.'

'I can stay here no longer; and to tell my distress to another is out of the question — altogether out of the question! —

'Say the sages, nine things name not: Age, domestic joys and woes,
Counsel, sickness, shame, alms, penance; neither Poverty disclose.
Better for the proud of spirit, death, than life with losses told;
Fire consents to be extinguished, but submits not to be cold.'

'Verily he was wise, methought also, who wrote —

'As Age doth banish beauty,
As moonlight dies in gloom,
As Slavery's menial duty
Is Honor's certain tomb;
As Hari's name and Hara's
Spoken, charm sin away,
So Poverty can surely
A hundred virtues slay.'

'And as to sustaining myself on another man's bread, that,' I mused, 'would be but a second door of death. Say not the books the same? —

'Half-known knowledge, present pleasure purchased with a future woe,
And to taste the salt of service — greater griefs no man can know.'

'And herein, also —

'All existence is not equal, and all living is not life;
Sick men live; and he who, banished, pines for children, home, and wife;
And the craven-hearted eater of another's leavings lives,
And the wretched captive waiting for the word of doom survives;
But they bear an anguished body, and they draw a deadly breath,
And life cometh to them only on the happy day of death.'

Yet, after all these reflections, I was covetous enough to make one more attempt on Chudakarna's meal, and got a blow from the split cane for my pains. 'Just so,' I said to myself, 'the soul and organs of the discontented want keeping in subjection. I must be done with discontent:

'Golden gift, serene Contentment! have thou that, and all is had;
Thrust thy slipper on, and think thee that the earth is leather-clad.'

'All is known, digested, tested; nothing new is left to learn
When the soul, serene, reliant, Hope's delusive dreams can spurn.'

'And the sorry task of seeking favor is numbered in the miseries of life —

'Hast thou never watched, a-waiting till the great man's door unbarred?
Didst thou never linger parting, saying many a last sad word?
Spak'st thou never word of folly, one light thing thou wouldst recall?
Rare and noble hath thy life been! fair thy fortune did befall!'

'No!' exclaimed I, 'I will do none of these; but, by retiring into the quiet and untrodden forest, I will show my discernment of real good and ill. The holy Books counsel it —

'True Religion! — 'tis not blindly prating what the priest may prate,
But to love, as God hath loved them, all things, be they small or great;
And true bliss is when a sane mind doth a healthy body fill;
And true knowledge is the knowing what is good and what is ill.'

"So came I to the forest, where, by good fortune and this good friend, I met much kindness; and by the same good fortune have encountered you, Sir, whose friendliness is as Heaven to me. Ah! Sir Tortoise,

'Poisonous though the tree of life be, two fair blossoms grow thereon:
One, the company of good men; and sweet songs of Poets, one.'

"King!" said Slow-toes, "your error was getting too much, without giving. Give, says the sage —

'Give, and it shall swell thy getting; give, and thou shalt safer keep:
Pierce the tank-wall; or it yieldeth, when the water waxes deep.'

And he is very hard upon money-grubbing: as thus —

'When the miser hides his treasure in the earth, he doeth well;
For he opens up a passage that his soul may sink to hell.'

And thus —

'He whose coins are kept for counting, not to barter nor to give,
Breathe he like a blacksmith's bellows, yet in truth he doth not live.'

It hath been well written, indeed,

'Gifts bestowed with words of kindness, making giving doubly dear:
Wisdom, deep, complete, benignant, of all arrogancy clear;
Valor, never yet forgetful of sweet Mercy's pleading prayer;
Wealth, and scorn of wealth to spend it — oh! but these be virtues rare!'

"Frugal one may be," continued Slow-toes; "but not a niggard like the Jackal —

'The Jackal-knave, that starved his spirit so,
And died of saving, by a broken bow.'

"Did he, indeed," said Golden-skin; "and how was that?"

"I will tell you," answered Slow-toes:

THE STORY OF THE DEAD GAME AND THE JACKAL

"In a town called 'Well-to-Dwell' there lived a mighty hunter, whose name was 'Grim-face.' Feeling a desire one day for a little venison, he took his bow, and went into the woods; where he soon killed a deer. As he was carrying the deer home, he came upon a wild boar of prodigious proportions. Laying the deer upon the earth, he fixed and discharged an arrow and struck the boar, which instantly rushed upon him with a roar louder than the last thunder, and ripped the hunter up. He fell like a tree cut by the axe, and lay dead along with the boar, and a snake also, which had been crushed by the feet of the combatants. Not long

afterward, there came that way, in his prowl for food, a Jackal, named 'Howl o' Nights,' and cast eyes on the hunter, the deer, the boar, and the snake lying dead together. 'Aha!' said he, 'what luck! Here's a grand dinner got ready for me! Good fortune can come, I see, as well as ill fortune. Let me think: the man will be fine pickings for a month; the deer with the boar will last two more; the snake will do for to-morrow; and, as I am very particularly hungry, I will treat myself now to this bit of meat on the bow-horn.' So saying, he began to gnaw it asunder, and the bow-string slipping, the bow sprang back, and resolved Howl o' Nights into the five elements by death. That is my story," continued Slow-toes, "and its application is for the wise —

'Sentences of studied wisdom, naught avail they unapplied;
Though the blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps stray aside.'

The secret of success, indeed, is a free, contented, and yet enterprising mind. How say the books thereon? —

'Wouldst thou know whose happy dwelling Fortune entereth unknown?
His, who careless of her favor, standeth fearless in his own;
His, who for the vague to-morrow barters not the sure to-day —
Master of himself, and sternly steadfast to the rightful way:
Very mindful of past service, valiant, faithful, true of heart —
Unto such comes Lakshmi [6] smiling — comes, and will not lightly part.'

What indeed," continued Slow-toes, "is wealth, that we should prize, or grieve to lose it? —

'Be not haughty, being wealthy; droop not, having lost thine all;
Fate doth play with mortal fortunes as a girl doth toss her ball.'

It is unstable by nature. We are told —

'Worldly friendships, fair but fleeting, shadows of the clouds at noon,
Women, youth, new corn, and riches — these be pleasures passing soon.'

And it is idle to be anxious; the Master of Life knows how to sustain it. Is it not written? —

'For thy bread be not o'er thoughtful — God for all hath taken thought:
When the babe is born, the sweet milk to the mother's breast is brought.

[6] The wife of Vishnu, Goddess of beauty and abundance.

'He who gave the swan her silver, and the hawk her plumes of pride,
And his purples to the peacock — He will verily provide.'

Yes, verily," said Slow-toes, "wealth is bad to handle, and better left alone; there is no truer saying than this —

'Though for good ends, waste not on wealth a minute;
Mud may be wiped, but wise men plunge not in it.'

Hearing the wisdom of these monitions, Light o' Leap broke out, 'Good Slow-toes! thou art a wise protector of those that come to thee; thy learning comforts my enlightened friend, as elephants drag elephants from the mire.' And thus, on the best of terms, wandering where they pleased for food, the three lived there together.

One day it chanced that a Deer named Dapple-back, who had seen some cause of alarm in the forest, came suddenly upon the three in his flight. Thinking the danger imminent, Slow-toes dropped into the water, King Golden-skin slipped into his hole, and Light o' Leap flew up into the top of a high tree. Thence he looked all round to a great distance, but could discover nothing. So they all came back again, and sat down together. Slow-toes welcomed the Deer.

'Good Deer,' said he, 'may grass and water never fail thee at thy need. Gratify us by residing here, and consider this forest thine own.'

'Indeed,' answered Dapple-back, 'I came hither for your protection, flying from a hunter; and to live with you in friendship is my greatest desire.'

'Then the thing is settled,' observed Golden-skin.

'Yes! yes!' said Light o' Leap, 'make yourself altogether at home!'

So the Deer, charmed at his reception, ate grass and drank water, and laid himself down in the shade of a Banyan-tree to talk. Who does not know? —

'Brunettes, and the Banyan's shadow,
Well-springs, and a brick-built wall,
Are all alike cool in the summer,
And warm in the winter — all.'

'What made thee alarmed, friend Deer?' began Slow-toes. 'Do hunters ever come to this unfrequented forest?'

'I have heard,' replied Dapple-back, 'that the Prince of the Kalinga country, Rukmangada, is coming here. He is even now encamped on the Cheenab River, on his march to subjugate the borders; and the hunters have been heard to say that he will halt to-morrow by this very lake of "Camphor-water." Don't you think, as it is dangerous to stay, that we ought to resolve on something?'

'I shall certainly go to another pool,' exclaimed Slow-toes.

'It would be better,' answered the Crow and Deer together.

'Yes!' remarked the King of the Mice, after a minute's thought; 'but how is Slow-toes to get across the country in time? Animals like our amphibious host are best in the water; on land he might suffer from his own design, like the merchant's son —

'The merchant's son laid plans for gains,
And saw his wife kissed for his pains.'

'How came that about?' asked all.

"I'll tell you," answered Golden-skin.

THE PRINCE AND THE WIFE OF THE MERCHANT'S SON

"In the country of Kanouj there was a King named Virasena, and he made his son viceroy of a city called Virapoora. The Prince was rich, handsome, and in the bloom of youth. Passing through the streets of his city one day, he observed a very lovely woman, whose name was Lávanyavati — *i.e.*, the Beautiful — the wife of a merchant's son. On reaching his palace, full of her charms and of passionate admiration for them, he dispatched a message to her, and a letter, by a female attendant — who wonders at it? —

'Ah! the gleaming, glancing arrows of a lovely woman's eye!
Feathered with her jetty lashes, perilous they pass us by:
Loosed at venture from the black bows of her arching brow they part,
All too penetrant and deadly for an undefended heart.'

Now Lávanyavati, from the moment she saw the Prince, was hit with the same weapon of love that wounded him; but upon

hearing the message of the attendant, she refused with dignity to receive this letter.

'I am my husband's,' she said, 'and that is my honor; for —

'Beautiful the Koil[7] seemeth for the sweetness of his song,
Beautiful the world esteemeth pious souls for patience strong;
Homely features lack not favor when true wisdom they reveal,
And a wife is fair and honored while her heart is firm and leal.'

What the lord of my life enjoins, that I do.'

'Is such my answer?' asked the attendant.

'It is,' said Lávanyavati.

Upon the messenger reporting her reply to the Prince, he was in despair.

'The God of the five shafts has hit me,' he exclaimed, 'and only her presence will cure my wound.'

'We must make her husband bring her, then,' said the messenger.

'That can never be,' replied the Prince.

'It can,' replied the messenger —

'Fraud may achieve what force would never try:
The Jackal killed the Elephant thereby.'

'How was that?' asked the Prince.

The Slave related:

THE STORY OF THE OLD JACKAL AND THE ELEPHANT

"In the forest of Brahma lived an Elephant, whose name was 'White-front.' The Jackals knew him, and said among themselves, 'If this great brute would but die, there would be four months' food for us, and plenty, out of his carcass.' With that an old Jackal stood up, and pledged himself to compass the death of the Elephant by his own wit. Accordingly, he sought for 'White-front,' and, going up to him, he made the reverential prostration of the eight members, gravely saluting him.

'Divine creature,' said he, 'vouchsafe me the regard of one look.'

[7] The black or Indian cuckoo.

'Who art thou?' grunted the Elephant, 'and whence comest thou?'

'I am only a Jackal,' said the other; 'but the beasts of the forest are convinced that it is not expedient to live without a king, and they have met in full council, and dispatched me to acquaint your Royal Highness that on you, endowed with so many lordly qualities, their choice has fallen for a sovereign over the forest here; for —

'Who is just, and strong, and wise?
Who is true to social ties?
He is formed for Emperies.'

Let your Majesty, therefore, repair thither at once, that the moment of fortunate conjunction may not escape us.' So saying he led the way, followed at a great pace by White-front, who was eager to commence his reign.

Presently the Jackal brought him upon a deep slough, into which he plunged heavily before he could stop himself.

'Good master Jackal,' cried the Elephant, 'what's to do now? I am up to my belly in this quagmire.'

'Perhaps your Majesty,' said the Jackal, with an impudent laugh, 'will condescend to take hold of the tip of my brush with your trunk, and so get out.'

'Then White-front, the Elephant, knew that he had been deceived; and thus he sank in the slime, and was devoured by the Jackals. Hence,' continued the attendants, 'is why I suggested stratagem to your Highness.'

Shortly afterward, by the Slave's advice, the Prince sent for the merchant's son (whose name was Charudatta), and appointed him to be near his person; and one day, with the same design, when he was just come from the bath, and had on his jewels, he summoned Charudatta, and said:

'I have a vow to keep to Gauri — bring hither to me every evening for a month some lady of good family, that I may do honor to her, according to my vow; and begin to-day.'

Charudatta in due course brought a lady of quality, and, having introduced her, retired to watch the interview. The Prince, without even approaching his fair visitor, made her the most respectful obeisances, and dismissed her with gifts

of ornaments, sandal-wood, and perfumes, under the protection of a guard. This made Charudatta confident, and longing to get some of these princely presents he brought his own wife next evening. When the Prince recognized the charming Lávanyavati — the joy of his soul — he sprang to meet her, and kissed and caressed her without the least restraint. At sight of this the miserable Charudatta stood transfixed with despair — the very picture of wretchedness'—

'And you too, Slow-toes — but where is he gone?' abruptly asked King Golden-skin.

Now Slow-toes had not chosen to wait the end of the story, but was gone before, and Golden-skin and the others followed him up in some anxiety. The Tortoise had been painfully traveling along, until a hunter, who was beating the wood for game, had overtaken him. The fellow, who was very hungry, picked him up, fastened him on his bow-stick, and set off for home; while the Deer, the Crow, and the Mouse, who had witnessed the capture, followed them in terrible concern. 'Alas!' cried the Mouse-king, 'he is gone! — and such a friend!

> 'Friend! gracious word! — the heart to tell is ill able
> Whence came to men this jewel of a syllable.'

'Let us,' continued he to his companions, 'let us make one attempt, at least, to rescue Slow-toes before the hunter is out of the wood!'

'Only tell us how to do it,' replied they.

'Do thus,' said Golden-skin: 'let Dapple-back hasten on to the water, and lie down there and make himself appear dead; and do you, Light o' Leap, hover over him, and peck about his body. The hunter is sure to put the Tortoise down to get the venison, and I will gnaw his bonds.'

'The Deer and the Crow started at once; and the hunter, who was sitting down to rest under a tree and drinking water, soon caught sight of the Deer, apparently dead. Drawing his wood-knife, and putting the Tortoise down by the water, he hastened to secure the Deer, and Golden-skin, in the meantime, gnawed asunder the string that held Slow-toes, who

instantly dropped into the pool. The Deer, of course, when the hunter got near, sprang up and made off, and when he returned to the tree the Tortoise was gone also. "I deserve this," thought he —

'Whoso for greater quits his gain,
Shall have his labor for his pain;
The things unwon unwon remain,
And what was won is lost again.'

And so lamenting, he went to his village. Slow-toes and his friends, quit of all fears, repaired together to their new habitations, and there lived happily.

Then spake the King Sudarsana's sons, "We have heard every word, and are delighted; it fell out just as we wished."

"I rejoice thereat, my Princes," said Vishnu-Sarman; "may it also fall out according to this my wish —

"Lakshmi give you friends like these!
Lakshmi keep your lands in ease!
Set, your sovereign thrones beside,
Policy, a winsome bride!
And he, whose forehead-jewel is the moon
Give peace to us and all — serene and soon."

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS

Then spake the Royal Princes to Vishnu-Sarman, "Reverend Sir! we have listened to the 'Winning of Friends,' we would now hear how friends are parted."

"Attend, then," replied the Sage, "to 'the Parting of Friends,' the first couplet of which runs in this wise —

'The Jackal set — of knavish cunning full —
At loggerheads the Lion and the Bull.'

"How was that?" asked the sons of the Raja.

Vishnu-Sarman proceeded to relate:

THE STORY OF THE LION, THE JACKALS, AND THE BULL

"In the Deccan there is a city called Golden-town, and a wealthy merchant lived there named Well-to-do. He had abundant means, but as many of his relations were even yet richer his mind was bent upon outdoing them by gaining more. Enough is never what we have —

'Looking down on lives below them, men of little store are great;
Looking up to higher fortunes, hard to each man seems his fate.'

And is not wealth won by courage and enterprise? —

'As a bride, unwisely wedded, shuns the cold caress of eld,
So, from coward souls and slothful, Lakshmi's favors turn repelled.'

'Ease, ill-health, home-keeping, sleeping, woman-service, and content —
In the path that leads to greatness these be six obstructions sent.'

And wealth that increases not, diminishes — a little gain is so far good —

'Seeing how the soorma wasteth, seeing how the ant-hill grows,
Little adding unto little — live, give, learn, as life-time goes.'

'Drops of water falling, falling, falling, brim the chatty o'er;
Wisdom comes in little lessons — little gains make largest store.'

Moved by these reflections Well-to-do loaded a cart with wares of all kinds, yoked two bulls to it, named Lusty-life and Roarer, and started for Kashmir to trade. He had not gone far upon his journey when in passing through a great forest called Bramble-wood, Lusty-life slipped down and broke his foreleg. At sight of this disaster Well-to-do fell a-thinking, and repeated —

> 'Men their cunning schemes may spin —
> God knows who shall lose or win.'

Comforting himself with such philosophy, Well-to-do left Lusty-life there, and went on his way. The Bull watched him depart, and stood mournfully on three legs, alone in the forest. 'Well, well,' he thought, 'it is all destiny whether I live or die:

> 'Shoot a hundred shafts, the quarry lives and flies — not due to death;
> When his hour is come, a grass-blade hath a point to stop his breath.'

As the days passed by, and Lusty-life picked about in the tender forest grass, he grew wonderfully well, and fat of carcass, and happy, and bellowed about the wood as though it were his own. Now, the reigning monarch of the forest was King Tawny-hide the Lion, who ruled over the whole country absolutely, by right of having deposed everybody else. Is not might right? —

> 'Robes were none, nor oil of unction, when the King of Beasts was crowned:
> 'Twas his own fierce roar proclaimed him, rolling all his kingdom round.'

One morning, his Majesty, being exceedingly thirsty, had repaired to the bank of the Jumna to drink water, and just as he was about to lap it, the bellow of Lusty-life, awful as the thunder of the last day, reached the imperial ears. Upon catching the sound the King retreated in trepidation to his own lair, without drinking a drop, and stood there in silence and alarm revolving what it could mean. In this position he was observed by the sons of his minister, two jackals named Karaṭaka and Damanaka, who began to remark upon it.

'Friend Karataka,' said the last, 'what makes our royal master slink away from the river when he was dying to drink?'

'Why should we care?' replied Karataka. 'It's bad enough to serve him, and be neglected for our pains —

'Oh, the bitter salt of service! — toil, frost, fire, are not so keen:
Half such heavy penance bearing, tender consciences were clean.'

'Nay, friend! never think thus,' said Damanaka —

'What but for their vassals,
Elephant and man —
Swing of golden tassels,
Wave of silken fan —
But for regal manner
That the "Chattra"[8] brings,
Horse, and foot, and banner —
What would come of kings?'

'I care not,' replied Karataka; 'we have nothing to do with it, and matters that don't concern us are best left alone. You know the story of the Monkey, don't you?'—

'The Monkey drew the sawyer's wedge, and died:
Let meddlers mark it, and be edified.'

'No!' said Damanaka. 'How was it?'

'In this way,' answered Karataka:

THE STORY OF THE MONKEY AND THE WEDGE

"In South Behar, close by the retreat of Dhurmma, there was an open plot of ground, upon which a temple was in course of erection, under the management of a man of the Káyeth caste, named Subhadatta. A carpenter upon the works had partly sawed through a long beam of wood, and wedged it open, and was gone away, leaving the wedge fixed. Shortly afterward a large herd of monkeys came frolicking that way, and one of their number, directed doubtless by the Angel of death, got astride the beam, and grasped the wedge, with his tail and lower part dangling down between the pieces of the wood. Not content with his, in the mischief natural

[8] The white umbrella borne above the heads of Indian rajas.

to monkeys, he began to tug at the wedge; till at last it yielded to a great effort and came out; when the wood closed upon him, and jammed him all fast. So perished the monkey, miserably crushed; and I say again —

'Let meddlers mark it, and be edified.'

'But surely,' argued Damanaka, 'servants are bound to watch the movements of their masters!'

'Let the prime ministers do it, then,' answered Karataka; 'it is his business to overlook things, and subordinates shouldn't interfere in the department of their chief. You might get ass's thanks for it —

'The Ass that hee-hawed, when the dog should do it,
For his lord's welfare, like an ass did rue it.'

Damanaka asked how that happened, and Karataka related:

THE STORY OF THE WASHERMAN'S JACKASS

"There was a certain Washerman at Benares, whose name was Carpúrapataka, and he had an Ass and a Dog in his courtyard; the first tethered, and the last roaming loose. Once on a time, when he had been spending his morning in the society of his wife, whom he had just married, and had fallen to sleep in her arms, a robber entered the house, and began to carry off his goods. The Ass observed the occupation of the thief, and was much concerned.

'Good Dog,' said he, 'this is thy matter: why dost thou not bark aloud, and rouse the master?'

'Gossip Ass,' replied the Dog, 'leave me alone to guard the premises. I can do it, if I choose; but the truth is, this master of ours thinks himself so safe lately that he clean forgets me, and I don't find my allowance of food nearly regular enough. Masters will do so; and a little fright will put him in mind of his defenders again.'

'Thou scurvy cur!' exclaimed the Ass —

'At the work-time, asking wages — is it like a faithful herd?'

'Thou extreme Ass!' replied the Dog.

'When the work's done, grudging wages — is that acting like a lord?'

'Mean-spirited beast,' retorted the Ass, 'who neglectest thy master's business! Well, then, I at least will endeavor to arouse him; it is no less than religion,

'Serve the Sun with sweat of body; starve thy maw to feed the flame;
Stead thy lord with all thy service; to thy death go, quit of blame.'

So saying, he put forth his very best braying. The Washerman sprang up at the noise, and missing the thief, turned in a rage upon the Ass for disturbing him, and beat it with a cudgel to such an extent that the blows resolved the poor animal into the five elements of death. 'So that,' continued Karataka, 'is why I say, Let the prime minister look to him. The hunting for prey is our duty — let us stick to it, then. And this,' he said, with a meditative look, 'need not trouble us to-day; for we have a capital dish of the royal leavings.'

'What!' said Damanaka, rough with rage, 'dost thou serve the King for the sake of thy belly? Why take any such trouble to preserve an existence like thine? —

'Many prayers for him are uttered whereon many a life relies;
'Tis but one poor fool the fewer when the gulping Raven dies.'

For assisting friends, and defeating enemies also, the service of kings is desirable. To enter upon it for a mere living makes the thing low indeed. There must be dogs and elephants; but servants need not be like hungry curs, while their masters are noble. What say the books?

'Give thy Dog the merest mouthful, and he crouches at thy feet,
Wags his tail, and fawns, and grovels, in his eagerness to eat;
Bid the Elephant be feeding, and the best of fodder bring;
Gravely — after much entreaty — condescends that mighty king.'

'Well, well!' said Karataka; 'the books are nothing to us, who are not councilors.'

'But we may come to be,' replied Damanaka; 'men rise, not by chance or nature, but by exertions —

'By their own deeds men go downward, by them men mount upward all,
Like the diggers of a well, and like the builders of a wall.'

Advancement is slow — but that is in the nature of things —

'Rushes down the hill the crag, which upward 'twas so hard to roll:
So to virtue slowly rises — so to vice quick sinks the soul.'

'Very good,' observed Karataka; 'but what is all this talk about?'

'Why! don't you see our Royal Master there, and how he came home without drinking? I know he has been horribly frightened,' said Damanaka.

'How do you know it?' asked the other.

'By my perception — at a glance!' replied Damanaka; 'and I mean to make out of this occasion that which shall put his Majesty at my disposal.'

'Now,' exclaimed Karataka, 'it is thou who art ignorant about service —

'Who speaks unasked, or comes unbid,
Or counts on favor — will be chid.'

'I ignorant about service!' said Damanaka; 'no, no, my friend, I know the secret of it —

'Wise, modest, constant, ever close at hand,
Not weighing but obeying all command,
Such servant by a Monarch's throne may stand.'

'In any case, the King often rates thee,' remarked Karataka, 'for coming to the presence unsummoned.'

'A dependent,' replied Damanaka, 'should nevertheless present himself; he must make himself known to the great man, at any risk —

'Pitiful, that fearing failure, therefore no beginning makes,
Who forswears his daily dinner for the chance of stomach-aches?'

and besides, to be near is at last to be needful; is it not said —

'Nearest to the King is dearest, be thy merit low or high;
Women, creeping plants, and princes, twine round that which groweth nigh.'

'Well,' inquired Karataka, 'what wilt thou say, being come to him?'

'First,' replied Damanaka, 'I will discover if his Majesty is well affected to me.'

'How do you compass that?' asked the other.

'Oh, easily! by a look, a word,' answered Damanaka; 'and that ascertained, I will proceed to speak what will put him at my disposal.'

'I can't see how you can venture to speak,' objected the other, 'without an opportunity —

'If Vrihaspati, the Grave,
Spoke a sentence out of season,
Even Vrihaspati would have
Strong rebuke for such unreason.'

'Pray don't imagine I shall speak unseasonably,' interrupted Damanaka; 'if that is all you fear, I will start at once.'

'Go, then,' said Karataka; 'and may you be as lucky as you hope.'

"Thereupon Damanaka set out for the lair of King Tawny-hide; putting on, as he approached it, the look of one greatly disconcerted. The Raja observed him coming, and gave permission that he should draw near; of which Damanaka availing himself, made reverential prostration of the eight members and sat down upon his haunches.

'You have come at last then, Sir Jackal!' growled his Majesty.

'Great Monarch!' humbly replied Damanaka, 'my service is not worthy of laying at your imperial feet, but a servant should attend when he can perform a service, and therefore I am come —

'When Kings' ears itch, they use a straw to scratch 'em;
When Kings' foes plot, they get wise men to match 'em.'

'H'm!' growled the Lion.

'Your Majesty suspects my intellect, I fear,' continued the Jackal, 'after so long an absence from your Majesty's feet; but, if I may say so, it is still sound.'

'H'm!' growled the Lion again.

'A king, may it please your Majesty, should know how to estimate his servants, whatever their position —

'Pearls are dull in leaden settings, but the setter is to blame;
Glass will glitter like the ruby, dulled with dust — are they the same?

'And a fool may tread on jewels, setting in his crown mere glass;
Yet, at selling, gems are gems, and fardels but for fardels pass.'

'Servants, gracious liege! are good or bad as they are entertained. Is it not written? —

'Horse and weapon, lute and volume, man and woman, gift of speech,
Have their uselessness or uses in the One who owneth each.'

'And if I have been traduced to your Majesty as a dull fellow, that hath not made me so —

'Not disparagement nor slander kills the spirit of the brave;
Fling a torch down, upward ever burns the brilliant flame it gave.'

'Accept then, Sire, from the humblest of your slaves his very humble counsel — for

'Wisdom from the mouth of children be it overpast of none;
What man scorns to walk by lamplight in the absence of the sun?'

'Good Damanaka,' said King Tawny-hide, somewhat appeased, 'how is it that thou, so wise a son of our first minister, hast been absent all this while from our Court? But now speak thy mind fearlessly: what wouldst thou?'

'Will your Majesty deign to answer one question?' said Damanaka. 'Wherefore came He back from the river without drinking?'

'Hush!' whispered the King, 'thou hast hit right upon my trouble. I knew no one unto whom I might confide it; but thou seemest a faithful fellow, and I will tell thee. Listen, then,' continued his Majesty in an agitated whisper, 'there is some awful beast that was never seen before in this wood here; and we shall have to leave it, look you. Did you hear by chance the inconceivable great roar he gave? What a strong beast it must be to have such a voice!'

'May it please your Majesty, I did hear the noise,' said the Jackal, 'and there is doubtless cause for terrible apprehension therein; but take comfort, my Liege, he is no minister who bids thee prepare for either war or resignation. All will go well, and your Majesty will learn by this difficulty which be your best servants.'

'Good Jackal,' said Tawny-hide, 'I am horribly frightened about it.'

'I can see that,' thought Damanaka; but he only said, 'Fear nothing, my liege, while thy servant survives.'

'What shall I do?' asked the King.

'It is well to encourage those who can avert disaster. If your Majesty condescended now to bestow some favor on Karataka and the other ——'

'It shall be done,' said the Raja; and, summoning the other Jackals, he gave them and Damanaka a magnificent gift of flesh, and they left the presence, undertaking to meet the threatened danger.

'But, brother,' began Karataka, 'haven't we eaten the King's dinner without knowing what the danger is which we are to meet, and whether we can obviate it?'

'Hold thy peace,' said Damanaka, laughing; 'I know very well what the danger is! It was a bull, aha! that bellowed — a bull, my brother — whose beef you and I could pick, much more the King our master.'

'And why not tell him so?' asked Karataka.

'What! and quiet his Majesty's fears! And where would our splendid dinner have been then? No, no, my friend —

> 'Set not your lord at ease; for, doing that,
> Might starve you as it starved "Curd-ear" the Cat.'

'Who was Curd-ear, the Cat?' inquired Karataka. Damanaka related:

THE STORY OF THE CAT WHO SERVED THE LION

"Far away in the North, on a mountain named 'Thousand-Crags,' there lived a lion called 'Mighty-heart'; and he was much annoyed by a certain mouse, who made a custom of nibbling his mane while he lay asleep in his den. The Lion would wake in a great rage at finding the ends of his magnificent mane made ragged, but the little mouse ran into his hole, and he could never catch it. After much consideration he went down to a village, and got a cat named

Curd-ear to come to his cave with much persuasion. He kept the Cat royally on all kinds of dainties, and slept comfortably without having his mane nibbled, as the mouse would now never venture out. Whenever the Lion heard the mouse scratching about, that was always a signal for regaling the Cat in a most distinguished style. But one day, the wretched mouse being nearly starved, he took courage to creep timidly from his hole, and was directly pounced upon by Curd-ear and killed. After that the Lion heard no more of the mouse, and quite left off his regular entertainments of the Cat. No!" concluded Damanaka, "we will keep our mouse alive for his Majesty."

So conversing, the Jackals went away to find Lusty-life the Bull, and upon discovering him, Karataka squatted down with great dignity at the foot of a tree, while Damanaka approached to accost him.

'Bull,' said Damanaka, 'I am the warder of this forest under the King Tawny-hide, and Karataka the Jackal there is his General. The General bids thee come before him, or else instantly depart from the wood. It were better for thee to obey, for his anger is terrible.'

'Thereupon Lusty-life, knowing nothing of the country customs, advanced at once to Karataka, made the respectful prostration of the eight members, and said timidly, 'My Lord General! what dost thou bid me do? —

'Strength serves reason. Saith the Mahout, when he beats the brazen drum,
"Ho! ye elephants, to this work must your mightinesses come."'

'Bull,' answered Karataka, 'thou canst remain in the wood no longer unless thou goest directly to lay thyself at our Royal master's imperial feet.'

'My Lord,' replied the Bull, 'give me a guarantee of safety, and I will go.'

'Bull,' said Karataka, 'thou art foolish; fear nothing —

"When the King of Chedi cursed him,
Krishna scorned to make reply;
Lions roar the thunder quiet,
Jackals'-yells they let go by."

Our Lord the King will not vouchsafe his anger to thee; knowest thou not —

'Mighty natures war with mighty: when the raging tempests blow,
O'er the green rice harmless pass they, but they lay the palm-trees low.'

'So the Jackals, keeping Lusty-life in the rear, went toward the palace of King Tawny-hide; where the Raja received them with much graciousness, and bade them sit down.

'Have you seen him?' asked the King.

'We have seen him, your Majesty,' answered Damanaka; 'it is quite as your Majesty expected — the creature has enormous strength, and wishes to see your Majesty. Will you be seated, Sire, and prepare yourself — it will never do to appear alarmed at a noise.'

'Oh, if it was only a noise,' began the Raja.

'Ah, but the cause, Sire! that was what had to be found out; like the secret of Swing-ear the Spirit.'

'And who might Swing-ear be?' asked the King.

THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE BELL

"A goblin, your Majesty," responded Damanaka, "it seemed so, at least, to the good people of Brahmapoora. A thief had stolen a bell from the city, and was making off with that plunder, and more, into the Sri-parvata hills, when he was killed by a tiger. The bell lay in the jungle till some monkeys picked it up, and amused themselves by constantly ringing it. The townspeople found the bones of the man, and heard the noise of the bell all about the hills; so they gave out that there was a terrible devil there, whose ears rang like bells as he swung them about, and whose delight was to devour men. Every one, accordingly, was leaving the town, when a peasant woman named Karála, who liked belief the better for a little proof, came to the Raja.

'Highness!' she observed, 'for a consideration I could settle this Swing-ear.'

'You could!' exclaimed the Raja.

'I think so!' repeated the woman.

'Give her a consideration forthwith,' said the Raja.

"Karála, who had her own ideas upon the matter, took the present and set out. Being come to the hills, she made a circle, and did homage to Gunputtee,[9] without whom nothing prospers. Then, taking some fruit she had brought, such as monkeys love extremely, she scattered it up and down in the wood, and withdrew to watch. Very soon the monkeys finding the fruit, put down the bell, to do justice to it, and the woman picking it up, bore it back to the town, where she became an object of uncommon veneration. We, indeed," concluded Damanaka, "bring you a Bull instead of a bell — your Majesty shall now see him!"

"Thereupon Lusty-life was introduced, and, the interview passing off well, he remained many days in the forest on excellent terms with the Lion.

"One day another Lion, named 'Stiff-ears,' the brother of King Tawny-hide, came to visit him. The King received him with all imaginable respect, bade him be seated, and rose from his throne to go and kill some beasts for his refreshment.

'May it please your Majesty,' interposed the Bull, 'a deer was slain to-day — where is its flesh?'

'Damanaka and his brother know best,' said the King.

'Let us ascertain if there be any,' suggested the Bull.

'It is useless,' said the King, laughing —'they leave none.'

'What!' exclaimed the Bull, 'have those Jackals eaten a whole deer?'

'Eaten it, spoiled it, and given it away,' answered Tawny-hide; 'they always do so.'

'And this without your Majesty's sanction?' asked the Bull.

'Oh! certainly not with my sanction,' said the King.

'Then,' exclaimed the Bull, 'it is too bad: and in Ministers too! —

> 'Narrow-necked to let out little, big of belly to keep much,
> As a flagon is — the Vizir of a Sultan should be such.'

[9] The deity of prudence.

'No wealth will stand such waste, your Majesty —

'He who thinks a minute little, like a fool misuses more;
He who counts a cowry nothing, being wealthy, will be poor.'

'A king's treasury, my liege, is the king's life.'

'Good brother,' observed Stiff-ears, who had heard what the Bull said, 'these Jackals are your Ministers of Home and Foreign Affairs — they should not have direction of the Treasury. They are old servants, too, and you know the saying —

'Brahmans, soldiers, these and kinsmen — of the three set none in charge:
For the Brahman, tho' you rack him, yields no treasure small or large;
And the soldier, being trusted, writes his quittance with his sword,
And the kinsman cheats his kindred by the charter of the word;
But a servant old in service, worse than any one is thought,
Who, by long-tried license fearless, knows his master's anger naught.'

Ministers, my royal brother, are often like obstinate swellings that want squeezing, and yours must be kept in order.'

'They are not particularly obedient, I confess,' said Tawny-hide.

'It is very wrong,' replied Stiff-ears; 'and if you will be advised by me — as we have banqueted enough to-day — you will appoint this grain-eating and sagacious Bull your Superintendent of Stores.'

'It shall be so,' exclaimed the King.

'Lusty-life was accordingly appointed to serve out the provisions, and for many days Tawny-hide showed him favor beyond all others in the Court.

"Now the Jackals soon found that food was no longer so freely provided by this arrangement as before, and they met to consult about it.

'It is all our own fault,' said Damanaka, 'and people must suffer for their own mistakes. You know who said —

"I that could not leave alone
'Streak-o'-Gold,' must therefore moan.
She that took the Housewife's place
Lost the nose from off her face.

Take this lesson to thy heart —
Fools for folly suffer smart."

'No!' said Karataka, 'how was it?' Damanaka related:

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE AND THE PROCURESS

"In the city of 'Golden-Streets' there reigned a valorous King, named Vira-vikrama, whose officer of justice was one day taking away to punishment a certain Barber, when he was stopped by a strolling mendicant, who held him by the skirts, and cried out, 'Punish not this man — punish them that do wrong of their own knowledge.' Being asked his meaning, he recited the foregoing verses, and, being still further questioned, he told this story —

"I am Prince Kandarpa-ketu, son of the King of Ceylon. Walking one day in my summer-garden, I heard a merchant-captain narrating how that out at sea, deep under water, on the fourteenth day of the moon, he had seen what was like nothing but the famous tree of Paradise, and sitting under it a lady of most lustrous beauty, bedecked with strings of pearls like Lukshmi herself, reclining, with a lute in her hands, on what appeared to be a golden couch crusted all over with precious stones. At once I engaged the captain and his ship, and steered to the spot of which he told me. On reaching it I beheld the beautiful apparition as he had described it, and, transported with the exquisite beauty of the lady, I leapt after her into the sea. In a moment I found myself in a city of gold; and in an apartment of a golden palace, surrounded by young and beautiful girls, I found the Sea-queen. She perceived my approach, and sent an attendant with a courteous message to meet me. In reply to my questions, I learned that the lady was the Princess Ratnamanjari, daughter of the King of All the Spirits — and how she had made a vow that whoever should first come to see her golden city, with his own eyes, should marry her. So I married her by the form called Gundharva, or 'Union by mutual consent,' and spent many and happy days

in her delightful society. One day she took me aside, and said, 'Dear Prince! all these delights, and I myself, are thine to enjoy; only that picture yonder, of the Fairy Streak-o'-Gold, that thou must never touch!' For a long time I observed this injunction; at last, impelled by resistless curiosity, I laid my hand on the picture of 'Streak-o'-Gold.' In one instant her little foot, lovely as the lotus-blossom, advanced from out of the painting, and launched me through sea and air into my own country. Since that I have been a miserable wanderer; and passing through this city, I chanced to lodge at a Cowkeeper's hut, and saw the truth of this Barber's affair. The herdsman returned at night with his cattle, and found his wife talking with the wife of the Barber, who is no better than a bawd. Enraged at this, the man beat his wife, tied her to the milking-post, and fell asleep. In the dead of the night the Barber's wife came back, and said to the woman, 'He, whom thou knowest, is burnt with the cruel fire of thine absence, and lies nigh to death; go therefore and console him, and I will tie myself to the post until thou returnest.' This was done, and the Cowkeeper presently awoke. 'Ah! thou light thing!' he said jeeringly, 'why dost not thou keep promise, and meet thy gallant?' The Barber's wife could make no reply; whereat becoming incensed, the man cried out, 'What! dost thou scorn to speak to me? I will cut thy nose off!' And so he did, and then lay down to sleep again. Very soon the Cowkeeper's wife came back and asked if 'all was well.' 'Look at my face!' said the Barber's wife, 'and you will see if all is well.' The woman could do nothing but take her place again, while the Barber's wife, picking up the severed nose, and at a sad loss how to account for it, went to her house. In the morning, before it was light, the Barber called to her to bring his box of razors, and she bringing one only, he flung it away in a passion. 'Oh, the knave!' she cried out directly, aloud, 'Neighbors, neighbors! he has cut my nose off!' and so she took him before the officers. The Cowkeeper, meantime, wondering at his wife's patience, made some inquiry about her nose; whereto

she replied, 'Cruel wretch! thou canst not harm a virtuous woman. If Yama and the seven guardians of the world know me chaste, then be my face unmaimed!' The herdsman hastened to fetch a light, and finding her features unaltered, he flung himself at her feet, and begged forgiveness. For,

'Never tires the fire of burning, never wearies death of slaying,
Nor the sea of drinking rivers, nor the bright-eyed of betraying.'

Thereupon the King's officer dismissed Kandarpa-ketu, and did justice by setting the Barber free, shaving the head of the Barber's wife, and punishing the Cowkeeper's.

'That is my story,' concluded Damanaka, 'and thence I said that we had no reason to complain.'

'Well, but we must do something,' said Karataka.

'Yes! How shall we break the friendship of the King with the Bull?' asked the other.

'It is very strong,' observed Karataka.

'But we can do it,' replied the other.

'What force would fail to win, fraud can attain: —
The Crow dispatched the Serpent by a chain.'

'How did that occur?' asked Karataka.

Damanaka related:

THE STORY OF THE BLACK SNAKE AND THE GOLDEN CHAIN

"A pair of Crows had their abode in a certain tree, the hollow of which was occupied by a black snake, who had often devoured their young. The Hen-bird, finding herself breeding again, thus addressed her mate: 'Husband, we must leave this tree; we shall never rear young ones while this black snake lives here! You know the saw —

'From false friends that breed thee strife,
From a house with serpents rife,
Saucy slaves and brawling wife —
Get thee out, to save thy life.'

'My dear,' replied the Crow, 'you need not fear; I have put up with him till I am tired. Now I will put an end to him.'

'How can you fight with a great black snake like that?' said the Hen-bird.

'Doubt nothing,' answered the other —

> 'He that hath sense hath strength; the fool is weak:
> The Lion proud died by the Hare so meek.'

'How came that about?' asked the Hen-Crow.

'Thus,' replied her mate:

THE STORY OF THE LION AND THE OLD HARE

"On the Mandara mountain there lived a Lion named Fierce-of-heart, and he was perpetually making massacre of all the wild animals. The thing grew so bad that the beasts held a public meeting, and drew up a respectful remonstrance to the Lion in these words:

"Wherefore should your Majesty thus make carnage of us all? If it may please you, we ourselves will daily furnish a beast for your Majesty's meal." The Lion responded, "If that arrangement is more agreeable to you, be it so"; and from that time a beast was allotted to him daily, and daily devoured. One day it came to the turn of an old hare to supply the royal table, who reflected to himself as he walked along, "I can but die, and will go to my death leisurely."

"Now Fierce-of-heart, the lion, was pinched with hunger, and seeing the Hare so approaching he roared out, 'How darest thou thus delay in coming?'

'Sire,' replied the Hare, 'I am not to blame. I was detained on the road by another lion, who exacted an oath from me to return when I should have informed your Majesty.'

'Go,' exclaimed King Fierce-of-heart in a rage; 'show me, instantly, where this insolent villain of a lion lives.'

"The Hare led the way accordingly till he came to a deep well, whereat he stopped, and said, 'Let my lord the King come hither and behold him.' The Lion approached, and beheld his own reflection in the water of the well, upon which, in his passion, he directly flung himself, and so perished."

"I have heard your story," said the Hen-Crow, "but what plan do you propose?"

"My dear," replied her mate, "the Raja's son comes here every day to bathe in the stream. When he takes off his gold anklet, and lays it on the stone, do thou bring it in thy beak to the hollow of the tree, and drop it in there." Shortly after the Prince came, as was his wont, and taking off his dress and ornaments, the Hen-Crow did as had been determined; and while the servants of the Prince were searching in the hollow, there they found the Black Snake, which they at once dispatched.

'Said I not well,' continued Damanaka, 'that stratagem excels force?'

'It was well said,' replied Karataka; 'go! and may thy path be prosperous!'

'With that Damanaka repaired to the King, and having done homage, thus addressed him:

"Your Majesty, there is a dreadful thing on my mind, and I am come to disclose it."

'Speak!' said the King, with much graciousness.

'Your Majesty,' said the Jackal, 'this Bull has been detected of treason. To my face he has spoken contemptuously of the three prerogatives of the throne,[10] unto which he aspires.'

"At these words King Tawny-hide stood aghast.

'Your Majesty,' continued Damanaka, 'has placed him above us all in the Court. Sire! he must be displaced! —

'Teeth grown loose, and wicked-hearted ministers, and poison-trees,
Pluck them by the roots together; 'tis the thing that giveth ease.'

'Good Jackal,' said the King, after some silence; 'this is indeed dreadful; but my regard for the Bull is very great, and it is said —

'Long-tried friends are friends to cleave to — never leave thou these i' the lurch:
What man shuns the fire as sinful for that once it burned a church?'

[10] Regal authority derives its right from three sources: Power, Prescription or continuance, and Wisdom.

'That is written of discarding old servants, may it please your Majesty,' observed Damanaka; 'and this Bull is quite a stranger.'

'Wondrous strange!' replied the Lion; 'when I have advanced and protected him that he should plot against me!'

'Your Majesty,' said the Jackal, 'knows what has been written —

'Raise an evil soul to honor, and his evil bents remain;
Bind a cur's tail ne'er so straightly, yet it curleth up again.'

'How, in sooth, should Trust and Honor change the evil nature's root?
Though one watered them with nectar, poison-trees bear deadly fruit.'

I have now at least warned your Majesty: if evil comes, the fault is not mine.'

'It will not do to condemn the Bull without inquiry,' mused the King; then he said aloud, 'shall we admonish him, think you, Damanaka?'

'No, no, Sire!' exclaimed the Jackal, eagerly; 'that would spoil all our precautions —

'Safe within the husk of silence guard the seed of counsel so
That it break not — being broken, then the seedling will not grow.'

What is to be done must be done with dispatch. After censuring his treason, would your Majesty still trust the traitor? —

'Whoso unto ancient fondness takes again a faithless friend,
Like she-mules that die conceiving, in his folly finds his end.'

'But wherein can the Bull injure me?' asked Tawny-hide; 'tell me that!'

'Sire,' replied the Jackal, 'how can I tell it? —

'Ask who his friends are, ere you scorn your foe;
The Wagtail foiled the sea, that did not so.'

'How could that be?' demanded King Tawny-hide.

The Jackal related:

THE STORY OF THE WAGTAIL AND THE SEA

"On the shore of the Southern Sea there dwelt a pair of Wagtails. The Hen-bird was about to lay, and thus addressed her mate:

'Husband, we must look about for a fit place to lay my eggs.'

'My dear,' replied the Cock-bird, 'will not this spot do?'

'This spot!' exclaimed the Hen; 'why, the tide overflows it.'

'Good dame,' said the Cock, 'am I so pitiful a fellow that the Sea will venture to wash the eggs out of my nest?'

'You are my very good Lord,' replied the Hen, with a laugh; 'but still there is a great difference between you and the Sea.'

"Afterward, however, at the desire of her mate, she consented to lay her eggs on the sea-beach. Now the Ocean had overheard all this, and, bent upon displaying its strength, it rose and washed away the nest and eggs. Overwhelmed with grief, the Hen-bird flew to her mate, and cried:

'Husband, the terrible disaster has occurred! My eggs are gone!'

'Be of good heart! my Life,' answered he.

"And therewith he called a meeting of fowls, and went with them into the presence of Gurud, the Lord of the birds. When the Master of the Mighty Wing had listened to their complaint, he conveyed it to the knowledge of the God Narayen, who keeps and kills, and makes alive the world. The almighty mandate given, Gurud bound it upon his forehead, and bore it to the Ocean, which, so soon as it heard the will of Narayen, at once gave back the eggs.

'How, indeed,' concluded Damanaka, 'should I judge of the Bull's power, not knowing who supports him?'

'By what signs, then,' asked the King, 'may I conclude him a traitor?'

'If he comes into the presence with his horns lowered for goring, as one that expects the fight. That,' replied the Jackal, 'will convince your Majesty.'

'Thereupon Damanaka the Jackal withdrew, and betook himself toward the Bull, upon perceiving whom he approached slowly, with all the air of one greatly distressed.

'Good master Jackal,' said Lusty-life, 'what goes amiss with thee?'

'All goes amiss with such as serve wicked masters,' replied the Jackal.

'But what ails thee?' asked the Bull.

'Alas!' answered the Jackal, 'what can I say in such a strait! —

'Even as one who grasps a serpent, drowning in the bitter sea,
Death to hold and death to loosen — such is life's perplexity.'

'And therewithal the Jackal heaved a deep sigh, and squatted down.

'But, good friend,' said the Bull, 'at least tell me what is in thy mind.'

'Bull,' began Damanaka, 'it is a King's secret, and should not be spoken; but thou didst come here upon my safeguard, and as I hope for life to come, I will tell thee of what touches thee so nearly. Listen! — the heart of the King is turned against thee! he hath sworn secretly that he will kill thee and feast upon thy flesh.'

'Then Lusty-life the Bull was sorely troubled, and he fell a-musing thus —

"Woman's love rewards the worthless — kings of knaves exalters be;
Wealth attends the selfish niggard, and the cloud rains on the sea."

'Can this be the Jackal's doing?' he reflected. Going with honest folk will not make one honest —

'Many a knave wins fair opinions standing in fair company,
As the sooty soorma pleases, lighted by a brilliant eye.'

Then he said aloud, 'wherein can I have angered the King? Do kings hate without cause? I can tell nothing, except that there is no happiness which abides long —

'Where the azure lotus blossoms, there the alligators hide;
In the sandal-tree are serpents. Pain and pleasure live allied.'

I thought his Majesty noble as the sandal-tree; but that, indeed, is not wholly noble —

'Rich the sandal — yet no part is but a vile thing habits there;
Snake and wasp haunt root and blossom; on the boughs sit ape and bear.'

'Bull,' said Damanaka, 'I knew the King of old for one whose tongue was honey and whose heart was poison.'

'But how very hard!' said the Bull, 'that he, being a lion, should attack me, an innocent eater of grass!'

'It is very hard!' said the Jackal.

'Who can have set him against me?' asked the Bull.

'Being so, it can not be bettered,' replied the Jackal, 'whoever did it —

'As a bracelet of crystal, once broke, is not mended;
So the favor of princes, once altered, is ended.'

'Yes,' said the Bull, 'and a king incensed is terrible —

'Wrath of kings, and rage of lightning — both be very full of dread;
But one falls on one man only — one strikes many victims dead.'

Still, I can but die — and I will die fighting! When death is certain, and no hope left but in battle, that is the time for war.'

'It is so,' said the Jackal.

'Having weighed all this, Lusty-life inquired of the Jackal by what signs he might conclude the King's hostile intentions.

'If he glowers upon thee,' answered Damanaka, 'and awaits thee with ears pricked, tail stiffened, paw upraised, and muzzle agape, then thou mayest get thee to thy weapons like a Bull of spirit, for

'All men scorn the soulless coward who his manhood doth forget:
On a lifeless heap of ashes fearlessly the foot is set.'

'Then Damanaka the Jackal returned to the Lion, and said to him:

'If it please your Majesty, the traitor is now coming; let your Majesty be on your guard, with ears pricked and paw upraised.'

'The Bull meanwhile approached, and observing the hostile attitude of King Tawny-hide, he also lowered his horns, and prepared for the combat. A terrible battle ensued, and at the last King Tawny-hide slew Lusty-life the Bull. Now when the Bull was dead, the Lion was very sorrowful, and as he sat on his throne lamenting, he said —

'I repent me of this deed! —

'As when an Elephant's life-blood is spilt,
Another hath the spoils — mine is the guilt.'

'Sire,' replied the Jackal, 'a King over-merciful is like a Brahman that eats all things equally. May all your Majesty's enemies perish as did this Bull.'

"Thus endeth," said the Sage Vishnu-Sarman, "the 'Parting of Friends.'"

"We are gratified exceedingly thereby," replied the Sons of the King.

"Let me then close it thus," said their Preceptor —

'So be friendship never parted,
But among the evil-hearted;
Time's sure step drag, soon or later,
To his judgment, such a Traitor;
Lady Lukshmi, of her grace,
Grant good fortune to this place;
And you, Royal boys! and boys of times to be,
In this fair fable-garden wander free.'

WAR

When the next day of instruction was come, the King's sons spake to the Sage, Vishnu-Sarman.

"Master," said they, "we are Princes, and the sons of Princes, and we earnestly desire to hear thee discourse upon War."

"I am to speak on what shall please you," replied Vishnu-Sarman. "Hear now, therefore, of 'War,' whose opening is thus:

> 'Between the peoples of Peacock and Swan
> War raged; and evenly the contest ran,
> Until the Swans to trust the Crows began.'

'And how was all that?' asked the sons of the Raja. Vishnu-Sarman proceeded to relate —

THE BATTLE OF THE SWANS AND PEACOCKS

"In the Isle of Camphor there is a lake called 'Lotus-water,' and therein a Swan-Royal, named 'Silver-sides,' had his residence. The birds of the marsh and the mere had elected him King, in full council of all the fowls — for a people with no ruler is like a ship that is without a helmsman. One day King Silver-sides, with his courtiers, was quietly reposing on a couch of well-spread lotus-blossoms, when a Crane, named 'Long-bill,' who had just arrived from foreign parts, entered the presence with an obeisance, and sat down.

'What news from abroad, Long-bill?' asked his Majesty.

'Great news, may it please you,' answered the Crane, 'and therefore have I hastened hither. Will your Majesty hear me?'

'Speak!' said King Silver-sides.

'You must know, my Liege,' began the Crane, 'that over all the birds of the Vindhya mountains in Jambudwipa a

VISHNU INCARNATE.

Vishnu, to preserve the world from demons, assumes human form as Prince Rama, triumphs over the demons, and rides with his bride in the chariot of the Gods.



Peacock is King, and his name is 'Jewel-plume.' I was looking for food about a certain burnt jungle there, when some of his retainers discovered me, and asked my name and country. 'I am a vassal of King Silver-sides, Lord of the Island of Camphor,' I replied, 'and I am traveling in foreign lands for my pleasure.' Upon that the birds asked me which country, my own or theirs, and which King, appeared to me superior. 'How can you ask?' I replied; 'the island of Camphor is, as it were, Heaven itself, and its King a heaven-born ruler. To dwellers in a barren land like yours how can I describe them? Come for yourselves, and see the country where I live.' Thereupon, your Majesty, the birds were exceedingly offended, as one might expect —

'Simple milk, when serpents drink it, straightway into venom turns;
And a fool who heareth counsel all the wisdom of it spurns.'

For, indeed, no reflecting person wastes time in admonishing blockheads —

'The birds that took the apes to teaching,
Lost eggs and nests in pay for preaching.'

'How did that befall?' asked the King.

The Crane related:

THE STORY OF THE WEAVER-BIRDS AND THE MONKEYS

"In a nullah that leads down to the Nerbudda river there stood a large silk-cotton tree, where a colony of weaver-birds had built their hanging nests, and lived snugly in them, whatever the weather. It was in the rainy season, when the heavens are overlaid with clouds like indigo-sheets, and a tremendous storm of water was falling. The birds looked out from their nests, and saw some monkeys, shivering and starved with the cold, standing under a tree. 'Twit! twit! you Monkeys,' they began to chirrup. 'Listen to us! —

'With beaks we built these nests, of fibers scattered;
You that have hands and feet, build, or be spattered.'

On hearing that, the Monkeys were by no means pleased. 'Ho! ho!' said they, 'the Birds in their snug nests are

jeering at us; wait till the rain is over.' Accordingly, so soon as the weather mended, the Monkeys climbed into the tree, and broke all the birds' eggs and demolished every nest. I ought to have known better,' concluded the Crane, 'than to have wasted my suggestions on King Jewel-plume's creatures.'

'But what did they say?' asked Silver-sides.

'They said, Raja,' answered the Crane, 'who made that Swan of thine a King?'

'And what was your reply?' asked Silver-sides.

'I demanded,' replied the Crane, 'who made a King of that Peacock of theirs. Thereupon they were ready to kill me for rage; but I displayed my very best valor. Is it not written —

'A modest manner fits a maid,
And Patience is a man's adorning;
But brides may kiss, nor do amiss,
And men may draw, at scathe and scorning.'

'Yet a man should measure his own strength first,' said the Raja, smiling; 'how did you fare against Jewel-plume's fellows?'

'Very scurvily,' replied Long-bill. "Thou rascal Crane," they cried, "dost thou feed on his soil, and revile our Sovereign? That is past bearing!" And thereat they all pecked at me. Then they began again: "Thou thick-skulled Crane! that King of thine is a goose — a web-footed lord of littleness — and thou art but a frog in a well to bid us serve him — him forsooth! —

'Serving narrow-minded masters dwarfs high natures to their size:
Seen before a convex mirror, elephants do show as mice.'

Bad kings are only strong enough to spoil good vassals — as a fiction once was mightier than a herd of elephants. You know it, don't you? —

'Mighty may prove things insignificant:
A tale of moonshine turned an elephant.'

'No! how was that?' I asked.

The birds related:

THE STORY OF THE OLD HARE AND THE ELEPHANTS

"Once on a time, very little rain had fallen in the due season; and the Elephants being oppressed with thirst, thus accosted their leader: 'Master, how are we to live? The small creatures find something to wash in, but we can not, and we are half dead in consequence; whither shall we go then, and what shall we do?' Upon that the King of the Elephants led them away a little space; and showed them a beautiful pool of crystal water, where they took their ease. Now it chanced that a company of Hares resided on the banks of the pool, and the going and coming of the elephants trampled many of them to death, till one of their number named Hard-head grumbled out, 'This troop will be coming here to water every day, and every one of our family will be crushed.' 'Do not disquiet yourself,' said an old buck named Good-speed, 'I will contrive to avert it,' and so saying, he set off, bethinking himself on his way how he should approach and accost a herd of elephants; for,

'Elephants destroy by touching, snakes with point of tooth beguile;
Kings by favor kill, and traitors murder with a fatal smile.'

'I will get on the top of a hill,' he thought, 'and address the Elephants thence.'

"This being done, and the Lord of the herd perceiving him, it was asked of the Hare, 'Who art thou? and whence comest thou?'

'I am an ambassador from his Godship the Moon,' replied Good-speed.

'State your business,' said the Elephant-king.

'Sire,' began the Hare, 'an ambassador speaks the truth safely by charter of his name. Thus saith the Moon, then: "These hares were the guardians of my pool, and thine elephants in coming thither have scared them away. This is not well. Am I not Sasanka, whose banner bears a hare, and are not these hares my votaries?"'

'Please your worship,' said the Elephant-king with much trepidation, 'we knew nothing of this; we will go there no more.'

'It were well,' said the sham ambassador, 'that you first made your apologies to the Divinity, who is quaking with rage in his pool, and then went about your business.'

'We will do so,' replied the Elephant with meekness; and being led by night to the pool, in the ripples of which the image of the Moon was quivering, the herd made their prostrations; the Hare explaining to the Moon that their fault was done in ignorance, and thereupon they got their dismissal.'

'Nay,' I said, 'my Sovereign is no fiction, but a great King and a noble, and one that might govern the Three Worlds, much more a kingdom.'

'Thou shalt talk thy treason in the presence,' they cried; and therewith I was dragged before King Jewel-plume.

'Who is this?' asked the Raja.

'He is a servant of King Silver-sides, of the Island of Camphor,' they replied; 'and he slights your Majesty, on your Majesty's own land.'

'Sirrah Crane!' said the Prime Minister, a Vulture, 'who is chief officer in that court?'

'A Brahmany Goose,' I answered, 'named "Know-all"; and he does know every possible science.'

'Sire,' broke in a Parrot, 'this Camphor-isle and the rest are poor places, and belong to Jambudwipa. Your Majesty has but to plant the royal foot upon them.'

'Oh! of course,' said the King.

'Nay,' said I, 'if talking makes your Majesty King of Camphor-island, my Liege may be lord of Jambudwipa by a better title.'

'And that?' said the Parrot.

'Is fighting!' I responded.

'Good!' said the King, with a smile; 'bid your people prepare for war.'

'Not so,' I replied; 'but send your own ambassador.'

'Who will bear the message?' asked the Raja. 'He should be loyal, dexterous, and bold.'

'And virtuous,' said the Vulture, 'and therefore a Brahman:

'Better Virtue marked a herald than that noble blood should deck;
Shiva reigns forever Shiva while the sea-wave stains his neck.'

'Then let the Parrot be appointed,' said the Raja.

'I am your Majesty's humble servant,' replied the Parrot; 'but this Crane is a bad character, and with the bad I never like to travel. The ten-headed Ravana carried off the wife of Ramchundra! It does not do,

'With evil people neither stay nor go;
The Heron died for being with the Crow.'

'How did that befall?' asked the King. The Parrot related:

THE STORY OF THE HERON AND THE CROW

'The high-road to Oogein is a very unshaded and sultry one; but there stands upon it one large Peepul-tree, and therein a Crow and a Heron had their residence together. It was in the hot weather that a tired traveler passed that way, and, for the sake of the shade, he laid his bow and arrows down, and dropped asleep under the tree. Before long the shadow of the tree shifted, and left his face exposed to the glare; which the Heron perceiving, like the kindly bird he was, perched on the Peepul-tree, and spread his wings out so as to cast a shadow on the traveler's face. There the poor fellow, weary with his travel, continued to sleep soundly, and snored away comfortably with open mouth. The sight of his enjoyment was too much for the malevolent Crow, who, perching over him, dropped an unwelcome morsel into the sleeper's mouth, and straightway flew off. The traveler, starting from his slumber, looked about, and, seeing no bird but the Heron, he fitted an arrow and shot him dead. No!' concluded the Parrot, 'I like the society of honest folk.'

'But why these words, my brother?' I said; 'his Majesty's herald is to me even as his Majesty.'

'Very fine!' replied the Parrot; 'but —

'Kindly courtesies that issue from a smiling villain's mouth
Serve to startle, like a flower blossoming in time of drouth.'

Needs must that thou art a bad man; for by thy talk war will have arisen, which a little conciliation had averted —

> 'Conciliation! — weapon of the wise!
> Wheedled therewith, by woman's quick device,
> The Wheelwright let his ears betray his eyes.'

'How came that about?' asked the King. The Parrot related:

THE STORY OF THE APPEASED WHEELWRIGHT

"There was a Wheelwright in Shri-nuggur, whose name was 'Heavy-head.' He had good reason to suspect the infidelity of his wife, but he had no absolute proof of it. One day he gave out that he should go to a neighboring town, and he started accordingly; but he went a very little way, and then returning, hid himself in his wife's chamber. She being quite satisfied that he was really gone away, invited her gallant to pass the evening with her, and began to spend it with him in unrestrained freedom. Presently, by chance, she detected the presence of her husband, and her manner instantly changed.

'Life of my soul! what ails you?' said her lover; 'you are quite dull to-night.'

'I am dull,' she replied, 'because the lord of my life is gone. Without my husband the town is a wilderness. Who knows what may befall him, and whether he will have a nice supper?'

'Trouble thyself no more about the quarrelsome dullard,' said her gallant.

'Dullard, quotha!' exclaimed the wife. 'What matter what he is, since he is my all? Knowest thou not —

> 'Of the wife the lord is jewel, though no gems upon her beam;
> Lacking him, she lacks adornment, howsoe'er her jewels gleam'?

Thou, and the like of thee, may serve a whim, as we chew a betel-leaf and trifle with a flower; but my husband is my master, and can do with me as he will. My life is wrapped up in him — and when he dies, alas! I will certainly die too. Is it not plainly said —

'Hairs three-crore, and half-a-crore hairs, on a man so many grow —
And so many years to Swerga shall the true wife surely go'?

And better still is promised; as herein —

'When the faithful wife, embracing tenderly her husband dead,
Mounts the blazing pile beside him, as it were the bridal-bed;
Though his sins were twenty thousand, twenty thousand times o'ertold,
She shall bring his soul to splendor, for her love so large and bold.'

All this the Wheelwright heard. 'What a lucky fellow I am,' he thought, 'to have a wife so virtuous,' and rushing from his place of concealment, he exclaimed in ecstasy to his wife's gallant, 'Sir! saw you ever truer wife than mine?'

'When the story was concluded,' said Long-bill, 'the King, with a gracious gift of food, sent me off before the Parrot; but he is coming after me, and it is now for your Majesty to determine as it shall please you.'

'My Liege,' observed the Brahmany-goose with a sneer, 'the Crane has done the King's business in foreign parts to the best of his power, which is that of a fool.'

"Let the past pass," replied the King, "and take thought for the present."

"Be it in secret, then, your Majesty," said the Brahmany-goose —

'Counsel unto six ears spoken, unto all is notified:
When a King holds consultation, let it be with one beside.'

Thereupon all withdrew, but the Raja and the Minister.

'What think you?' said Silver-sides.

'That the Crane has been employed to bring this about,' replied the other.

'What shall we do?' asked the King.

'Dispatch two spies — the first to inform and send back the other, and make us know the enemy's strength or weakness. They must be such as can travel by land and water, so the Crane will serve for one, and we will keep his family in pledge at the King's gate. The other must be a very reserved character; as it is said —

'Sick men are for skilful leeches — prodigals for prisoning —
Fools for teachers — and the man who keeps a secret, for a King.'

'I know such a one,' said his Majesty, after a pause.

'It is half the victory,' responded the Minister.

At this juncture a chamberlain entered with a profound obeisance, and announced the arrival from Jambudwipa of the Parrot.

'Let him be shown to a reception-room,' commanded the Goose, in reply to a look from the King. 'He shall presently have audience.'

'War is pronounced, then,' said the King, as the attendant withdrew.

'It is offered, my Liege; but must not be rashly accepted,' replied the other —

> 'With gift, craft, promise, cause thy foe to yield;
> When these have failed thee, challenge him a-field.'

To gain time for expedients is the first point. Expedients are good for great and little matters equally, like

> 'The subtle wash of waves, that smoothly pass,
> But lay the tree as lowly as the grass.'

Let his Excellency the Parrot, then, be cajoled and detained here, while we place our fort in condition to be useful. Is it not said —

> 'Ten true bowmen on a rampart fifty's onset may sustain;
> Fortalices keep a country more than armies in the plain'?

And your Majesty,' continued the Goose, 'will recall the points of a good fortress —

> 'Build it strong, and build it spacious, with an entry and retreat;
> Store it well with wood and water, fill its garners full with wheat.'

'Whom, then, shall we entrust with this work?' asked King Silver-sides.

'The Paddy-bird [11] is a good bird, and a skilful,' replied his Minister.

'Let him be summoned!' said the King. And upon the entrance of the Paddy-bird, the superintendence of the

[11] The common Indian crane; a graceful white bird, seen everywhere in the interior of Hindustan.

fortress was committed to him, and accepted with a low prostration.

'As to the fort, Sire!' remarked the Paddy-bird, 'it exists already in yonder large pool; the thing is to store the island in the middle of it with provisions —

'Gems will no man's life sustain;
Best of gold is golden grain.'

'Good!' said King Silver-sides; 'let it be looked to.' Thereupon, as the Paddy-bird was retiring, the Usher entered again, and making prostration, said: 'May it please your Majesty, the King of all the Crows, night-cloud by name, has just arrived from Singhala-dwipa, and desires to lay his homage at your Majesty's feet.'

'He is a wise bird, and a far-traveled,' said the King; 'I think we must give him audience.'

'Nevertheless, Sire,' interrupted the Goose, 'we must not forget that he is a land-bird, and therefore not to be received as a water-fowl. Your royal memory doubtless retains the story of

'The Jackal's fate, who being colored blue,
Leaving his party, left his own life too.'

'No! How was that?' asked King Silver-sides. The Goose related:

THE STORY OF THE DYED JACKAL

"A Jackal once on a time, as he was prowling about the suburbs of a town, slipped into an indigo-tank; and not being able to get out he laid himself down so as to be taken for dead. The dyer presently coming and finding what seemed a dead Jackal, carried him into the jungle and then flung him away. Left to himself, the Jackal found his natural color changed to a splendid blue. 'Really,' he reflected, 'I am now of a most magnificent tint; why should I not make it conduce to my elevation?' With this view, he assembled the other Jackals, and thus harangued them:

'Good people, the Goddess of the Wood, with her own divine hand, and with every magical herb of the forest, has

anointed me King. Behold the complexion of royalty! — and henceforward transact nothing without my imperial permission.'

"The Jackals, overcome by so distinguished a color, could do nothing but prostrate themselves and promise obedience. His reign, thus begun, extended in time to the lions and tigers; and with these high-born attendants he allowed himself to despise the Jackals, keeping his own kindred at a distance, as though ashamed of them. The Jackals were indignant, but an old beast of their number thus consoled them:

"Leave the impudent fellow to me. I will contrive his ruin. These tigers and the rest think him a King, because he is colored blue; we must show them his true colors. Do this now! — in the evening-time come close about him, and set up a great yell together — he is sure to join in, as he used to do —

'Hard it is to conquer nature: if a dog were made a King
Mid the coronation trumpets, he would gnaw his sandal-string.'

And when he yells the Tigers will know him for a Jackal and fall upon him.'

'The thing befell exactly so, and the Jackal,' concluded the Minister, 'met the fate of one who leaves his proper party.'

'Still,' said the King, 'the Crow has come a long way, and we might see him, I think.'

'Admit the Parrot first, Sire,' said the Goose; 'the fort has been put in order and the spy dispatched.'

"Thereupon a Court was called, and the Parrot introduced, followed by Night-cloud, the Crow. A seat was offered to the parrot, who took it, and, with his beak in the air, thus delivered his mission:

'King Silver-sides! — My master, the King Jewel-plume, Lord of Lords, bids thee, if life and lands be dear to thee, to come and make homage at his august feet; and failing this to get thee gone from Camphor-island.'

'S'death!' exclaimed the Raja, 'is there none that will silence this traitor?'

'Give the sign, your Majesty,' said the Crow, starting up, 'and I will dispatch this audacious bird.'

'Sir,' said the Goose, 'be calm! and Sire, deign to listen —

'**'Tis no Council where no Sage is —'tis no Sage that fears not Law;**
'Tis no Law which Truth confirms not —'tis no Truth which Fear can awe.'

An ambassador must speak unthreatened —

'**Though base be the Herald, nor hinder nor let**
For the mouth of a king is he;
The sword may be whet, and the battle set,
But the word of his message is free.'

Thereat the Raja and Night-cloud resumed their composure; and the Parrot took his departure, escorted by the Minister, and presented with complimentary gifts of gold and jewels. On reaching the palace of Jewel-plume, the King demanded his tidings, and inquired of the country he had visited.

'War must be prepared, may it please you,' said the Parrot: 'the country is a country of Paradise.'

'Prepare for war, then!' said the King.

'We must not enter on it in the face of destiny,' interposed the Vulture-Minister, whose title was 'Far-sight.'

'Let the Astrologer then discover a favorable conjuncture for the expedition, and let my forces be reviewed meantime,' said the King.

'We must not march without great circumspection,' observed Far-sight.

'Minister!' exclaimed the King, 'you chafe me. Say, however, with what force we should set out.'

'It should be well selected, rather than unwieldy,' replied the Vulture —

'**Better few and chosen fighters than of shaven crowns a host,**
For in headlong flight confounded, with the base the brave are lost.'

And its commanders must be judiciously appointed; for it is said —

'**Ever absent, harsh, unjustly portioning the captured prey —**
These, and cold or laggard leaders make a host to melt away.'

'Ah!' interrupted the Raja, 'what need of so much talk? We will go, and, if Váchaspati please, we will conquer.'

Shortly afterward the Spy returned to Camphor-island. 'King Silver-sides,' he cried, 'the Raja, Jewel-plume, is on his way hither, and has reached the Ghauts. Let the fort be manned, for that Vulture is a great minister; and I have learned, too, that there is one among us who is in his pay.'

'King!' said the Goose, 'that must be the Crow.'

'But whence, then, did he show such willingness to punish the Parrot?' objected his Majesty. 'Besides, war was declared long after the Crow came to Court.'

'But strangers surely may be well-disposed,' replied the King. 'How say the books? —

'Kind is kin, howe'er a stranger — kin unkind is stranger shown;
Sores hurt, though the body breeds them — drugs relieve, though desert-grown.'

Have you never heard of King Sudraka and the unknown Servant, who gave his son's life for the King?

'Never,' answered the Goose.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL RAJPUT

"I will tell you the tale," said the King, "as I heard it from 'Lilyflower,' daughter of the Flamingo 'White-flag,' of whom I was once very fond: A soldier presented himself one morning at King Sudraka's gate, and bade the porter procure an audience for 'Vira-vara, a Rajput,' [12] who sought employment. Being admitted to the presence, he thus addressed the King:

'If your Highness needs an attendant, behold one!'

'What pay do you ask?' inquired the King.

'Five hundred pieces of gold a day,' said Vira-vara.

'And your accoutrements?' asked the King.

'Are these two arms, and this saber, which serve for a third,' said Vira-vara, rolling up his sleeve.

'I can not entertain you,' rejoined his Majesty; and thereupon the Rajput made salaam, and withdrew. Then said

[12] A man of military caste.

the Ministers, 'If it please your Majesty, the stipend is excessive, but give him pay for four days, and see wherein he may deserve it.' Accordingly, the Rajput was recalled, and received wages for four days, with the complimentary betel. — Ah! the rare betel! Truly say the wise of it —

'Betel-nut is bitter, hot, sweet, spicy, binding, alkaline —
A demulcent — an astringent — foe to evils intestine;
Giving to the breath a fragrance — to the lips a crimson red;
A detergent, and a kindler of Love's flame that lieth dead.
Praise the gods for the good Betel! — these be thirteen virtues given,
Hard to meet in one thing blended, even in their happy heaven.'

'Now the King narrowly watched the spending of Vira-vara's pay, and discovered that he bestowed half in the service of the Gods and the support of Brahmans, a fourth part in relieving the poor, and reserved a fourth for his sustenance and recreation. This daily division made, he would take his stand with his saber at the gate of the palace; retiring only upon receiving the royal permission.

'It was on the fourteenth night of the dark half of the month that King Sudraka heard below a sound of passionate sobbing. 'Ho! there,' he cried, 'who waits at the gate?'

'I,' replied Vira-vara, 'may it please you.'

'Go and learn what means this weeping,' said the King.

'I go, your Majesty,' answered the Rajput, and therewith departed.

'No sooner was he gone than the King repented him of sending one man alone into a night so dark that a bodkin might pierce a hole in it, and girding on his scimitar, he followed his guard beyond the city gates. When Vira-vara had gone thus far he encountered a beautiful and splendidly dressed lady who was weeping bitterly; and accosting her, he requested to know her name, and why she thus lamented.

'I am the Fortune of the King Sudraka,' answered she; 'a long while I have lived happily in the shadow of his arm; but on the third day he will die, and I must depart, and therefore lament I.'

'Can nothing serve, Divine Lady, to prolong thy stay?' asked the Rajput.

'It might be,' replied the Spirit, 'if thou shouldst cut off the head of thy first-born Shaktidhar, that hath on his body the thirty-two auspicious marks of greatness. Were his head offered to the all-helpful Durga, the Raja should live a hundred years, and I might tarry beside him.'

'So speaking, she disappeared, and Vira-vara retraced his steps to his own house and awoke his wife and son. They arose, and listened with attention until Vira-vara had repeated all the words of the vision. When he had finished, Shaktidhar exclaimed, 'I am thrice happy to be able to save the state of the King. Kill me, my father, and linger not; to give my life in such a cause is good indeed.' 'Yes,' said the Mother, 'it is good, and worthy of our blood; how else should we deserve the King's pay?' Being thus agreed, they repaired together at once to the temple of the Goddess Durga, and having paid their devotions and entreated the favor of the deity on behalf of the King, Vira-vara struck off his son's head, and laid it as an offering upon the shrine. That done, Vira-vara said, 'My service to the King is accomplished, and life without my boy is but a burden,' and therewith he plunged his sword in his own breast and fell dead. Overpowered with grief for her husband and child, the mother also withdrew the twice-blooded weapon, and slew herself with it on the bodies of Vira-vara and Shaktidhar.

'All this was heard and seen by King Sudraka, and he stood aghast at the sad sight. 'Woe is me!' he exclaimed —

> 'Kings may come, and Kings may go;
> What was I, to bring these low?
> Souls so noble, slain for me,
> Were not, and will never be!'

What reck I of my realm, having lost these?' and thereat he drew his scimitar to take his own life also. At that moment there appeared to him the Goddess, who is Mistress of all men's fortunes. 'Son,' said she, staying his lifted hand, 'forbear thy rash purpose, and bethink thee of thy kingdom.'

"The Raja fell prostrate before her, and cried — 'O Goddess! I am done with life and wealth and kingdom! If thou hast compassion on me, let my death restore these faith-

ful ones to life; anywise I follow the path they have marked.' 'Son,' replied the Goddess, 'thine affection is pleasing to me: be it as thou wilt! The Rajput and his house shall be rendered alive to thee.' Then the King departed, and presently saw Vira-vara return, and take up again his station as before at the palace-gate.

'Ho! there, Vira-vara!' cried the King, 'what meant the weeping?'

'Let your Majesty rest well!' answered the Rajput, 'it was a woman who wept, and disappeared on my approach.' This answer completed the Raja's astonishment and delight; for we know —

'He is brave whose tongue is silent of the trophies of his sword;
He is great whose quiet bearing marks his greatness well assured.'

So when the day was come, he called a full council, and, declaring therein all the events of the night, he invested the faithful guard with the sovereignty of the Carnatic.

"Thus, then," concluded King Silver-sides, "in entertaining strangers a man may add to his friends."

"It may well be," replied the Goose; "but a Minister should advise what is expedient, and not what is pleasing in sentiment:

'When the Priest, the Leech, the Vizier of a King his flatterers be,
Very soon the King will part with health, and wealth, and piety.'

'Let it pass, then,' said Silver-sides, 'and turn we to the matter in hand. King Jewel-plume is even now pitched under the Ghauts. What think you?'

'That we shall vanquish him,' replied the Goose; 'for he disregards, as I learn, the counsel of that great statesman, the Vulture Far-sight; and the wise have said —

'Merciless, or money-loving, deaf to counsel, false of faith,
Thoughtless, spiritless, or careless, changing course with every breath,
Or the man who scorns his rival — if a prince should choose a foe,
Ripe for meeting and defeating, certes he would choose him so.'

He is marching without due preparation; let us send the Paddy-bird at the head of a force and attack him on his march."

Accordingly the Paddy-bird, setting out with a force of water-fowl, fell upon the host of the Peacock-king, and did immense execution. Disheartened thereat, King Jewel-plume summoned Far-sight, his Minister, and acknowledged to him his precipitation.

'Wherefore do you abandon us, my father?' he said. 'Correct for us what has been done amiss.'

'My Liege,' replied the Vulture, 'it has been well observed —

'By the valorous and unskilful great achievements are not wrought;
Courage, led by careful Prudence, unto highest ends is brought.'

You have set Strength in the seat of Counsel, your Majesty, and he hath clumsily spoiled your plans. How indeed could it fall otherwise? for —

'Grief kills gladness, winter summer, midnight-gloom the light of day,
Kindnesses ingratitude, and pleasant friends drive pain away;
Each ends each, but none of other surer conquerors can be
Than Impolicy of Fortune — of Misfortune Policy.'

I have said to myself, 'My Prince's understanding is affected — how else would he obscure the moonlight of policy with the night-vapors of talk'; in such a mood I can not help him —

'Wisdom answers all who ask her, but a fool she can not aid;
Blind men in the faithful mirror see not their reflection made.'

And therefore I have been absent.'

'My father!' said the King, joining his palms in respect, 'mine is all the fault! Pardon it, and instruct me how to withdraw my army without further loss.'

Then the Vulture's anger melted, and he reflected —

"Where the Gods are, or thy Gûrû — in the face of Pain and Age,
Cattle, Brahmans, Kings, and Children — reverently curb thy rage.'

And with a benignant smile, he answered the King thus, 'Be of good heart, my Liege; thou shalt not only bring the host back safely, but thou shalt first destroy the castle of King Silver-sides.'

'How can that be, with my diminished forces?' asked the Raja.

'It will come to pass!' answered the Vulture. 'Break up to-day for the blockade of the fort.'

Now, when this was reported by the spies to King Silversides, he was greatly alarmed. 'Good Goose!' said he, 'what is to be done? Here is the King of the Peacocks at hand, to blockade us — by his Minister's advice, too.'

'Sire,' replied the Goose, 'separate the efficient and the inefficient in your force; and stimulate the loyalty of the first, with a royal bounty of gold and dresses, as each may seem to merit. Now is the time for it —

'Oh, my Prince! on eight occasions prodigality is none —
In the solemn sacrificing, at the wedding of a son,
When the glittering treasure given makes the proud invader bleed,
Or its luster bringeth comfort to the people in their need,
Or when kinsmen are to succor, or a worthy work to end,
Or to do a mistress honor, or to welcome back a friend.'

'But is this expenditure needed?' said the King.

'It is needed, my Liege,' said the Goose, 'and it befits a Monarch; for —

'Truth, munificence, and valor are the virtues of a King;
Royalty, devoid of either, sinks to a rejected thing.'

'Let it be incurred then!' replied the King.

At this moment Night-cloud, the Crow, made his appearance. 'Deign me one regard, Sire,' said he, 'the insolent enemy is at our gates; let your Majesty give the word, and I will go forth and show my valor and devotion to your Crown.'

'It were better to keep our cover,' said the Goose. 'Wherefore else builded we this fortalice? Is it not said? —

'Hold thy vantage! — alligators on the land make none afraid;
And the lion's but a jackal that hath left his forest-shade.'

But go, your Majesty, and encourage our warriors.' Thereupon they repaired to the Gateway of the Fort, and all day the battle raged there.

It was the morning after, when King Jewel-plume spake thus to his Minister the Vulture —'Good sir, shall thy promise be kept to us?'

'It shall be kept, your Majesty,' replied the Vulture; 'storm the fort!'

'We will storm it!' said the Peacock-king. The sun was not well-risen accordingly when the attack was made, and there arose hot fighting at all the four gates. It was then that the traitorous Crows, headed by their Monarch, Night-cloud, put fire to every dwelling in the citadel, and raised a shout of 'The Fort is taken! it is taken!' At this terrible sound the soldiers of the Swan-king forsook their posts, and plunged into the pool.

Not thus King Silver-sides: retiring coolly before the foe, with his General the Paddy-bird, he was cut off and encircled by the troopers of King Jewel-plume, under the command of his Marshal, the Cock.

'My General,' said the King, 'thou shalt not perish for me. Fly! I can go no farther. Fly! I bid thee, and take counsel with the Goose that Crest-jewel, my son, be named King!'

'Good my Lord,' replied the Paddy-bird, 'speak not thus! Let your Majesty reign victorious while the sun and moon endure. I am governor of your Majesty's fortress, and if the enemy enter it he shall but do so over my body; let me die for thee, my Master! —

'Gentle, generous, and discerning; such a Prince the Gods do give!'

'That shalt thou not,' replied the Raja —

'Skilful, honest, and true-hearted; where doth such a Vassal live?'

'Nay! my royal Lord, escape!' cried the Paddy-bird; a king's life is the life of his people —

'The people are the lotus-leaves, their monarch is the sun —
When he doth sink beneath the waves they vanish every one.
When he doth rise they rise again with bud and blossom rife,
To bask awhile in his warm smile, who is their lord and life.'

'Think no more of me.' At this instant the Cock rushing forward, inflicted a wound with his sharp spurs on the person of the King; but the Paddy-bird sprang in front of him, and receiving on his body the blows designed for the Raja, forced

him away into the pool. Then turning upon the Cock, he dispatched him with a shower of blows from his long bill; and finally succumbed, fighting in the midst of his enemies. Thus the King of the Peacocks captured the fortress; and marched home with all the treasure in it, amid songs of victory.

Then spake the Princes: "In that army of the Swans there was no soldier like the Paddy-bird, who gave his own life for the King's."

"There be nowhere many such," replied Vishnu-Sarman; "for

'All the cows bring forth are cattle — only now and then is born
An authentic lord of pastures, with his shoulder-scratching horn.'

"It is well spoken," said the Princes.

"But for him that dares to die so," added the Sage, "may an eternal heaven be reserved, and may the lustrous Angels of Paradise, the Apsaras, conduct him thither! Is it not so declared, indeed? —

'When the soldier in the battle lays his life down for his king,
Unto Swerga's perfect glory such a deed his soul shall bring.'

"It is so declared," said the Raja's sons.

"And now, my Princes," concluded Vishnu-Sarman, "you have listened to 'War.'"

"We have listened, and are gratified," replied the sons of the King.

"Let me end then," said their Preceptor, "with this —

'If the clouds of Battle lower
When ye come into your power,
Durga grant the foes that dare you
Bring no elephants to scare you;
Nor the thunderous rush of horses,
Nor the footmen's steel-fringed forces:
But overblown by Policy's strong breath,
Hide they in caverns from the avenging death.'

PEACE

When the time came for resuming instruction, the King's sons said to Vishnu-Sarman, "Master, we have heard of War, we would now learn somewhat of the treaties which follow war." "It is well asked," replied the Sage; "listen therefore to 'Peace,' which hath this commencement —

> 'When those great Kings their weary war did cease,
> The Vulture and the Goose concluded Peace.'

'How came that?' asked the Princes.
Vishnu-Sarman related:

THE TREATY BETWEEN THE PEACOCKS AND THE SWANS

"So soon as King Jewel-plume had retreated, the first care of King Silver-sides was the discovery of the treason that had cost him the fort.

'Goose,' he said to his Minister, 'who put the fire to our citadel, think you? Was it an enemy or an inmate?'

'Sire,' replied the Goose, 'Night-cloud and his followers are nowhere to be seen — it must needs be his work.'

'It must needs be,' sighed the King, after a pause; 'but what ill-fortune!'

'If it please your Majesty, no,' replied the Minister; 'it is written —

> "'Tis the fool who, meeting trouble, straightway destiny reviles;
> Knowing not his own misdoing brought his own mischance the whiles."

You have forgotten the saying —

> 'Who listens not, when true friends counsel well,
> Must fall, as once the foolish Tortoise fell.'

'I never heard it,' said the King. 'How was that?'
The Goose related:

THE STORY OF THE TORTOISE AND THE GEESE

"There is a pool in South Behar called the 'Pool of the Blue Lotus,' and two Geese had for a long time lived there. They had a friend in the pool who was a Tortoise, and he was known as 'Shelly-neck.' It chanced one evening that the Tortoise overheard some fishermen talking by the water. 'We will stop here to-night,' they said, 'and in the morning we will catch the fish, the tortoises, and such like.' Extremely alarmed at this, the Tortoise repaired to his friends the Geese, and reported the conversation.

'What ever am I to do, Gossips?' he asked.

'The first thing is to be assured of the danger,' said the Geese.

'I am assured,' exclaimed the Tortoise; 'the first thing is to avoid it: don't you know? —

"'Time-not-come' and 'Quick-at-peril,' these two fishes 'scaped the net;
'What-will-be-will-be,' he perished, by the fishermen beset."

'No,' said the Geese, 'how was it?' Shelly-neck related:

THE STORY OF FATE AND THE THREE FISHES

"It was just such a pool as this, and on the arrival at it of just such men as these fishermen, that three fishes, who had heard their designs, held consultation as to what should be done.

'I shall go to another water,' said "Time-not-come," and away he went.

'Why should we leave unless obliged?' asked "Quick-at-peril." 'When the thing befalls I shall do the best I can —

'Who deals with bad dilemmas well is wise,
The merchant's wife, with womanly device,
Kissed — and denied the kiss — under his eyes.'

'How was that?' asked the other fish. Quick-at-peril related:

THE STORY OF THE UNABASHED WIFE

"There was a trader in Vikrama-poora, who had a very beautiful wife, and her name was Jewel-bright. The lady

was as unfaithful as she was fair, and had chosen for her last lover one of the household servants. Ah! woman-kind! —

'Sex, that tires of being true,
Base and new is brave to you!
Like the jungle-cows ye range,
Changing food for sake of change.'

Now it befell one day that as Jewel-bright was bestowing a kiss on the mouth of the servant, she was surprised by her husband; and seeing him she ran up hastily and said, 'My lord, here is an impudent varlet! he eats the camphor which I procured for you; I was actually smelling it on his lips as you entered.' The servant catching her meaning, affected offense. 'How can a man stay in a house where the mistress is always smelling one's lips for a little camphor?' he said; and thereat he was for going off, and was only constrained by the good man to stay, after much entreaty. 'Therefore,' said Quick-at-peril, 'I mean to abide here, and make the best I can of what befalls, as she did.'

'Yes, yes,' said What-will-be-will-be, 'we all know

'That which will not be will not be, and what is to be will be:
Why not drink this easy physic, antidote of misery?'

'When the morning came, the net was thrown, and both the fishes enclosed. Quick-at-peril, on being drawn up, feigned himself dead; and upon the fisherman's laying him aside, he leaped off again into the water. As to What-will-be-will-be, he was seized and forthwith dispatched.— And that,' concluded the Tortoise, 'is why I wish to devise some plan of escape.'

'It might be compassed if you could go elsewhere,' said the Geese, 'but how can you get across the ground?'

'Can't you take me through the air?' asked the Tortoise.

'Impossible!' said the Geese.

'Not at all!' replied the Tortoise; 'you shall hold a stick across in your bills, and I will hang on to it by my mouth — and thus you can readily convey me.'

'It is feasible,' observed the Geese, 'but remember,

'Wise men their plans revolve, lest ill befall;
The Herons gained a friend, and so, lost all.'

'How came that about?' asked the Tortoise. The Geese related:

THE STORY OF THE HERONS AND THE MONGOOSE

"Among the mountains of the north there is one named Eagle-cliff, and near it, upon a fig-tree, a flock of Herons had their residence. At the foot of the tree, in a hollow, there lived a serpent; and he was constantly devouring the nestlings of the Herons. Loud were the complaints of the parent birds, until an old Heron thus advised them: 'You should bring some fishes from the pool, and lay them one by one in a line from the hole of yonder Mongoose to the hollow where the Serpent lives. The Mongoose will find him when it comes after the fish, and if it finds him it will kill him.' The advice seemed good, and was acted upon; but in killing the Snake the Mongoose overheard the cry of the young Herons; and climbing the tree daily, he devoured all that the Snake had left. 'Therefore,' concluded the Geese, 'do we bid you look well into your plan: if you should open your mouth, for instance, as we carry you, you will drop and be killed.'

'Am I a fool, cried the Tortoise, to open my mouth? Not I! Come now, convey me!'

'Thereupon the Geese took up the stick; the Tortoise held fast with his mouth, and away they flew. The country people, observing this strange sight, ran after.

'Ho! ho!' cried one, 'look at the flying Tortoise!'

'When he falls we'll cook and eat him here,' said another.

'No; let us take him home for dinner!' cried a third.

"We can light a fire by the pool, and eat him,' said the first.

'The Tortoise heard these unkind remarks in a towering passion. 'Eat me! — eat ashes!' he exclaimed, opening his mouth — and down he fell directly, and was caught by the countrymen.—'Said I not well,' concluded the Goose-Minister, 'that to scorn counsel is to seek destruction?'

'You have well said,' replied King Silver-sides, disconsolately.

'Yes, your Majesty,' interposed the Crane, who was just

returned, 'if the Fort had been cleared, Night-cloud could not have fired it, as he did, by the Vulture's instigation.'

'We see it all,' sighed the King, 'but too late!'

'Whoso trusts, for service rendered, or fair words, an enemy,
Wakes from folly like one falling in his slumber from a tree.'

'I witnessed Night-cloud's reception,' continued the Crane. 'King Jewel-plume showed him great favor, and was for anointing him Raja of Camphor-island.'

'Hear you that, my Liege?' asked the Goose.

'Go on; I hear!' said Silver-sides.

'To that the Vulture demurred,' continued the Crane; '"favor to low persons," he said, "was like writing on the sea-sand. To set the base-born in the seat of the great was long ago declared impolitic —

'Give mean men power, and give thy throat to the knife;
The Mouse, made Tiger, sought his master's life.'

'How was that?' asked King Jewel-plume. The Vulture related:

THE STORY OF THE RECLUSE AND THE MOUSE

"In the forest of the Sage Gautama there dwelt a Recluse named Mighty-at-Prayer. Once, as he sat at his frugal meal, a young mouse dropped beside him from the beak of a crow, and he took it up and fed it tenderly with rice-grains. Some time after the Saint observed a cat pursuing his dependent to devour it, whereupon he changed the mouse into a stout cat. The cat was a great deal harassed by dogs, upon which the Saint again transformed it into a dog. The dog was always in danger of the tigers, and his protector at last gave him the form of a tiger — considering him all this while, and treating him withal, like nothing but a mouse. The country-folk passing by would say, 'That a tiger! not he; it is a mouse the Saint has transformed.' And the mouse being vexed at this, reflected, 'So long as the Master lives, this shameful story of my origin will survive!' With this thought he was about to take the Saint's life, when he, who

knew his purpose, turned the ungrateful beast by a word to his original shape. Besides, your Majesty," continued the Vulture, " it may not be so easy to take in Camphor-island —

'Many fine fishes did the old Crane kill,
But the Crab matched him, maugre all his bill.'

'How came that to pass?' asked Jewel-plume.
The Vulture related:

THE STORY OF THE CRANE AND THE CRAB

" There was an old Crane at a mere called Lily-water, in Malwa, who stood one day in the shallows with a most dejected look and drooping bill. A Crab observed him and called out, 'Friend Crane! have you given up eating, that you stand there all day?' 'Nay, sir!' replied the old Crane; 'I love my dish of fish, but I have heard the fishermen say that they mean to capture every one that swims in this water; and as that destroys my hope of subsistence, I am resigning myself to death.' All this the fishes overheard. 'In this matter certainly,' they said, 'his interest is ours; we ought to consult him; for it is written —

'Fellow be with kindly foemen, rather than with friends unkind;
Friend and foeman are distinguished not by title but by mind.'

Thereupon they repaired to him: 'Good Crane,' they said, 'what course is there for safety?'

'Course of safety there is,' replied the Crane, 'to go elsewhere; and I will carry you one by one to another pool, if you please.'

'Do so,' said the trembling fishes.

" The Crane accordingly took one after another, and having eaten them returned with the report that he had safely deposited each. Last of all, the Crab requested to be taken; and the Crane, coveting his tender flesh, took him up with great apparent respect. On arriving at the spot, which was covered with fish-bones, the Crab perceived the fate reserved for him; and turning round he fastened upon the Crane's throat and tore it so that he perished.'

'Well, but,' said King Jewel-plume, 'we can make Night-cloud viceroy here, to send over to Vindhya all the productions of Camphor-isle!'

'Then the Vulture Far-sight laughed a low laugh and said—

'Who, ere he makes a gain has spent it,
Like the pot-breaker will repent it.'

'What was that?' asked the King. Far-sight related:

THE STORY OF THE BRAHMAN AND THE PANS

"There was a Brahman in the city of Vána, whose name was Deva Sarman. At the equinoctial feast of the Dussera, he obtained for his duxina-gift a dish of flour, which he took into a potter's shed; and there lay down in the shade among the pots, staff in hand. As he thus reclined he began to meditate, 'I can sell this meal for ten cowrie-shells, and with them I can purchase some of these pots and sell them at an advance. With all that money I shall invest in betel-nuts and body-cloths and make a new profit by their sale; and so go on trafficking till I get a lakh of rupees — what's to prevent me? Then I shall marry four wives — and one at least will be beautiful and young, and she shall be my favorite. Of course the others will be jealous; but if they quarrel, and talk, and trouble me I will belabor them like this — and this'— and therewith he flourished his staff to such a purpose as to smash his meal-dish and break several of the potter's jars. The potter, rushing out, took him by the throat, and turned him off; and so ended his speculations. 'I smiled, my Liege,' concluded the Vulture, 'at your precipitancy, thinking of that story.'

'Tell me, then, my Father, what should be done,' said the King.

'Tell me first, your Majesty, what took the fortress: strength or stratagem?'

'It was a device of yours,' said the King.

'It is well,' replied the Minister, 'and my counsel now is to return before the rainy season, while we can return; and to make peace. We have won renown and taken the enemy's

stronghold; let it suffice. I speak as a faithful adviser; and it is written —

> 'Whoso setting duty highest, speaks at need unwelcome things,
> Disregarding fear and favor, such a one may succor kings.'

Oh, my Liege! war is uncertain! Nay, it may ruin victor and vanquished —

> 'Sunda the strong, and giant Upasunda,
> Contending, like the lightning and the thunder,
> Slew each the other. Learn, the while you wonder.'

'Tell me that,' said the King of the Peacocks.

The Vulture related:

THE DUEL OF THE GIANTS

"Long ago, my Liege, there were two Daityas named Sunda and Upasunda, the which with penance and fasting worshiped that God who wears the moon for his forehead-jewel; desiring to win his favor, and thereby the lordship of the Three Worlds. At last the God, propitiated by their devotion, spake thus unto them:

'I grant a boon unto ye — choose what it shall be.'

'And they, who would have asked dominion, were suddenly minded of Saraswati — who reigns over the hearts and thoughts of men — to seek a forbidden thing.

'If,' said they, 'we have found favor, let the Divinity give us his own cherished Parvati, the Queen of Heaven!'

'Terribly incensed was the God, but his word had passed, and the boon must be granted; and Parvati the Divine was delivered up to them. Then those two world-breakers, sick at heart, sin-binded, and afire with the glorious beauty of the Queen of Life — began to dispute, saying one to another: 'Mine is she! mine is she!' At the last they called for an umpire, and the God himself appeared before them as a venerable Brahman.

'Master,' said they, 'tell us whose she is, for we both won her by our might.'

'Then spake that Brahman:

'Brahmans for their lore have honor; Kshattriyas for their bravery;
Vaisyas for their hard-earned treasure; Sudras for humility.'

Ye are Kshattriyas — and it is yours to fight; settle, then, this question by the sword.'

'Thereupon they agreed that he spoke wisely, and drew and battled; and being of equal force, they fell at the same moment by an exchange of blows. Good, my lord,' concluded the Minister, 'peace is a better thing than war.'

'But why not say so before?' asked Jewel-plume.

'I said it at the first,' replied the Minister. 'I knew King Silver-sides for a just King, upon whom it was ill to wage battle. How say the Scriptures? —

'Seven foemen of all foemen, very hard to vanquish be:
The Truth-teller, the Just-dweller, and the man from passion free,
Subtle, self-sustained, and counting frequent well-won victories,
And the man of many kinsmen — keep the peace with such as these.'

The Swan-king has friends and kinsmen, my Liege: —

'And the man with many kinsmen answers with them all attacks;
As the bamboo, in the bamboos safely sheltered, scorns the axe.'

'My counsel then is that peace be concluded with him,' said the Vulture.

'All this King Silver-sides and his Minister the Goose heard attentively from the Crane.

'Go again!' said the Goose to Long-bill, 'and bring us news of how the Vulture's advice is received.'

'Minister!' began the King, upon the departure of the Crane, 'tell me as to this peace, who are they with whom it should not be concluded?'

'They be twenty, namely —'

'Tarry not to name them,' said the King; 'and what be the qualities of a good ally?'

'Such should be learned in Peace and War,' replied the Goose, 'in marching and pitching, and seasonably placing an army in the field; for it is said —

'He who sets his battle wisely conquers the unwary foe;
As the Owl, awaiting night-time, slew the overweening Crow.'

Counsel, my Liege, is quintuple — Commencing, providing, dividing, repelling, and completing.'

'Good!' said the King.

'Power is triple,' continued the Goose, 'being of Kings of counsels, and of constant effort.'

'It is so!' said the King.

'And expedients, my Liege,' continued the Goose, 'are quadruple, and consist of conciliation, of gifts, of strife-stirring, and of force of arms; for thus it is written —

'Whoso hath the gift of giving wisely, equitably, well;
Whoso, learning all men's secrets, unto none his own will tell;
Whoso, ever cold and courtly, utters nothing that offends,
Such a one may rule his fellows unto Earth's extremest ends.'

'Then King Jewel-plume would be a good ally,' observed the Swan-king.

'Doubtless!' said the Goose, 'but elated with victory, he will hardly listen to the Vulture's counsel; we must make him do it.'

'How?' asked the King.

'We will cause our dependent, the King of Ceylon, Strongbill the Stork, to raise an insurrection in Jambudwipa.'

'It is well-conceived,' said the King. And forthwith a Crane, named Pied-body, was dismissed with a secret message to that Raja.

'In course of time the first Crane, who had been sent as a spy, came back, and made his report. He related that the Vulture had advised his Sovereign to summon Night-cloud, the Crow, and learn from him regarding King Silver-sides' intentions. Night-cloud attended accordingly.

'Crow!' asked King Jewel-plume, 'what sort of a Monarch is the Raja Silver-sides?'

'Truthful, may it please you,' replied the Crow; 'and therewithal noble as Yudhisthira himself.'

'And his Minister, the Goose?'

'Is a Minister unrivaled, my Liege,' said the Crow-king.

'But how then didst thou so easily deceive them?'

'Ah! your Majesty,' said the Crow, 'there was little credit in that. Is it not said? —

'Cheating them that truly trust you, 'tis a clumsy villainy!
Any knave may slay the child who climbs and slumbers on his knee.'

Besides, the Minister detected me immediately. It was the King whose innate goodness forbade him to suspect evil in another:

'Believe a knave, thyself scorning a lie,
And rue it, like the Brahman, by and by.'

'What Brahman was that?' asked the King. Night-cloud replied:

THE STORY OF THE BRAHMAN AND THE GOAT

"A Brahman that lived in the forest of Gautama, your Majesty. He had purveyed a goat to make pooja, and was returning home with it on his shoulder when he was descried by three knaves. 'If we could but obtain that goat,' said they, 'it would be a rare trick'; and they ran on, and seated themselves at the foot of three different trees upon the Brahman's road. Presently he came up with the first of them, who addressed him thus: 'Master! why do you carry that dog on your shoulder?' 'Dog!' said the Brahman, 'it is a goat for the sacrifice!' With that he went on a coss, and came to the second knave; who called out—'What doest thou with that dog, Master?' The Brahman laid his goat upon the ground, looked it all over, took it up again upon his back, and walked on with his mind in a whirl; for—

'The good think evil slowly, and they pay
A price for faith—as witness "Crop-ear" may.'

'Who was Crop-ear?' asked the King of the Peacocks.

THE STORY OF THE CAMEL, THE LION, AND HIS COURT

"A Camel, may it please you," replied Night-cloud, "who strayed away from a kafila, and wandered into the forest. A Lion, named 'Fierce-fangs,' lived in that forest; and his three courtiers, a Tiger, a Jackal, and a Crow, met the Camel, and conducted him to their King. His account of himself was satisfactory, and the Lion took him into his service under

the name of Crop-ear. Now it happened that the rainy season was very severe, and the Lion became indisposed, so that there was much difficulty in obtaining food for the Court. The courtiers resolved accordingly to prevail on the Lion to kill the Camel; 'for what interest have we,' they said, 'in this browser of thistles?'

'What, indeed!' observed the Tiger; 'but will the Raja kill him after his promise of protection, think you?'

'Being famished he will,' said the Crow. 'Know you not? —

'Hunger hears not, cares not, spares not; no boon of the starving beg;
When the snake is pinched with craving, verily she eats her egg.'

Accordingly they repaired to the Lion.

'Hast brought me food, fellow?' growled the Raja.

'None, may it please you,' said the Crow.

'Must we starve, then?' asked his Majesty.

'Not unless you reject the food before you, Sire,' rejoined the Crow.

'Before me! how mean you?'

'I mean,' replied the Crow (and he whispered it in the Lion's ear), 'Crop-ear, the Camel!'

'Now!' said the Lion, and he touched the ground, and afterward both ears, as he spoke, 'I have given him my pledge for his safety, and how should I slay him?'

'Nay, Sire! I said not slay,' replied the Crow; 'it may be that he will offer himself for food. To that your Majesty would not object?'

'I am parlous hungry,' muttered the Lion.

'Then the Crow went to find the Camel, and bringing all together before the King under some pretense or other, he thus addressed him:

'Sire! our pains are come to nothing: we can get no food, and we behold our Lord falling away,

'Of the Tree of State the root
Kings are — feed what brings the fruit.'

Take me, therefore, your Majesty, and break your fast upon me."

'Good Crow,' said the Lion, 'I had liefer die than do so.'

'Will your Majesty deign to make a repast upon me?' asked the Jackal.

'On no account!' replied the Lion.

'Condescend, my Lord,' said the Tiger, 'to appease your hunger with my poor flesh.'

'Impossible!' responded the Lion.

'Thereupon Crop-ear, not to be behind in what seemed safe, made offer of his own carcass, which was accepted before he had finished; the Tiger instantly tearing his flank open, and all the rest at once devouring him.

'The Brahman,' continued Night-cloud, 'suspected nothing more than did the Camel; and when the third knave had broken his jest upon him for bearing a dog, he threw it down, washed himself clean of the contamination, and went home; while the knaves secured and cooked his goat.'

'But, Night-cloud,' asked the Raja, 'how couldst thou abide so long among enemies, and conciliate them?'

'It is easy to play the courtier for a purpose,' said Night-cloud —

'Courtesy may cover malice; on their heads the woodmen bring,
Meaning all the while to burn them, logs and fagots — oh, my King!
And the strong and subtle river, rippling at the cedar's foot,
While it seems to lave and kiss it, undermines the hanging root.'

Indeed, it has been said —

'A wise man for an object's sake
His foe upon his back will take,
As with the Frogs once did the Snake.'

'How was that?' asked the Peacock-King. The Crow related:

THE STORY OF THE FROGS AND THE OLD SERPENT

"In a deserted garden there once lived a Serpent, 'Slow-coil' by name; who had reached an age when he was no longer able to obtain his own food. Lying listlessly by the edge of a pond, he was descried by a certain Frog, and interrogated —

'Have you given up caring for food, Serpent?'

'Leave me, kindly Sir,' replied the subtle reptile; 'the griefs of a miserable wretch like me can not interest your lofty mind.'

'Let me at least hear them,' said the Frog, somewhat flattered.

'You must know, then, gracious Sir,' began the Serpent, 'that it is now twenty years since here, in Brahmapoora, I bit the son of Kaundinya, a holy brahmin; of which cruel bite he died. Seeing his boy dead, Kaundinya abandoned himself to despair, and groveled in his distress upon the ground. Thereat came all his kinsmen, citizens of Brahmapoora, and sat down with him, as the manner is —

'He who shares his brother's portion, be he beggar, be he lord,
Comes as truly, comes as duly, to the battle as the board;
Stands before the King to succor, follows to the pile to sigh;
He is friend and he is kinsman — less would make the name a lie.'

Then spoke a twice-passed brahmin,[12] Kapila by name, 'O Kaundinya! thou dost forget thyself to lament thus. Hear what is written —

'Weep not! Life the hired nurse is, holding us a little space;
Death, the mother who doth take us back into our proper place.'

'Gone, with all their gauds and glories: gone, like peasants, are the Kings,
Whereunto the world is witness, whereof all her record rings.'

What, indeed, my friend, is this mortal frame, that we should set store by it? —

'For the body, daily wasting, is not seen to waste away,
Until wasted, as in water set a jar of unbaked clay.'

'And day after day man goeth near and nearer to his fate,
As step after step the victim thither where its slayers wait.'

Friends and kinsmen — they must all be surrendered! Is it not said —

'Like as a plank of drift-wood
Tossed on the watery main,

[12] A young brahmin, being invested with the sacred thread, and having concluded his studies, becomes of the second order; a householder.

Another plank encountered,
Meets — touches — parts again;
So tossed, and drifting ever,
On life's unresting sea,
Men meet, and greet, and sever,
Parting eternally.'

Thou knowest these things, let thy wisdom chide thy sorrow, saying —

'Halt, traveler! rest i' the shade: then up and leave it!
Stay, Soul! take fill of love; nor losing, grieve it!'

But in sooth a wise man would better avoid love; for —

'Each beloved object born
Sets within the heart a thorn,
Bleeding, when they be uptorn.'

And it is well asked —

'When thine own house, this rotting frame, doth wither,
Thinking another's lasting — goest thou thither?'

What will be, will be; and who knows not —

'Meeting makes a parting sure,
Life is nothing but death's door.'

For truly —

'As the downward-running rivers never turn and never stay,
So the days and nights stream deathward, bearing human lives away.'

And though it be objected that —

'Bethinking him of darkness grim, and death's unshunned pain,
A man strong-souled relaxes hold, like leather soaked in rain.'

Yet is this none the less assured, that —

'From the day, the hour, the minute,
Each life quickens in the womb;
Thence its march, no falter in it,
Goes straight forward to the tomb.'

Form, good friend, a true idea of mundane matters; and bethink thee that regret is after all but an illusion, an ignorance —

'An 'twere not so, would sorrow cease with years?
Wisdom sees aright what want of knowledge fears.'

'Kaundinya listened to all this with the air of a dreamer. Then rising up he said, 'Enough! the house is hell to me — I will betake me to the forest.'

'Will that stead you?' asked Kapila; 'nay —

> 'Seek not the wild, sad heart! thy passions haunt it;
> Play hermit in thine house with heart undaunted;
> A governed heart, thinking no thought but good,
> Makes crowded houses holy solitude.'

To be master of one's self — to eat only to prolong life — to yield to love no more than may suffice to perpetuate a family — and never to speak but in the cause of truth, this,' said Kapila, 'is armor against grief. What wouldst thou with a hermit's life — prayer and purification from sorrow and sin in holy streams? Hear this! —

> 'Away with those that preach to us the washing off of sin —
> Thine own self is the stream for thee to make ablutions in:
> In self-restraint it rises pure — flows clear in tide of truth,
> By widening banks of wisdom, in waves of peace and ruth.
> Bathe there, thou son of Pandu! with reverence and rite,
> For never yet was water wet could wash the spirit white.'

Resign thyself to loss. Pain exists absolutely. Ease, what is it but a minute's alleviation?'

'It is nothing else,' said Kaundinya: 'I will resign myself!' 'Thereupon,' the Serpent continued, 'he cursed me with the curse that I should be a carrier of frogs, and so retired — and here remain I to do according to the brahmin's malediction.'

'The Frog, hearing all this, went and reported it to Web-foot the Frog-King, who shortly came himself for an excursion on the Serpent. He was carried delightfully, and constantly employed the conveyance. But one day observing the Serpent to be sluggish, he asked the reason.

'May it please you,' explained the Serpent, 'your slave has nothing to eat.'

'Eat a few of my frogs,' said the King. 'I give you leave.'

'I thank your Majesty!' answered the Serpent, and forthwith he began to eat the frogs, until the pond becoming clear,

he finished with their monarch himself. 'I also,' said Night-cloud, 'stooped to conquer, but King Silver-sides is a good King, and I would your Majesty were at peace with him.'

'Peace!' cried King Jewel-plume, 'shall I make peace with my vassal! I have vanquished him — let him serve me!'

"At this moment the Parrot came in. 'Sire!' said he, breathlessly, 'the Stork Strong-bill, Raja of Ceylon, has raised the standard of revolt in Jambudwipa, and claims the country.'

'What! what!' cried the King in a fury.

'Excellent good, Goose!' muttered the Minister. 'This is thy work!'

'Bid him but await me!' exclaimed the King, 'and I will tear him up like a tree!'

'Ah, Sire,' said the Minister —

> 'Thunder for nothing, like December's cloud,
> Passes unmarked: strike hard, but speak not loud.'

We can not march without making peace first; our rear will be attacked.'

'Must it be so?' asked the King.

'My Liege, it must,' replied the Vulture.

'Make a peace then,' said the King, 'and make an end.'

'It is well,' observed the Minister, and set out for the Court of the King Silver-sides. While he was yet coming, the Crane announced his approach.

'Ah!' said the Swan-King, 'this will be another designing spy from the enemy.'

'Misdoubt him not!' answered the Goose, smiling; 'it is the Vulture Far-sight, a spirit beyond suspicion. Would your Majesty be as the Swan that took the stars reflected in the pool for lily-buds, and being deceived, would eat no lily-shoots by day, thinking them stars?'

'Not so! but treachery breeds mistrust,' replied the Raja; is it not written —

> 'Minds deceived by evil natures, from the good their faith withhold;
> When hot conjee once has burned them, children blow upon the cold.'

'It is so written, my Liege,' said the Minister. 'But this one may be trusted. Let him be received with compliments and a gift.'

'Accordingly the Vulture was conducted, with the most profound respect, from the fort to the King's audience-hall, where a throne was placed for him.

'Minister,' said the Goose, 'consider us and ours at thy disposal.'

'So consider us,' assented the Swan-King.

'I thank you,' said Far-sight; 'but —

> 'With a gift the miser meet;
> Proud men by obeisance greet;
> Women's silly fancies soothe;
> Give wise men their due — the truth.'

'I am come to conclude a peace, not to claim your kingdom. By what mode shall we conclude it?'

'How many modes be there?' asked King Silver-sides.

'Sixteen,' replied the Vulture.

'Are the alliances numbered therein?' asked the King.

'No! these be four,' answered the Vulture, 'namely — of mutual help — of friendship — of blood — and of sacrifice.'

'You are a great diplomatist!' said the King. 'Advise us which to choose!'

'There is no Peace like the Golden "Sangata," which is made between good men, based on friendly feeling, and preceded by the Oath of Truth,' replied the Vulture.

'Let us make that Peace!' said the Goose. Far-sight accordingly, with fresh presents of robes and jewels, accompanied the Goose to the camp of the Peacock-King. The Raja, Jewel-plume, gave the Goose a gracious audience, accepted his terms of Peace, and sent him back to the Swan-King, loaded with gifts and kind speeches. The revolt in Jambudwipa was suppressed, and the Peacock-King retired to his own kingdom.

"And now," said Vishnu-Sarman, "I have told your Royal Highnesses all. Is there anything remaining to be told?"

"Reverend Sir!" replied the Princes, "there is nothing.

Thanks to you, we have heard and comprehended the perfect cycle of kingly duty, and are content."

"There remains but this, then," said the Preceptor:

'Peace and Plenty, all fair things,
Grace the realm where ye reign Kings;
Grief and loss come not anigh you,
Glory guide and magnify you;
Wisdom keep your statesmen still
Clinging fast, in good or ill,
Clinging, like a bride new-wed,
Unto lips, and breast, and head:
And day by day, that these fair things befall,
The Lady Lukshmi give her grace to all.'

END OF THE HITOPADESA

WORKS OF KALIDASA

ŚAKUNTALÁ

AND

MINOR POEMS

"Know that the heart, e'en of the truly skilful,
Shrinks from too boastful confidence in self."

—ŚAKUNTALÁ.

ŚAKUNTALÁ

PROLOGUE [1]

Benediction

Isa preserve you! he who is revealed
In these eight forms by man perceptible —
Water, of all creation's works the first;
The fire that bears on high the sacrifice
Presented with solemnity to heaven;
The Priest, the holy offerer of gifts;
The Sun and Moon, those two majestic orbs,
Eternal marshalers of day and night;
The subtler Ether, vehicle of sound,
Diffused throughout the boundless universe;
The Earth, by sages called "The place of birth
Of all material essences and things";
And Air, which giveth life to all that breathe.

Stage-Manager [*after the recitation of the benediction, looking toward the tiring-room*].— Lady, when you have finished attiring yourself, come this way.

Actress [*entering*]. —Here I am, Sir; what are your commands?

Stage-Manager.— We are here before the eyes of an audience of educated and discerning men; and have to represent in their presence a new drama composed by Kalidasa, called "Śakuntalá, or the Lost Ring." Let the whole company exert themselves to do justice to their several parts.

Actress.— You, Sir, have so judiciously managed the cast of the characters, that nothing will be defective in the acting.

[1] This is the translation of Sir Monier Monier-Williams, which has become the accepted English version of the drama.

STAGE-MANAGER.— Lady, I will tell you the exact state of the case.

No skill in acting can I deem complete,
Till from the wise the actor gain applause:
Know that the heart, e'en of the truly skilful,
Shrinks from too boastful confidence in self.

ACTRESS [*modestly*].— You judge correctly. And now, what are your commands?

STAGE-MANAGER.— What can you do better than engage the attention of the audience by some captivating melody?

ACTRESS.— Which among the seasons shall I select as the subject of my song?

STAGE-MANAGER.— You surely ought to give the preference to the present Summer season that has but recently commenced, a season so rich in enjoyment. For now

Unceasing are the charms of halcyon days,
When the cool bath exhilarates the frame;
When sylvan gales are laden with the scent
Of fragrant Pátalas; when soothing sleep
Creeps softly on beneath the deepening shade;
And when, at last, the dulcet calm of eve
Entrancing steals o'er every yielding sense.

ACTRESS.— I will. [*Sings.*

Fond maids, the chosen of their hearts to please,
Entwined their ears with sweet Sirísha flowers,
Whose fragrant lips attract the kiss of bees
That softly murmur through the summer hours.

STAGE MANAGER.— Charmingly sung! The audience are motionless as statues, their souls riveted by the enchanting strain. What subject shall we select for representation that we may insure a continuance of their favor?

ACTRESS.— Why not the same, Sir, announced by you at first? Let the drama called "Sakuntalá, or the Lost Ring," be the subject of our dramatic performance.

STAGE-MANAGER.— Rightly reminded! For the moment I had forgotten it.

Your song's transporting melody decoyed

My thoughts, and rapt with ecstasy my soul;
As now the bounding antelope allures
The King Dushyanta on the chase intent. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIRST

SCENE.— A FOREST

Enter King Dushyanta, armed with a bow and arrow, in a chariot, chasing an antelope, attended by his Charioteer.

CHARIOTEER [*looking at the deer, and then at the King*].— Great Prince,
When on the antelope I bend my gaze,
And on your Majesty, whose mighty bow
Has its string firmly braced; before my eyes
The god that wields the trident seems revealed,
Chasing the deer that flies from him in vain.

KING.— Charioteer, this fleet antelope has drawn us far from my attendants. See! there he runs:
Aye and anon his graceful neck he bends
To cast a glance at the pursuing car;
And dreading now the swift-descending shaft,
Contracts into itself his slender frame:
About his path, in scattered fragments strewn,
The half-chewed grass falls from his panting mouth;
See! in his airy bounds he seems to fly,
And leaves no trace upon th' elastic turf.
[*With astonishment.*
How now! swift as is our pursuit, I scarce can see him.

CHARIOTEER.— Sire, the ground here is full of hollows; I have therefore drawn in the reins and checked the speed of the chariot. Hence the deer has somewhat gained upon us. Now that we are passing over level ground, we shall have no difficulty in overtaking him.

KING.— Loosen the reins, then.

CHARIOTEER.— The King is obeyed. [*Drives the chariot at full speed.*] Great Prince, see! see!
Responsive to the slackened rein, the steeds
Chafing with eager rivalry, career
With emulative fleetness o'er the plain;
Their necks outstretched, their waving plumes, that late
Fluttered above their brows, are motionless;
Their sprightly ears, but now erect, bent low;
Themselves unsullied by the circling dust,
That vainly follows on their rapid course.

KING [*joyously*].— In good sooth, the horses seem as if they would outstrip the steeds of Indra and the Sun.
That which but now showed to my view minute
Quickly assumes dimension; that which seemed
A moment since disjointed in diverse parts
Looks suddenly like one compacted whole;
That which is really crooked in its shape
In the far distance left, grows regular;
Wondrous the chariot's speed, that in a breath
Makes the near distant and the distant near.
Now, Charioteer, see me kill the deer. [*Takes aim.*

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— Hold, O King! this deer belongs to our hermitage. Kill it not! kill it not!

CHARIOTEER [*listening and looking*].— Great King, some hermits have stationed themselves so as to screen the antelope at the very moment of its coming within range of your arrow.

KING [*hastily*].— Then stop the horses.

CHARIOTEER.— I obey. [*Stops the chariot.*

Enter a Hermit, and two others with him.

HERMIT [*raising his hand*].— This deer, O King, belongs to our hermitage. Kill it not! kill it not!
Now heaven forbid this barbèd shaft descend
Upon the fragile body of a fawn,
Like fire upon a heap of tender flowers!
Can thy steel bolts no meeter quarry find

Than the warm life-blood of a harmless deer?
Restore, great Prince, thy weapon to its quiver;
More it becomes thy arms to shield the weak,
Than to bring anguish on the innocent.

KING.— 'Tis done. [*Replaces the arrow in its quiver.*

HERMIT.— Worthy is this action of a Prince, the light of Puru's race.

Well does this act befit a Prince like thee,
Right worthy is it of thine ancestry.
Thy guerdon be a son of peerless worth,
Whose wide dominion shall embrace the earth.

BOTH THE OTHER HERMITS [*raising their hands*].— May heaven indeed grant thee a son, a sovereign of the earth from sea to sea!

KING [*bowing*].— I accept with gratitude a brahmin's benediction.

HERMIT.— We came hither, mighty Prince, to collect sacrificial wood. Here on the banks of the Máliní you may perceive the hermitage of the great sage Kanwa. If other duties require not your presence, deign to enter and accept our hospitality.

When you behold our penitential rites
Performed without impediment by Saints
Rich only in devotion, then with pride
Will you reflect, Such are the holy men
Who call me Guardian; such the men for whom
To wield the bow I bare my nervous arm,
Scarred by the motion of the glancing string.

KING.— Is the Chief of your Society now at home?

HERMIT.— No; he has gone to Soma-tírtha to propitiate Destiny, which threatens his daughter *Ś*akuntalá with some calamity; but he has commissioned her in his absence to entertain all guests with hospitality.

KING.— Good! I will pay her a visit. She will make me acquainted with the mighty sage's acts of penance and devotion.

HERMIT.— And we will depart on our errand.

[*Exit with his companions.*

KING.— Charioteer, urge on the horses. We will at least purify our souls by a sight of this hallowed retreat.

CHARIOTEER.— Your Majesty is obeyed.

[*Drives the chariot with great velocity.*

KING [*looking all about him*].— Charioteer, even without being told, I should have known that these were the precincts of a grove consecrated to penitential rites.

CHARIOTEER.— How so?

KING.— Do not you observe?

Beneath the trees, whose hollow trunks afford
Secure retreat to many a nestling brood
Of parrots, scattered grains of rice lie strewn.
Lo! here and there are seen the polished slabs
That serve to bruise the fruit of Ingudí;
The gentle roe-deer, taught to trust in man,
Unstartled hear our voices. On the paths
Appear the traces of bark-woven vests
Borne dripping from the limpid fount of waters.
And mark!
Laved are the roots of trees by deep canals,
Whose glassy waters tremble in the breeze;
The sprouting verdure of the leaves is dimmed
By dusky wreaths of upward curling smoke
From burnt oblations; and on new-mown lawns
Around our car graze leisurely the fawns.

CHARIOTEER.— I observe it all.

KING [*advancing a little farther.*]— The inhabitants of this sacred retreat must not be disturbed. Stay the chariot, that I may alight.

CHARIOTEER.— The reins are held in. Your Majesty may descend.

KING [*alighting.*]— Charioteer, groves devoted to penance must be entered in humble attire. Take these ornaments. [*Delivers his ornaments and bow to the Charioteer.*] Charioteer, see that the horses are watered, and attend to them until I return from visiting the inhabitants of the hermitage.

CHARIOTEER.— I will.

KING [*walking and looking about*].— Here is the entrance to the hermitage. I will now go in.

[*Entering he feels a throbbing sensation in his arm.*

Serenest peace is in this calm retreat,
By passion's breath unruffled; what portends
My throbbing arm? Why should it whisper here
Of happy love? Yet everywhere around us
Stand the closed portals of events unknown.

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— This way, my dear companions; this way.

KING [*listening*].— Hark! I hear voices to the right of yonder grove of trees. I will walk in that direction. [*Walking and looking about.*] Ah! here are the maidens of the hermitage coming this way to water the shrubs, carrying watering-pots proportioned to their strength. [*Gazing at them.*] How graceful they look!

In palaces such charms are rarely ours;
The woodland plants outshine the garden flowers.

I will conceal myself in this shade and watch them.

[*Stands gazing at them.*

Enter Sakuntalá, *with her two female companions, employed in the manner described.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— This way, my dear companions; this way.

ANASÚYÁ.— Dear Sakuntalá, one would think that father Kanwa had more affection for the shrubs of the hermitage even than for you, seeing he assigns to you who are yourself as delicate as the fresh-blown jasmine, the task of filling with water the trenches which encircle their roots.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Dear Anasúyá, although I am charged by my good father with this duty, yet I can not regard it as a task. I really feel a sisterly love for these plants.

[*Continues watering the shrubs.*

KING.— Can this be the daughter of Kanwa? The saintly man, though descended from the great Kasyapa, must be very deficient in judgment to habituate such a maiden to the life of a recluse.

The sage who would this form of artless grace
Inure to penance — thoughtlessly attempts
To cleave in twain the hard acacia's stem
With the soft edge of a blue lotus leaf.

Well! concealed behind this tree, I will watch her without raising her suspicions. [*Conceals himself.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— Good Anasúyá, Priyamvadá has drawn this bark-dress too tightly about my chest. I pray thee, loosen it a little.

ANASÚYÁ.— I will. [*Loosens it.*

PRIYAMVADÁ [*smiling*].— Why do you lay the blame on me? Blame rather your own blooming youthfulness which imparts fulness to your bosom.

KING.— A most just observation!

This youthful form, whose bosom's swelling charms
By the bark's knotted tissue are concealed,
Like some fair bud close folded in its sheath,
Gives not to view the blooming of its beauty.

But what am I saying? In real truth, this bark-dress, though ill-suited to her figure, sets it off like an ornament.

The lotus with the Saivala entwined
Is not a whit less brilliant: dusky spots
Heighten the luster of the cold-rayed moon:
This lovely maiden in her dress of bark
Seems all the lovelier. E'en the meanest garb
Gives to true beauty fresh attractiveness.

SAKUNTALÁ [*looking before her*].— Yon Kesara-tree beckons to me with its young shoots, which, as the breeze waves them to and fro, appear like slender fingers. I will go and attend to it. [*Walks toward it.*

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Dear Sakuntalá, prithee, rest in that attitude one moment.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Why so?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— The Kesara-tree, whilst your graceful form bends about its stem, appears as if it were wedded to some lovely twining creeper.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Ah! saucy girl, you are most appropriately named Priyamvadá ("Speaker of flattering things").

KING.— What Priyamvadá says, though complimentary, is nevertheless true. Verily,

Her ruddy lip vies with the opening bud;
Her graceful arms are as the twining stalks;
And her whole form is radiant with the glow
Of youthful beauty, as the tree with bloom.

ANASÚYÁ.— See, dear Sakuntalá, here is the young jasmine, which you named "the Moonlight of the Grove," the self-elected wife of the mango-tree. Have you forgotten it?

SAKUNTALÁ.— Rather will I forget myself. [*Approaching the plant and looking at it.*] How delightful is the season when the jasmine-creeper and the mango-tree seem thus to unite in mutual embraces! The fresh blossoms of the jasmine resemble the bloom of a young bride, and the newly-formed shoots of the mango appear to make it her natural protector.

[*Continues gazing at it.*

PRIYAMVADÁ [*smiling*].— Do you know, my Anasúyá, why Sakuntalá gazes so intently at the jasmine?

ANASÚYÁ.— No, indeed, I can not imagine. I pray thee tell me.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— She is wishing that as the jasmine is united to a suitable tree, so, in like manner, she may obtain a husband worthy of her.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Speak for yourself, girl; this is the thought in your own mind. [*Continues watering the flowers.*

KING.— Would that my union with her were permissible! and yet I hardly dare hope that the maiden is sprung from a caste different from that of the Head of the hermitage. But away with doubt:

That she is free to wed a warrior-king
My heart attests. For, in conflicting doubts,
The secret promptings of the good man's soul
Are an unerring index of the truth.

However, come what may, I will ascertain the fact.

SAKUNTALÁ [*in a flurry*].— Ah! a bee, disturbed by the sprinkling of the water, has left the young jasmine, and is trying to settle on my face.

[*Attempts to drive it away.*

KING [*gazing at her ardently*].— Beautiful! there is something charming even in her repulse.

Where'er the bee his eager onset plies,
Now here, now there, she darts her kindling eyes:
What love hath yet to teach, fear teaches now,
The furtive glances and the frowning brow.

[*In a tone of envy.*

Ah happy bee! how boldly dost thou try
To steal the luster from her sparkling eye;
And in thy circling movements hover near,
To murmur tender secrets in her ear;
Or, as she coyly waves her hand, to sip
Voluptuous nectar from her lower lip!
While rising doubts my heart's fond hopes destroy,
Thou dost the fulness of her charms enjoy.

SAKUNTALÁ.— This impertinent bee will not rest quiet. I must move elsewhere. [*Moving a few steps off, and casting a glance around.*] How now! he is following me here. Help! my dear friends, help! deliver me from the attacks of this troublesome insect.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— How can we deliver you? Call Dushyanta to your aid. The sacred groves are under the king's special protection.

KING.— An excellent opportunity for me to show myself. Fear not — [*Checks himself when the words are half-uttered. Aside.*] But stay, if I introduce myself in this manner, they will know me to be the King. Be it so, I will accost them, nevertheless.

SAKUNTALÁ [*moving a step or two farther off*].— What! it still persists in following me.

KING [*advancing hastily*].— When mighty Puru's offspring sways the earth,
And o'er the wayward holds his threatening rod,

Who dares molest the gentle maids that keep
Their holy vigils in Kanwa's grove?

[*All look at the King, and are embarrassed.*

ANASÚYÁ.— Kind Sir, no outrage has been committed; only our dear friend here was teased by the attacks of a troublesome bee. [*Points to Sakuntalá.*

KING [*turning to Sakuntalá*].— I trust all is well with your devotional rites?

[*Sakuntalá stands confused and silent.*

ANASÚYÁ.— All is well, indeed, now that we are honored by the reception of a distinguished guest. Dear Sakuntalá, go, bring from the hermitage an offering of flowers, rice, and fruit. This water that we have brought with us will serve to bathe our guest's feet.

KING.— The rites of hospitality are already performed; your truly kind words are the best offering I can receive.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— At least be good enough, gentle Sir, to sit down awhile, and rest yourself on this seat shaded by the leaves of the Sapta-parna tree.

KING.— You, too, must all be fatigued by your employment.

ANASÚYÁ.— Dear Sakuntalá, there is no impropriety in our sitting by the side of our guest: come, let us sit down here. [*All sit down together.*

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— How is it that the sight of this man has made me sensible of emotions inconsistent with religious vows?

KING [*gazing at them all by turns*].— How charmingly your friendship is in keeping with the equality of your ages and appearance!

PRIYAMVADÁ [*aside to Anasúyá*].— Who can this person be, whose lively yet dignified manner, and polite conversation, bespeak him a man of high rank?

ANASÚYÁ.— I, too, my dear, am very curious to know. I will ask him myself. [*Aloud.*] Your kind words, noble Sir, fill me with confidence, and prompt me to inquire of what regal family our noble guest is the ornament? what country is now mourning his absence? and

what induced a person so delicately nurtured to expose himself to the fatigue of visiting this grove of penance?

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— Be not troubled, O my heart, Anasúyá is giving utterance to thy thoughts.

KING [*aside*].— How now shall I reply? shall I make myself known, or shall I still disguise my real rank? I have it; I will answer her thus. [*Aloud.*] I am the person charged by his majesty, the descendant of Puru, with the administration of justice and religion; and am come to this sacred grove to satisfy myself that the rites of the hermits are free from obstruction.

ANASÚYÁ.— The hermits, then, and all the members of our religious society have now a guardian.

[*Sakuntalá gazes bashfully at the King.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*perceiving the state of her feelings, and of the King's. Aside to Sakuntalá*].— Dear Sakuntalá, if father Kanwa were but at home to-day ——

SAKUNTALÁ [*angrily*].— What if he were?

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— He would honor this our distinguished guest with an offering of the most precious of his possessions.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Go to! you have some silly idea in your minds. I will not listen to such remarks.

KING.— May I be allowed, in my turn, to ask you maidens a few particulars respecting your friend?

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Your request, Sir, is an honor.

KING.— The sage Kanwa lives in the constant practise of austerities. How, then, can this friend of yours be called his daughter?

ANASÚYÁ.— I will explain to you, Sir. You have heard of an illustrious sage of regal caste, Viswámitra, whose family name is Kaúsika?

KING.— I have.

ANASÚYÁ.— Know that he is the real father of our friend. The venerable Kanwa is only her reputed father. He it was who brought her up, when she was deserted by her mother.

KING.—"Deserted by her mother!" My curiosity is excited; pray let me hear the story from the beginning.

ANASÚYÁ.— You shall hear it, Sir. Some time since, this sage of regal caste, while performing a most severe penance on the banks of the river Godávarí, excited the jealousy and alarm of the gods; insomuch that they dispatched a lovely nymph named Menaká to interrupt his devotions.

KING.— The inferior gods, I am aware, are jealous of the power which the practise of excessive devotion confers on mortals.

ANASÚYÁ.— Well, then, it happened that Viswámitra, gazing on the bewitching beauty of that nymph at a season when, spring being in its glory ——

[*Stops short, and appears confused.*

KING.— The rest may be easily divined. Sakuntalá, then, is the offspring of the nymph.

ANASÚYÁ.— Just so.

KING.— It is quite intelligible.

How could a mortal to such charms give birth?
The lightning's radiance flashes not from earth.

[*Sakuntalá remains modestly seated with downcast eyes. Aside.*] And so my desire has really scope for its indulgence. Yet I am still distracted by doubts, remembering the pleasantry of her female companions respecting her wish for a husband.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*looking with a smile at Sakuntalá, and then turning toward the King*].— You seem desirous, Sir, of asking something further.

[*Sakuntalá makes a chiding gesture with her finger.*

KING.— You conjecture truly. I am so eager to hear the particulars of your friend's history, that I have still another question to ask.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Scruple not to do so. Persons who lead the life of hermits may be questioned unreservedly.

KING.— I wish to ascertain one point respecting your friend —

Will she be bound by solitary vows

Opposed to love, till her espousals only?
Or ever dwell with these her cherished fawns,
Whose eyes, in luster vieing with her own,
Return her gaze of sisterly affection?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Hitherto, Sir, she has been engaged in the practise of religious duties, and has lived in subjection to her foster-father; but it is now his fixed intention to give her away in marriage to a husband worthy of her.

KING [*aside*].— His intention may be easily carried into effect.

Be hopeful, O my heart, thy harrowing doubts
Are past and gone; that which thou didst believe
To be as unapproachable as fire,
Is found a glittering gem that may be touched.

SAKUNTALÁ [*pretending anger*].— Anasúyá, I shall leave you.

ANASÚYÁ.— Why so?

SAKUNTALÁ.— That I may go and report this impertinent Priyamvadá to the venerable matron, Gautamí.[2]

ANASÚYÁ.— Surely, dear friend, it would not be right to leave a distinguished guest before he has received the rights of hospitality, and quit his presence in this wilful manner.

[*Sakuntalá, without answering a word, moves away.*

KING [*making a movement to arrest her departure, but checking himself. Aside*].— Ah! a lover's feelings betray themselves by his gestures.

When I would fain have stayed the maid, a sense
Of due decorum checked my bold design:
Though I have stirred not, yet my mien betrays
My eagerness to follow on her steps.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*holding Sakuntalá back*].— Dear *S*akuntalá, it does not become you to go away in this manner.

SAKUNTALÁ [*frowning*].— Why not, pray?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— You are under a promise to water two more

[2] The Matron or Superior of the female part of the society of hermits. Her authority resembled that of an abbess in a convent of nuns.

shrubs for me. When you have paid your debt, you shall go, and not before. [*Forces her to turn back.*

KING.— Spare her this trouble, gentle maiden. The exertion of watering the shrubs has already fatigued her.

The water-jar has overtasked the strength
Of her slim arms; her shoulders droop, her hands
Are ruddy with the glow of quickened pulses;
E'en now her agitated breath imparts
Unwonted tremor to her heaving breast;
The pearly drops that mar the recent bloom
Of the Sirísha pendant in her ear,
Gather in clustering circles on her cheek;
Loosed is the fillet of her hair: her hand
Restrains the locks that struggle to be free.

Suffer me, then, thus to discharge the debt for you.

[*Offers a ring to Priyamvadá. Both the maidens, reading the name "Dushyanta" on the seal, look at each other with surprise.*

KING.— Nay, think not that I am King Dushyanta. I am only the king's officer, and this is the ring which I have received from him as my credentials.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— The greater the reason you ought not to part with the ring from your finger. I am content to release her from her obligation at your simple request. [*With a smile.*] Now, Sakuntalá, my love, you are at liberty to retire, thanks to the intercession of this noble stranger, or rather of this mighty prince.

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— My movements are no longer under my own control. [*Aloud.*] Pray, what authority have you over me, either to send me away or keep me back?

KING [*gazing at Sakuntalá. Aside*].— Would I could ascertain whether she is affected toward me as I am toward her! At any rate, my hopes are free to indulge themselves. Because,

Although she mingles not her words with mine,
Yet doth her listening ear drink in my speech;
Although her eye shrinks from my ardent gaze,
No form but mine attracts its timid glances.

A Voice [*behind the scenes*].— O hermits, be ready to protect the animals belonging to our hermitage. King Dushyanta, amusing himself with hunting, is near at hand.

Lo! by the feet of prancing horses raised,
Thick clouds of moving dust, like glittering swarms
Of locusts in the glow of eventide,
Fall on the branches of our sacred trees;
Where hang the dripping vests of woven bark,
Bleached by the waters of the cleansing fountain.

And see!

Scared by the royal chariot in its course,
With headlong haste an elephant invades
The hallowed precincts of our sacred grove;
Himself the terror of the startled deer,
And an embodied hindrance to our rites.
The hedge of creepers clinging to his feet,
Feeble obstruction to his mad career,
Is dragged behind him in a tangled chain;
And with terrific shock one tusk he drives
Into the riven body of a tree,
Sweeping before him all impediments.

King [*aside*].— Out upon it! my retinue are looking for me, and are disturbing this holy retreat. Well! there is no help for it; I must go and meet them.

Priyamvadá and Anasúyá.— Noble Sir, we are terrified by the accidental disturbance caused by the wild elephant. Permit us to return into the cottage.

King [*hastily*].— Go, gentle maidens. It shall be our care that no injury happen to the hermitage. [*All rise up.*

Priyamvadá and Anasúyá.— After such poor hospitality we are ashamed to request the honor of a second visit from you.

King.— Say not so. The mere sight of you, sweet maidens, has been to me the best entertainment.

Sakuntalá.—Anasúyá, a pointed blade of Kusa-grass has pricked my foot; and my bark-mantle is caught in the

branch of a Kuruvaka-bush. Be so good as to wait for me until I have disentangled it.

[*Exit with her two companions, after making pretexts for delay, that she may steal glances at the King.*

KING.— I have no longer any desire to return to the city. I will therefore rejoin my attendants, and make them encamp somewhere in the vicinity of this sacred grove. In good truth, *S*akuntalá has taken such possession of my thoughts, that I can not turn myself in any other direction.

My limbs drawn onward leave my heart behind,
Like silken pennon borne against the wind.

ACT SECOND

SCENE.— A PLAIN ON THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST

Enter the Jester, Máthavya, in a melancholy mood.

MÁTHAVYA [*sighing*].— Heigh-ho! what an unlucky fellow I am! worn to a shadow by my royal friend's sporting propensities. "Here's a deer!" "There goes a boar!" "Yonder's a tiger!" This is the only burden of our talk, while in the heat of the meridian sun we toil on from jungle to jungle, wandering about in the paths of the woods, where the trees afford us no shelter. Are we thirsty? We have nothing to drink but the foul water of some mountain stream, filled with dry leaves which give it a most pungent flavor. Are we hungry? We have nothing to eat but roast game, which we must swallow down at odd times, as best we can. Even at night there is no peace to be had. Sleeping is out of the question, with joints all strained by dancing attendance upon my sporting friend; or if I do happen to doze, I am awakened at the very earliest dawn by the horrible din of a lot of rascally beaters and huntsmen,

who must needs surround the wood before sunrise, and deafen me with their clatter. Nor are these my only troubles. Here's a fresh grievance, like a new boil rising upon an old one! Yesterday, while we were lagging behind, my royal friend entered yonder hermitage after a deer; and there, as ill-luck would have it, caught sight of a beautiful girl, called *Sakuntalá*, the hermit's daughter. From that moment, not another thought about returning to the city! and all last night, not a wink of sleep did he get for thinking of the damsel. What is to be done? At any rate, I will be on the watch for him as soon as he has finished his toilet. [*Walking and looking about.*] Oh, here he comes, attended by the Yavana women with bows in their hands, and wearing garlands of wild flowers. What shall I do? I have it. I will pretend to stand in the easiest attitude for resting my bruised and crippled limbs.

[*Stands leaning on a staff.*

Enter King Dushyanta, followed by a retinue in the manner described.

KING.— True, by no easy conquest may I win her,
Yet are my hopes encouraged by her mien.
Love is not yet triumphant; but, methinks,
The hearts of both are ripe for his delights.
[*Smiling.*] Ah! thus does the lover delude himself; judging of the state of his loved one's feelings by his own desires. But yet,
The stolen glance with half-averted eye,
The hesitating gait, the quick rebuke
Addressed to her companion, who would fain
Have stayed her counterfeit departure; these
Are signs not unpropitious to my suit.
So eagerly the lover feeds his hopes,
Claiming each trivial gesture for his own.

MÁTHAVYA [*still in the same attitude*].— Ah, friend, my hands can not move to greet you with the usual saluta-

tion. I can only just command my lips to wish your majesty victory.

KING.— Why, what has paralyzed your limbs?

MÁTHAVYA.— You might as well ask me how my eye comes to water after you have poked your finger into it.

KING.— I don't understand you; speak more intelligibly.

MÁTHAVYA.— Ah, my dear friend, is yonder upright reed transformed into a crooked plant by its own act, or by the force of the current?

KING.— The current of the river causes it, I suppose.

MÁTHAVYA.— Aye; just as you are the cause of my crippled limbs.

KING.— How so?

MÁTHAVYA.— Here are you living the life of a wild man of the woods in a savage, unfrequented region, while your State affairs are left to shift for themselves; and as for poor me, I am no longer master of my own limbs, but have to follow you about day after day in your chases after wild animals, till my bones are all crippled and out of joint. Do, my dear friend, let me have one day's rest.

KING [*aside*].— This fellow little knows, while he talks in this manner, that my mind is wholly engrossed by recollections of the hermit's daughter, and quite as disinclined to the chase as his own.

No longer can I bend my well-braced bow
Against the timid deer; nor e'er again
With well-aimed arrows can I think to harm
These her beloved associates, who enjoy
The privilege of her companionship;
Teaching her tender glances in return.

MÁTHAVYA [*looking in the King's face*].— I may as well speak to the winds, for any attention you pay to my requests. I suppose you have something on your mind, and are talking it over to yourself.

KING [*smiling*].— I was only thinking that I ought not to disregard a friend's request.

MÁTHAVYA.— Then may the King live forever! [*Moves off.*

KING.— Stay a moment, my dear friend. I have something else to say to you.

MÁTHAVYA.— Say on, then.

KING.— When you have rested, you must assist me in another business, which will give you no fatigue.

MÁTHAVYA.— In eating something nice, I hope.

KING.— You shall know at some future time.

MÁTHAVYA.— No time better than the present.

KING.— What ho! there.

WARDER [*entering*].— What are your Majesty's commands?

KING.— O Raivataka! bid the General of the forces attend.

WARDER.— I will, Sire. [*Exit and re-enters with the General.*] Come forward, General; his Majesty is looking toward you, and has some order to give you.

GENERAL [*looking at the King*].— Though hunting is known to produce ill effects, my royal master has derived only benefit from it. For

Like the majestic elephant that roams
O'er mountain wilds, so does the King display
A stalwart frame, instinct with vigorous life.
His brawny arms and manly chest are scored
By frequent passage of the sounding string;
Unharmed he bears the mid-day sun; no toil
His mighty spirit daunts; his sturdy limbs,
Stripped of redundant flesh, relinquish naught
Of their robust proportions, but appear
In muscle, nerve, and sinewy fiber cased.

[*Approaching the King.*] Victory to the King! We have tracked the wild beasts to their lairs in the forest. Why delay, when everything is ready?

KING.— My friend Máthavya here has been disparaging the chase, till he has taken away all my relish for it.

GENERAL [*aside to Máthavya*].— Persevere in your opposition, my good fellow; I will sound the King's real feelings, and humor him accordingly. [*Aloud.*] The blockhead talks nonsense, and your Majesty, in your own person, furnishes the best proof of it. Observe,

Sire, the advantage and pleasure the hunter derives from the chase.

Freed from all grosser influences, his frame
Loses its sluggish humors, and becomes
Buoyant, compact, and fit for bold encounter.
'Tis his to mark with joy the varied passions,
Fierce heats of anger, terror, blank dismay,
Of forest animals that cross his path.
Then what a thrill transports the hunter's soul,
When, with unerring course, his driven shaft
Pierces the moving mark! Oh! 't is conceit
In moralists to call the chase a vice;
What recreation can compare with this?

MÁTHAVYA [*angrily*].— Away! tempter, away! The King has recovered his senses, and is himself again. As for you, you may, if you choose, wander about from forest to forest, till some old bear seizes you by the nose, and makes a mouthful of you.

KING.— My good General, as we are just now in the neighborhood of a consecrated grove, your panegyric upon hunting is somewhat ill-timed, and I can not assent to all you have said. For the present,

All undisturbed the buffaloes shall sport
In yonder pool, and with their ponderous horns
Scatter its tranquil waters, while the deer,
Couched here and there in groups beneath the shade
Of spreading branches, ruminate in peace.
And all securely shall the herd of boars
Feed on the marshy sedge; and thou, my bow,
With slackened string enjoy a long repose.

GENERAL.— So please your Majesty, it shall be as you desire.

KING.— Recall, then, the beaters who were sent in advance to surround the forest. My troops must not be allowed to disturb this sacred retreat, and irritate its pious inhabitants.

Know that within the calm and cold recluse
Lurks unperceived a germ of smothered flame,
All-potent to destroy; a latent fire

That rashly kindled bursts with fury forth —
As in the disk of crystal that remains
Cool to the touch, until the solar ray
Falls on its polished surface, and excites
The burning heat that lies within concealed.

GENERAL.— Your Majesty's commands shall be obeyed.

MÁTHAVYA.— Off with you, you son of a slave! Your nonsense won't go down here, my fine fellow.

[*Exit General.*

KING [*looking at his attendants*].— Here, women, take my hunting-dress; and you, Raivataka, keep guard carefully outside.

ATTENDANTS.— We will, sire. [*Exeunt.*

MÁTHAVYA.— Now that you have got rid of these plagues, who have been buzzing about us like so many flies, sit down, do, on that stone slab, with the shade of the tree as your canopy, and I will seat myself by you quite comfortably.

KING.— Go you, and sit down first.

MÁTHAVYA.— Come along, then.

[*Both walk on a little way, and seat themselves.*

KING.— Máthavya, it may be said of you that you have never beheld anything worth seeing: for your eyes have not yet looked upon the loveliest object in creation.

MÁTHAVYA.— How can you say so, when I see your Majesty before me at this moment?

KING.— It is very natural that everyone should consider his own friend perfect; but I was alluding to Śakuntalá, the brightest ornament of these hallowed groves.

MÁTHAVYA [*aside*].— I understand well enough, but I am not going to humor him. [*Aloud.*] If, as you intimate, she is a hermit's daughter, you can not lawfully ask her in marriage. You may as well, then, dismiss her from your mind, for any good the mere sight of her can do.

KING.— Think you that a descendant of the mighty Puru could fix his affections on an unlawful object?

Though, as men say, the offspring of the sage,

The maiden to a nymph celestial owes
Her being, and by her mother left on earth,
Was found and nurtured by the holy man
As his own daughter, in this hermitage;
So, when dissevered from its parent stalk,
Some falling blossom of the jasmine, wafted
Upon the sturdy sunflower, is preserved
By its support from premature decay.

MÁTHAVYA [*smiling*].— This passion of yours for a rustic maiden, when you have so many gems of women at home in your palace, seems to me very like the fancy of a man who is tired of sweet dates, and longs for sour tamarinds as a variety.

KING.— You have not seen her, or you would not talk in this fashion.

MÁTHAVYA.— I can quite understand it must require something surpassingly attractive to excite the admiration of such a great man as you.

KING.— I will describe her, my dear friend, in a few words —

Man's all-wise Maker, wishing to create
A faultless form, whose matchless symmetry
Should far transcend Creation's choicest works,
Did call together by his mighty will,
And garner up in his eternal mind,
A bright assemblage of all lovely things:
And then, as in a picture, fashion them
Into one perfect and ideal form.
Such the divine, the wondrous prototype,
Whence her fair shape was molded into being.

MÁTHAVYA.— If that's the case, she must indeed throw all other beauties into the shade.

KING.— To my mind she really does.

This peerless maid is like a fragrant flower,
Whose perfumed breath has never been diffused;
A tender bud, that no profaning hand
Has dared to sever from its parent stalk;
A gem of priceless water, just released

Pure and unblemished from its glittering bed.
Or may the maiden haply be compared
To sweetest honey, that no mortal lip
Has sipped; or, rather to the mellowed fruit
Of virtuous actions in some former birth,
Now brought to full perfection? Lives the man
Whom bounteous heaven has destined to espouse her?

MÁTHAVYA.— Make haste, then, to her aid; you have no time to lose, if you don't wish this fruit of all the virtues to drop into the mouth of some greasy-headed rustic of devout habits.

KING.— The lady is not her own mistress, and her foster-father is not at home.

MÁTHAVYA.— Well, but tell me, did she look at all kindly upon you?

KING.— Maidens brought up in a hermitage are naturally shy and reserved; but for all that,

She did look toward me, though she quick withdrew
Her stealthy glances when she met my gaze;
She smiled upon me sweetly, but disguised
With maiden grace the secret of her smiles.
Coy love was half unveiled; then, sudden checked
By modesty, left half to be divined.

MÁTHAVYA.— Why, of course, my dear friend, you never could seriously expect that at the very first sight she would fall over head and ears in love with you, and without more ado come and sit in your lap.

KING.— When we parted from each other, she betrayed her liking for me by clearer indications, but still with the utmost modesty.

Scarce had the fair one from my presence passed,
When, suddenly, without apparent cause,
She stopped, and counterfeiting pain, exclaimed,
"My foot is wounded by this prickly grass."
Then glancing at me tenderly, she feigned
Another charming pretext for delay,
Pretending that a bush had caught her robe,
And turned as if to disentangle it.

MÁTHAVYA.— I trust you have laid in a good stock of provisions, for I see you intend making this consecrated grove your game-preserve, and will be roaming here in quest of sport for some time to come.

KING.— You must know, my good fellow, that I have been recognized by some of the inmates of the hermitage. Now I want the assistance of your fertile invention, in devising some excuse for going there again.

MÁTHAVYA.— There is but one expedient that I can suggest. You are the King, are you not?

KING.— What then?

MÁTHAVYA.— Say you have come for the sixth part of their grain, which they owe you for tribute.

KING.— No, no, foolish man; these hermits pay me a very different kind of tribute, which I value more than heaps of gold or jewels; observe,

The tribute which my other subjects bring
Must molder into dust, but holy men
Present me with a portion of the fruits
Of penitential services and prayers —
A precious and imperishable gift.

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— We are fortunate; here is the object of our search.

KING [*listening*].— Surely those must be the voices of hermits, to judge by their deep tones.

WARDER [*entering*].— Victory to the King! two young hermits are in waiting outside, and solicit an audience of your Majesty.

KING.— Introduce them immediately.

WARDER.— I will, my liege. [*Goes out, and re-enters with two young Hermits.*] This way, Sirs, this way.

[*Both the Hermits look at the King.*

FIRST HERMIT.— How majestic is his mien, and yet what confidence it inspires! But this might be expected in a king whose character and habits have earned for him a title only one degree removed from that of a Saint.

In this secluded grove, whose sacred joys
All may participate, he deigns to dwell

Like one of us; and daily treasures up
A store of purest merit for himself,
By the protection of our holy rites.
In his own person wondrously are joined
Both majesty and saintlike holiness:
And often chanted by inspirèd bards,
His hallowed title of "Imperial Sage"
Ascends in joyous accents to the skies.

SECOND HERMIT.— Bear in mind, Gautama, that this is the great Dushyanta, the friend of Indra.

FIRST HERMIT.— What of that?

SECOND HERMIT.— Where is the wonder if his nervous arm,
Puissant and massive as the iron bar
That binds a castle-gateway, singly sways
The scepter of the universal earth,
E'en to its dark-green boundary of waters?
Or if the gods, beholden to his aid
In their fierce warfare with the powers of hell,
Should blend his name with Indra's in their songs
Of victory, and gratefully accord
No lower meed of praise to his braced bow,
Than to the thunders of the god of heaven?

BOTH THE HERMITS [*approaching*].— Victory to the King!

KING [*rising from his seat*].— Hail to you both!

BOTH THE HERMITS.—Heaven bless your Majesty!

[*They offer fruits.*

KING [*respectfully receiving the offering*].— Tell me, I pray you, the object of your visit.

BOTH THE HERMITS.— The inhabitants of the hermitage having heard of your Majesty's sojourn in our neighborhood, make this humble petition.

KING.— What are their commands?

BOTH THE HERMITS.— In the absence of our Superior, the great Sage Kanwa, evil demons are disturbing our sacrificial rites. Deign, therefore, accompanied by your charioteer, to take up your abode in our hermitage for a few days.

KING.— I am honored by your invitation.

MÁTHAVYA [*aside*].— Most opportune and convenient, certainly!

KING [*smiling*].— Ho! there, Raivataka! Tell the charioteer from me to bring round the chariot with my bow.

WARDER.— I will, Sire. [*Exit.*

BOTH THE HERMITS [*joyfully*].— Well it becomes the King by acts of grace

To emulate the virtues of his race.
Such acts thy lofty destiny attest;
Thy mission is to succor the distressed.

KING [*bowing to the Hermits*].— Go first, reverend Sirs, I will follow you immediately.

BOTH THE HERMITS.— May victory attend you! [*Exeunt.*

KING.— My dear Máthavya, are you not full of longing to see Śakuntalá?

MÁTHAVYA.— To tell you the truth, though, I was just now brimful of desire to see her, I have not a drop left since this piece of news about the demons.

KING.— Never fear; you shall keep close to me for protection.

MÁTHAVYA.— Well, you must be my guardian-angel, and act the part of a very Vishnu [3] to me.

WARDER [*entering*].— Sire, the chariot is ready, and only waits to conduct you to victory. But here is a messenger named Karabhaka, just arrived from your capital, with a message from the Queen, your mother.

KING [*respectfully*].— How say you? a messenger from the venerable Queen?

WARDER.— Even so.

KING.—Introduce him at once.

WARDER.— I will, Sire. [*Goes out, and re-enters with Karabhaka.*] Behold the King! Approach.

KARABHAKA.— Victory to the King! The Queen-mother bids me say that in four days from the present time she intends celebrating a solemn ceremony for the advancement and preservation of her son. She expects that your Majesty will honor her with your presence on that occasion.

[3] Vishnu, the Preserver, one of the three principal gods.

KING.— This places me in a dilemma. Here, on the one hand, is the commission of these holy men to be executed; and, on the other, the command of my reverend parent to be obeyed. Both duties are too sacred to be neglected. What is to be done?

MÁTHAVYA.— You will have to take up an intermediate position between the two, like King Trisanku, who was suspended betweeen heaven and earth, because the sage Viswámitra commanded him to mount up to heaven, and the gods ordered him down again.

KING.— I am certainly very much perplexed. For here,

Two different duties are required of me
In widely distant places; how can I
In my own person satisfy them both?
Thus is my mind distracted and impelled
In opposite directions, like a stream
That, driven back by rocks, still rushes on,
Forming two currents in its eddying course.

[*Reflecting.*] Friend Máthavya, as you were my playfellow in childhood, the Queen has always received you like a second son; go you, then, back to her and tell her of my solemn engagement to assist these holy men. You can supply my place in the ceremony, and act the part of a son to the Queen.

MÁTHAVYA.— With the greatest pleasure in the world; but don't suppose that I am really coward enough to have the slightest fear of those trumpery demons.

KING [*smiling*].— Oh! of course not; a great Brahman like you could not possibly give way to such weakness.

MÁTHAVYA.— You must let me travel in a manner suitable to the King's younger brother.

KING.— Yes, I shall send my retinue with you, that there may be no further disturbance in this sacred forest.

MÁTHAVYA [*with a strut*].— Already I feel quite like a young prince.

KING [*aside*].— This is a giddy fellow, and in all probability he will let out the truth about my present pursuit to the women of the palace. What is to be done? I must say

something to deceive him. [*Aloud to Máthavya, taking him by the hand.*] Dear friend, I am going to the hermitage wholly and solely out of respect for its pious inhabitants, and not because I have really any liking for *S*akuntalá, the hermit's daughter. Observe,

What suitable communion could there be
Between a monarch and a rustic girl?
I did but feign an idle passion, friend,
Take not in earnest what was said in jest.

MÁTHAVYA.— Don't distress yourself; I quite understand.

[*Exeunt.*

PRELUDE TO ACT THIRD

SCENE.— THE HERMITAGE

Enter a young Brahman, carrying bundles of Kusa-grass for the use of the sacrificing priests.

YOUNG BRAHMAN.— How wonderful is the power of King Dushyanta! No sooner did he enter our hermitage than we were able to proceed with our sacrificial rites, unmolested by the evil demons.

No need to fix the arrow to the bow;
The mighty monarch sounds the quivering string,
And, by the thunder of his arms dismayed,
Our demon foes are scattered to the wind.

I must now, therefore, make haste and deliver to the sacrificing priests these bundles of Kusa-grass, to be strewn round the altar. [*Walking and looking about; then addressing some one off the stage.*] Why, Priyamvadá, for whose use are you carrying that ointment of Usíra-root and those lotus leaves with fibers attached to them? [*Listening for her answer.*] What say you? — that *S*akuntalá is suffering from fever produced by exposure to the sun, and that this ointment is to cool her burning frame? Nurse her with care, then, Priyamvadá, for she is cherished by our reverend Superior as the very breath of his nostrils. I, for my part, will

contrive that soothing waters, hallowed in the sacrifice, be administered to her by the hands of Gautamí.

[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE.— THE SACRED GROVE

Enter King Dushyanta, with the air of one in love.

KING [*sighing thoughtfully*].— The holy sage possesses power
In virtue of his penance; she, his ward,
Under the shadow of his tutelage
Rests in security. I know it well;
Yet sooner shall the rushing cataract
In foaming eddies re-ascend the steep,
Than my fond heart turn back from its pursuit.
God of Love! God of the flowery shafts! we are all of us cruelly deceived by thee, and by the Moon, however deserving of confidence you may both appear.
For not to us do these thine arrows seem
Pointed with tender flowerets; not to us
Doth the pale moon irradiate the earth
With beams of silver fraught with cooling dews:
But on our fevered frames the moon-beams fall
Like darts of fire, and every flower-tipped shaft
Of Káma, as it probes our throbbing hearts,
Seems to be barbed with hardest adamant.
Adorable god of love! hast thou no pity for me? [*In a tone of anguish.*] How can thy arrows be so sharp when they are pointed with flowers? Ah! I know the reason:
E'en now in thine unbodied essence lurks
The fire of Siva's anger, like the flame
That ever hidden in the secret depths
Of ocean, smolders there unseen. How else
Couldst thou, all immaterial as thou art,
Inflame our hearts thus fiercely? — thou, whose form

Was scorched to ashes by a sudden flash
From the offended god's terrific eye.

Yet, methinks,

Welcome this anguish, welcome to my heart
These rankling wounds inflicted by the god,
Who on his scutcheon bears the monster-fish
Slain by his prowess: welcome death itself,
So that, commissioned by the lord of love,
This fair one be my executioner.

Adorable divinity! Can I by no reproaches excite your commiseration?

Have I not daily offered at thy shrine
Innumerable vows, the only food
Of thine ethereal essence? Are my prayers
Thus to be slighted? Is it meet that thou
Shouldst aim thy shafts at thy true votary's heart,
Drawing thy bow-string even to thy ear?

[*Pacing up and down in a melancholy manner.*] Now that the holy men have completed their rites, and have no more need of my services, how shall I dispel my melancholy? [*Sighing.*] I have but one resource. Oh for another sight of the idol of my soul! I will seek her. [*Glancing at the sun.*] In all probability, as the sun's heat is now at its height, Sakuntalá is passing her time under the shade of the bowers on the banks of the Máliní, attended by her maidens. I will go and look for her there. [*Walking and looking about.*] I suspect the fair one has but just passed by this avenue of young trees.

Here, as she tripped along, her fingers plucked
The opening buds: these lacerated plants,
Shorn of their fairest blossoms by her hand,
Seem like dismembered trunks, whose recent wounds
Are still unclosed; while from the bleeding socket
Of many a severed stalk, the milky juice
Still slowly trickles, and betrays her path.

[*Feeling a breeze.*] What a delicious breeze meets me in this spot!

Here may the zephyr, fragrant with the scent
Of lotuses, and laden with the spray
Caught from the waters of the rippling stream,
Fold in its close embrace my fevered limbs.

[*Walking and looking about.*] She must be somewhere in the neighborhood of this arbor of overhanging creepers, enclosed by plantations of cane.

[*Looking down.*

For at the entrance here I plainly see
A line of footsteps printed in the sand.
Here are the fresh impressions of her feet;
Their well-known outlines faintly marked in front,
More deeply toward the heel; betokening
The graceful undulation of her gait.

I will peep through those branches. [*Walking and looking. With transport.*] Ah! now my eyes are gratified by an entrancing sight. Yonder is the beloved of my heart reclining on a rock strewn with flowers, and attended by her two friends. How fortunate! Concealed behind the leaves, I will listen to their conversation, without raising their suspicions.

[*Stands concealed, and gazes at them.*

Sakuntalá and her two attendants, holding fans in their hands, are discovered as described.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*fanning her. In a tone of affection*].— Dearest Sakuntalá, is the breeze raised by these broad lotus-leaves refreshing to you?

SAKUNTALÁ.— Dear friends, why should you trouble yourselves to fan me?

[*Priyamvadá and Anasúyá look sorrowfully at one another.*

KING.— Sakuntalá seems indeed to be seriously ill. [*Thoughtfully.*] Can it be the intensity of the heat that has affected her? or does my heart suggest the true cause of her malady? [*Gazing at her passionately.*] Why should I doubt it?

The maiden's spotless bosom is o'erspread

With cooling balsam; on her slender arm
Her only bracelet, twined with lotus-stalks,
Hangs loose and withered; her recumbent form
Expresses languor. Ne'er could noon-day sun
Inflict such fair disorder on a maid —
No, love, and love alone, is here to blame.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*aside to Anasúyá*].— I have observed, Anasúyá, that *S*akuntalá has been indisposed ever since her first interview with King Dushyanta. Depend upon it, her ailment is to be traced to this source.

ANASÚYÁ.— The same suspicion, dear Priyamvadá, has crossed my mind. But I will at once ask her and ascertain the truth. [*Aloud.*] Dear *S*akuntalá, I am about to put a question to you. Your indisposition is really very serious.

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*half-rising from her couch*].— What were you going to ask?

ANASÚYÁ.— We know very little about love-matters, dear *S*akuntalá; but for all that, I can not help suspecting your present state to be something similar to that of the lovers we have read about in romances. Tell us frankly what is the cause of your disorder. It is useless to apply a remedy, until the disease be understood.

KING.— Anasúyá bears me out in my suspicion.

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— I am, indeed, deeply in love; but can not rashly disclose my passion to these young girls.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— What Anasúyá says, dear *S*akuntalá, is very just. Why give so little heed to your ailment? Every day you are becoming thinner; though I must confess your complexion is still as beautiful as ever.

KING.— Priyamvadá speaks most truly.

Sunk is her velvet cheek; her wasted bosom
Loses its fulness; e'en her slender waist
Grows more attenuate; her face is wan
Her shoulders droop — as when the vernal blasts
Sear the young blossoms of the Mádhaví,
Blighting their bloom; so mournful is the change,

Yet in its sadness, fascinating still,
Inflicted by the mighty lord of love
On the fair figure of the hermit's daughter.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Dear friends, to no one would I rather reveal the nature of my malady than to you; but I should only be troubling you.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Nay, this is the very point about which we are so solicitous. Sorrow shared with affectionate friends is relieved of half its poignancy.

KING.— Pressed by the partners of her joys and griefs,
Her much beloved companions, to reveal
The cherished secret locked within her breast,
She needs must utter it; although her looks
Encourage me to hope, my bosom throbs
As anxiously I listen for her answer.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Know then, dear friends, that from the first moment the illustrious Prince, who is the guardian of our sacred grove, presented himself to my sight —

[*Stops short, and appears confused.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Say on, dear Sakuntalá, say on.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Ever since that happy moment, my heart's affections have been fixed upon him, and my energies of mind and body have all deserted me, as you see.

KING [*with rapture*].— Her own lips have uttered the words I most longed to hear.
Love lit the flame, and Love himself allays
My burning fever, as when gathering clouds
Rise o'er the earth in summer's dazzling noon,
And grateful showers dispel the morning heat.

SAKUNTALÁ.— You must consent, then, dear friends, to contrive some means by which I may find favor with the King, or you will have ere long to assist at my funeral.

KING [*with rapture*].— Enough! These words remove all my doubts.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*aside to Anasúyá*].— She is far gone in love, dear Anasúyá, and no time ought to be lost. Since she

has fixed her affections on a monarch who is the ornament of Puru's line, we need not hesitate for a moment to express our approval.

ANASÚYÁ.— I quite agree with you.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*aloud*].— We wish you joy, dear Sakuntalá. Your affections are fixed on an object in every respect worthy of you. The noblest river will unite itself to the ocean, and the lovely Mádhaví-creeper clings naturally to the Mango, the only tree capable of supporting it.

KING.— Why need we wonder if the beautiful constellation Visákhá pines to be united with the Moon.

ANASÚYÁ.— By what stratagem can we best secure to our friend the accomplishment of her heart's desire, both speedily and secretly?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— The latter point is all we have to think about. As to "speedily," I look upon the whole affair as already settled.

ANASÚYÁ.— How so?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Did you not observe how the King betrayed his liking by the tender manner in which he gazed upon her, and how thin he has become the last few days, as if he had been lying awake thinking of her?

KING [*looking at himself*].— Quite true! I certainly am becoming thin from want of sleep:

As night by night in anxious thought I raise
This wasted arm to rest my sleepless head,
My jeweled bracelet, sullied by the tears
That trickle from my eyes in scalding streams,
Slips toward my elbow from my shriveled wrist.
Oft I replace the bauble, but in vain;
So easily it spans the fleshless limb
That e'en the rough and corrugated skin,
Scarred by the bow-string, will not check its fall.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*thoughtfully*].— An idea strikes me, Anasúyá. Let Sakuntalá write a love-letter; I will conceal it in a flower, and contrive to drop it in the King's path. He will surely mistake it for the remains of some sacred offering, and will, in all probability, pick it up.

ANASÚYÁ.— A very ingenious device! It has my entire approval; but what says *S*akuntalá?

*S*AKUNTALÁ.— I must consider before I can consent to it.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Could you not, dear *S*akuntalá, think of some pretty composition in verse, containing a delicate declaration of your love?

*S*AKUNTALÁ.— Well I will do my best; but my heart trembles when I think of the chances of a refusal.

KING [*with rapture*].— Too timid maid, here stands the man from whom
Thou fearest a repulse; supremely blessed
To call thee all his own. Well might he doubt
His title to thy love; but how couldst thou
Believe thy beauty powerless to subdue him?

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— You undervalue your own merits, dear *S*akuntalá. What man in his senses would intercept with the skirt of his robe the bright rays of the autumnal moon, which alone can allay the fever of his body?

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*smiling*]:— Then it seems I must do as I am bid. [*Sits down and appears to be thinking.*

KING.— How charming she looks! My very eyes forget to wink, jealous of losing even for an instant a sight so enchanting.
How beautiful the movement of her brow,
As through her mind love's tender fancies flow!
And, as she weighs her thoughts, how sweet to trace
The ardent passion mantling in her face!

*S*AKUNTALÁ.— Dear girls, I have thought of a verse, but I have no writing-materials at hand.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Write the letters with your nail on this lotus-leaf, which is smooth as a parrot's breast.

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*after writing the verse*].— Listen, dear friends, and tell me whether the ideas are appropriately expressed.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— We are all attention.

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*reads*].—

I know not the secret thy bosom conceals,
Thy form is not near me to gladden my sight;
But sad is the tale that my fever reveals,
Of the love that consumes me by day and by night.

KING [*advancing hastily toward her*].—

Nay, Love does but warm thee, fair maiden — thy frame
Only droops like the bud in the glare of the noon;
But me he consumes with a pitiless flame,
As the beams of the day-star destroy the pale moon.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*looking at him joyfully, and rising to salute him*].— Welcome, the desire of our hearts, that so speedily presents itself!

[*Sakuntalá makes an effort to rise.*

KING.— Nay, trouble not thyself, dear maiden,
Move not to do me homage; let thy limbs
Still softly rest upon their flowery couch,
And gather fragrance from the lotus-stalks
Bruised by the fevered contact of thy frame.

ANASÚYÁ.— Deign, gentle Sir, to seat yourself on the rock on which our friend is reposing.

[*The King sits down. Sakuntalá is confused.*

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Any one may see at a glance that you are deeply attached to each other. But the affection I have for my friend prompts me to say something of which you hardly require to be informed.

KING.— Do not hesitate to speak out, my good girl. If you omit to say what is in your mind, you may be sorry for it afterward.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Is it not your special office as a King to remove the suffering of your subjects who are in trouble?

KING.— Such is my duty, most assuredly.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Know, then, that our dear friend has been brought to her present state of suffering entirely through love for you. Her life is in your hands; take pity on her and restore her to health.

KING.— Excellent maiden, our attachment is mutual. It is I who am the most honored by it.

SAKUNTALÁ [*looking at Priyamvadá*].— What do you mean by detaining the King, who must be anxious to return to his royal consorts after so long a separation?

KING.— Sweet maiden, banish from thy mind the thought
That I could love another. Thou dost reign
Supreme, without a rival, in my heart,
And I am thine alone: disown me not,
Else must I die a second deadlier death —
Killed by thy words, as erst by Káma's shafts.

ANASÚYÁ.— Kind Sir, we have heard it said that kings have many favorite consorts. You must not, then, by your behavior toward our dear friend, give her relations cause to sorrow for her.

KING.— Listen, gentle maiden, while in a few words I quiet your anxiety.
Though many beauteous forms my palace grace,
Henceforth two things alone will I esteem
The glory of my royal dynasty —
My sea-girt realm, and this most lovely maid.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— We are satisfied by your assurances.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*glancing on one side*].— See, Anasúyá, there is our favorite little fawn running about in great distress, and turning its eyes in every direction as if looking for its mother; come, let us help the little thing to find her.
[*Both move away.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— Dear friends, dear friends, leave me not alone and unprotected. Why need you both go?

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Unprotected! when the Protector of the world is at your side. [*Exeunt.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— What! have they both really left me?

KING.— Distress not thyself, sweet maiden. Thy adorer is at hand to wait upon thee.
Oh, let me tend thee, fair one, in the place
Of thy dear friends; and, with broad lotus-fans,
Raise cooling breezes to refresh thy frame;
Or shall I rather, with caressing touch,

Allay the fever of thy limbs, and soothe
Thy aching feet, beauteous as blushing lilies?

SAKUNTALÁ.— Nay, touch me not. I will not incur the censure of those whom I am bound to respect.

[*Rises and attempts to go.*

KING.— Fair one, the heat of noon has not yet subsided, and thy body is still feeble.

How canst thou quit thy fragrant couch of flowers,
And from thy throbbing bosom cast aside
Its covering of lotus-leaves, to brave
With weak and fainting limbs the noon-day heat?

[*Forces her to turn back.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— Infringe not the rules of decorum, mighty descendant of Puru. Remember, though I love you, I have no power to dispose of myself.

KING.— Why this fear of offending your relations, timid maid? When your venerable foster-father hears of it, he will not find fault with you. He knows that the law permits us to be united without consulting him.

In Indra's heaven, so at least 'tis said,
No nuptial rites prevail,[4] nor is the bride
Led to the altar by her future spouse;
But all in secret does the bridegroom plight
His troth, and each unto the other vow
Mutual allegiance. Such espousals, too,
Are authorized on earth, and many daughters
Of royal saints thus wedded to their lords,
Have still received their father's benison.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Leave me, leave me; I must take counsel with my female friends.

KING.— I will leave thee when —

SAKUNTALÁ.— When?

KING.— When I have gently stolen from thy lips
Their yet untasted nectar, to allay

[4] A marriage without the usual ceremonies is called Gândharva. It was supposed to be the form of marriage prevalent among the nymphs of Indra's heaven.

The raging of my thirst, e'en as the bee
Sips the fresh honey from the opening bud.

[*Attempts to raise her face. Sakuntalá tries to prevent him.*

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— The loving birds, doomed by fate to nightly separation, must bid farewell to each other, for evening is at hand.

SAKUNTALÁ [*in confusion*].— Great Prince, I hear the voice of the matron Gautamí. She is coming this way, to inquire after my health. Hasten and conceal yourself behind the branches.

KING.— I will. [*Conceals himself.*

Enter Gautamí with a vase in her hand, preceded by two attendants.

ATTENDANTS.— This way, most venerable Gautamí.

GAUTAMÍ [*approaching Sakuntalá*].— My child, is the fever of thy limbs allayed?

SAKUNTALÁ.— Venerable mother, there is certainly a change for the better.

GAUTAMÍ.— Let me sprinkle you with this holy water, and all your ailments will depart. [*Sprinkling Sakuntalá on the head.*] The day is closing, my child; come, let us go to the cottage. [*They all move away.*

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— Oh my heart! thou didst fear to taste of happiness when it was within thy reach. Now that the object of thy desires is torn from thee, how bitter will be thy remorse, how distracting thine anguish! [*Moving on a few steps and stopping. Aloud.*] Farewell! bower of creepers, sweet soother of my sufferings, farewell! may I soon again be happy under thy shade.

[*Exit reluctantly with the others.*

KING [*returning to his former seat in the arbor. Sighing*]. — Alas! how many are the obstacles to the accomplishment of our wishes!

Albeit she did coyly turn away
Her glowing cheek, and with her fingers guard
Her pouting lips, that murmured a denial

In faltering accents, she did yield herself
A sweet reluctant captive to my will,
As eagerly I raised her lovely face:
But ere with gentle force I stole the kiss,
Too envious Fate did mar my daring purpose.

Whither now shall I betake myself? I will tarry for a brief space in this bower of creepers, so endeared to me by the presence of my beloved *Sakuntalá*.

[*Looking round.*

Here printed on the flowery couch I see
The fair impression of her slender limbs;
Here is the sweet confession of her love,
Traced with her nail upon the lotus-leaf —
And yonder are the withered lily-stalks
That graced her wrist. While all around I view
Things that recall her image, can I quit
This bower, e'en though its living charm be fled?

A Voice [*in the air*].— Great King,
Scarce is our evening sacrifice begun,
When evil demons, lurid as the clouds
That gather round the dying orb of day,
Cluster in hideous troops, obscene and dread,
About our altars, casting far and near
Terrific shadows, while the sacred fire
Sheds a pale luster o'er their ghostly shapes.

King.— I come to the rescue, I come. [*Exit.*

PRELUDE TO ACT FOURTH

Scene.— The Garden of the Hermitage

Enter Priyamvadá and Anasúyá in the act of gathering flowers.

Anasúyá.— Although, dear Priyamvadá, it rejoices my heart to think that *Sakuntalá* has been happily united to a husband in every respect worthy of her, by the form of marriage prevalent among Indra's celestial musicians,

nevertheless, I can not help feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— How so?

ANASÚYÁ.— You know that the pious King was gratefully dismissed by the hermits on the successful termination of their sacrificial rites. He has now returned to his capital, leaving *Ś*akuntalá under our care; and it may be doubted whether, in the society of his royal consorts, he will not forget all that has taken place in this hermitage of ours.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— On that score be at ease. Persons of his noble nature are not so destitute of all honorable feeling. I confess, however, that there is one point about which I am rather anxious. What, think you, will Father Kanwa say when he hears what has occurred?

ANASÚYÁ.— In my opinion, he will approve the marriage.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— What makes you think so?

ANASÚYÁ.— From the first, it was always his fixed purpose to bestow the maiden on a husband worthy of her; and since heaven has given her such a husband, his wishes have been realized without any trouble to himself.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*looking at the flower-basket*].— We have gathered flowers enough for the sacred offering, dear Anasúyá.

ANASÚYÁ.— Well, then, let us now gather more, that we may have wherewith to propitiate the guardian-deity of our dear *Ś*akuntalá.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— By all means. [*They continue gathering.*

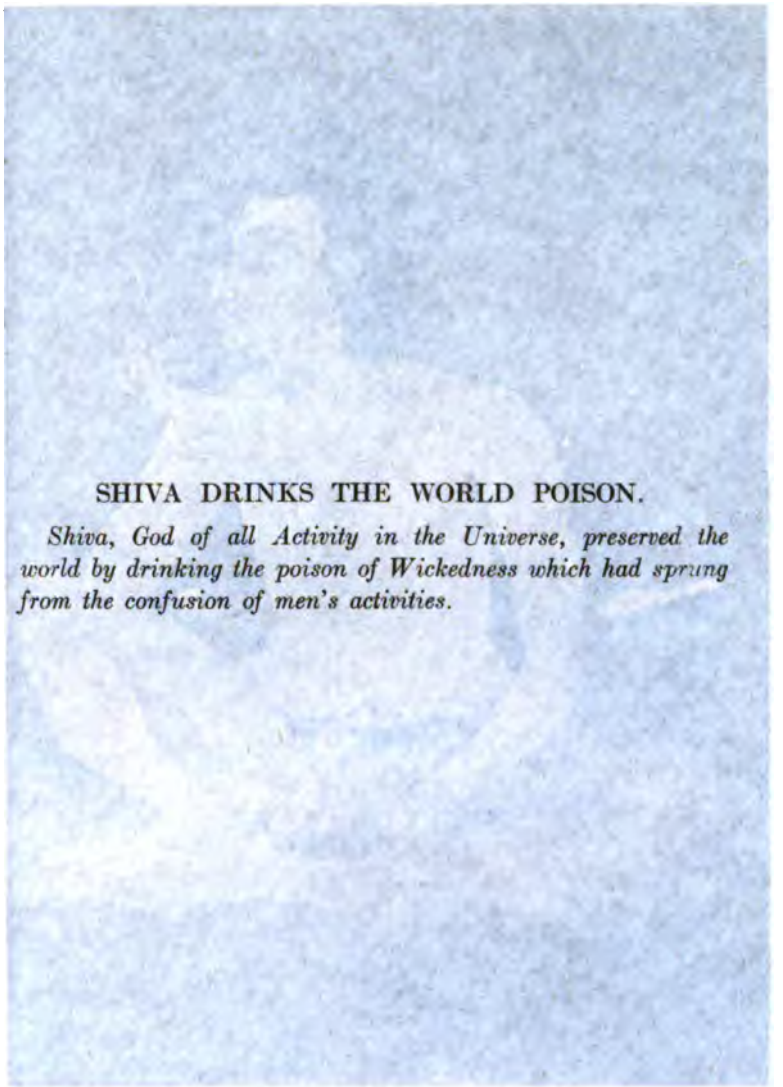
A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— Ho there! See you not that I am here?

ANASÚYÁ [*listening*].— That must be the voice of a guest announcing his arrival.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Surely, *Ś*akuntalá is not absent from the cottage. [*Aside.*] Her heart at least is absent, I fear.

ANASÚYÁ.— Come along, come along; we have gathered flowers enough. [*They move away.*

THE SAME VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— Woe to thee, maiden, for daring to slight a guest like me!



SHIVA DRINKS THE WORLD POISON.

Shiva, God of all Activity in the Universe, preserved the world by drinking the poison of Wickedness which had sprung from the confusion of men's activities.

SHIVA DRINKS THE WORLD POISON.

Shiva, God of all Activity in the Universe, preserves the
world by drinking the poison of Wickedness which had arisen
from the corruption of man's activities.



Shall I stand here unwelcomed; even I,
A very mine of penitential merit,
Worthy of all respect? Shalt thou, rash maid,
Thus set at naught the ever-sacred ties
Of hospitality? and fix thy thoughts
Upon the cherished object of thy love,
While I am present? Thus I curse thee, then —
He, even he of whom thou thinkest, he
Shall think no more of thee; nor in his heart
Retain thine image. Vainly shalt thou strive
To awaken his remembrance of the past;
He shall disown thee, even as the sot,
Roused from his midnight drunkenness, denies
The words he uttered in his revelings.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Alas! alas! I fear a terrible misfortune has occurred. Sakuntalá, from absence of mind, must have offended some guest whom she was bound to treat with respect. [*Looking behind the scenes.*] Ah! yes; I see, and no less a person than the great sage Durvasas, who is known to be most irascible. He it is that has just cursed her, and is now retiring with hasty strides, trembling with passion, and looking as if nothing could turn him. His wrath is like a consuming fire.

ANASÚYÁ.— Go quickly, dear Priyamvadá, throw yourself at his feet, and persuade him to come back, while I prepare a propitiatory offering for him, with water and refreshments.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— I will [*Exit.*

ANASÚYÁ [*advancing hastily a few steps and stumbling*].— Alas! alas! this comes of being in a hurry. My foot has slipped and my basket of flowers has fallen from my hand. [*Stays to gather them up.*

PRIYAMVADÁ [*re-entering*].— Well, dear Anasúyá, I have done my best; but what living being could succeed in pacifying such a cross-grained, ill-tempered old fellow? However, I managed to mollify him a little.

ANASÚYÁ [*smiling*].— Even a little was much for him. Say on.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— When he refused to turn back, I implored his forgiveness in these words: "Most venerable sage, pardon, I beseech you, this first offense of a young and inexperienced girl, who was ignorant of the respect due to your saintly character and exalted rank."

ANASÚYÁ.— And what did he reply?

PRIYAMVADÁ.—"My word must not be falsified; but at the sight of the ring of recognition the spell shall cease." So saying, he disappeared.

ANASÚYÁ.— Oh! then we may breathe again; for now I think of it, the King himself, at his departure, fastened on Sakuntalá's finger, as a token of remembrance, a ring on which his own name was engraved. She has, therefore, a remedy for her misfortune at her own command.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Come, dear Anasúyá, let us proceed with our religious duties. [*They walk away.*

PRIYAMVADÁ [*looking off the stage*].— See, Anasúyá, there sits our dear friend, motionless as a statue, resting her face on her left hand, her whole mind absorbed in thinking of her absent husband. She can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

ANASÚYÁ.— Priyamvadá, let this affair never pass our lips. We must spare our dear friend's feelings. Her constitution is too delicate to bear much emotion.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— I agree with you. Who would think of watering a tender jasmine with hot water?

ACT FOURTH

SCENE.— THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE HERMITAGE

Enter one of Kanwa's pupils, just arisen from his couch at the dawn of day.

PUPIL.— My master, the venerable Kanwa, who is but lately returned from his pilgrimage, has ordered me to ascertain how the time goes. I have therefore come into the open air to see if it be still dark. [*Walking and looking about.*] Oh! the dawn has already broken.

Lo! in one quarter of the sky, the Moon,

Lord of the herbs and night-expanding flowers,
Sinks toward his bed behind the western hills;
While in the east, preceded by the Dawn,
His blushing charioteer, the glorious Sun
Begins his course, and far into the gloom
Casts the first radiance of his orient beams.
Hail! co-eternal orbs, that rise to set,
And set to rise again; symbols divine
Of man's reverses, life's vicissitudes.

And now,

While the round Moon withdraws his looming disk
Beneath the western sky, the full-blown flower
Of the night-loving lotus sheds her leaves
In sorrow for his loss, bequeathing naught
But the sweet memory of her loveliness
To my bereavèd sight; e'en as the bride
Disconsolately mourns her absent lord,
And yields her heart a prey to anxious grief.

ANASÚYÁ [*entering abruptly*].— Little as I know of the ways of the world, I can not help thinking that King Dushyanta is treating *S*akuntalá very improperly.

PUPIL.— Well, I must let my reverend preceptor know that it is time to offer the burnt oblation. [*Exit.*

ANASÚYÁ.— I am broad awake, but what shall I do? I have no energy to go about my usual occupations. My hands and feet seem to have lost their power. Well, Love has gained his object; and Love only is to blame for having induced our dear friend, in the innocence of her heart, to confide in such a perfidious man. Possibly, however, the imprecation of Durvasas may be already taking effect. Indeed, I can not otherwise account for the King's strange conduct, in allowing so long a time to elapse without even a letter; and that, too, after so many promises and protestations. I can not think what to do, unless we send him the ring which was to be the token of recognition. But which of these austere hermits could we ask to be the bearer of it? Then, again, Father Kanwa has just returned from his

pilgrimage: and how am I to inform him of *S*akuntalá's marriage to King Dushyanta, and her expectation of being soon a mother? I never could bring myself to tell him, even if I felt that *S*akuntalá had been in fault, which she certainly has not. What is to be done?

PRIYAMVADÁ [*entering; joyfully*].— Quick! quick! Anasúyá! come and assist in the joyful preparations for *S*akuntalá's departure to her husband's palace.

ANASÚYÁ.— My dear girl, what can you mean?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Listen, now, and I will tell you all about it. I went just now to *S*akuntalá, to inquire whether she had slept comfortably —

ANASÚYÁ.— Well, well; go on.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— She was sitting with her face bowed down to the very ground with shame, when Father Kanwa entered and, embracing her, of his own accord offered her his congratulations. "I give thee joy, my child," he said, "we have had an auspicious omen. The priest who offered the oblation dropped it into the very center of the sacred fire, though thick smoke obstructed his vision. Henceforth thou wilt cease to be an object of compassion. This very day I purpose sending thee, under the charge of certain trusty hermits, to the King's palace; and shall deliver thee into the hands of thy husband, as I would commit knowledge to the keeping of a wise and faithful student."

ANASÚYÁ.— Who, then, informed the holy Father of what passed in his absence?

PRIYAMVADÁ.— As he was entering the sanctuary of the consecrated fire, an invisible being chanted a verse in celestial strains.

ANASÚYÁ [*with astonishment*].— Indeed! pray repeat it.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*repeats the verse*].—

Glows in thy daughter King Dushyanta's glory,
As in the sacred tree the mystic fire.
Let worlds rejoice to hear the welcome story;
And may the son immortalize the sire.

ANASÚYÁ [*embracing Priyamvadá*].— Oh, my dear Priyam-

vadá, what delightful news! I am pleased beyond measure; yet when I think that we are to lose our dear *Ś*akuntalá this very day, a feeling of melancholy mingles with my joy.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— We shall find means of consoling ourselves after her departure. Let the dear creature only be made happy, at any cost.

ANASÚYÁ.— Yes, yes, Priyamvadá, it shall be so; and now to prepare our bridal array. I have always looked forward to this occasion, and, some time since, I deposited a beautiful garland of Kesara flowers in a cocoanut box, and suspended it on a bough of yonder mango-tree. Be good enough to stretch out your hand and take it down, while I compound unguents and perfumes with this consecrated paste and these blades of sacred grass.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Very well.

[*Exit Anasúyá. Priyamvadá takes down the flowers.*

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— Gautamí, bid *Ś*árngarava and the others hold themselves in readiness to escort *Ś*akuntalá.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*listening*].— Quick, quick, Anasúyá! They are calling the hermits who are to go with *Ś*akuntalá to Hastinápur.

ANASÚYÁ [*re-entering, with the perfumed unguents in her hand*].—Come along then, Priyamvadá; I am ready to go with you. [*They walk away.*

PRIYAMVADÁ [*looking*].— See! there sits *Ś*akuntalá, her locks arranged even at this early hour of the morning. The holy women of the hermitage are congratulating her, and invoking blessings on her head, while they present her with wedding-gifts and offerings of consecrated wild-rice. Let us join them. [*They approach.*

Śakuntalá is seen seated, with women surrounding her, occupied in the manner described.

FIRST WOMAN [*to Śakuntalá*].— My child, may'st thou receive the title of "Chief-queen," and may thy husband delight to honor thee above all others!

SECOND WOMAN.— My child, may'st thou be the mother of a hero!

THIRD WOMAN.— My child, may'st thou be highly honored by thy lord!

[*Exeunt all the women, excepting Gautamí, after blessing Sakuntalá.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*approaching*].— Dear Sakuntalá, we are come to assist you at your toilet, and may a blessing attend it!

SAKUNTALÁ.— Welcome, dear friends, welcome. Sit down here.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*taking the baskets containing the bridal decorations, and sitting down*].— Now, then, dearest, prepare to let us dress you. We must first rub your limbs with these perfumed unguents.

SAKUNTALÁ.— I ought indeed to be grateful for your kind offices, now that I am so soon to be deprived of them. Dear, dear friends, perhaps I shall never be dressed by you again. [*Bursts into tears.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Weep not, dearest, tears are out of season on such a happy occasion.

[*They wipe away her tears and begin to dress her.*

PRIYAMVADÁ.— Alas! these simple flowers and rude ornaments which our hermitage offers in abundance, do not set off your beauty as it deserves.

Enter two young Hermits, bearing costly presents.

BOTH HERMITS.— Here are ornaments suitable for a queen.

[*The women look at them in astonishment.*

GAUTAMÍ.— Why, Nárada, my son, whence came these?

FIRST HERMIT.— You owe them to the devotion of Father Kanwa.

GAUTAMÍ.— Did he create them by the power of his own mind?

SECOND HERMIT.— Certainly not; but you shall hear. The venerable sage ordered us to collect flowers for Sakuntalá from the forest-trees; and we went to the wood for that purpose, when

Straightway depending from a neighboring tree
Appeared a robe of linen tissue, pure
And spotless as a moonbeam — mystic pledge
Of bridal happiness; another tree
Distilled a roseate dye wherewith to stain
The lady's feet; and other branches near
Glistened with rare and costly ornaments.
While, 'midst the leaves, the hands of forest-nymphs,
Vying in beauty with the opening buds,
Presented us with sylvan offerings.

PRIYAMVADÁ [*looking at Sakuntalá*].— The wood-nymphs have done you honor, indeed. This favor doubtless signifies that you are soon to be received as a happy wife into your husband's house, and are from this forward to become the partner of his royal fortunes.

[*Sakuntalá appears confused.*

FIRST HERMIT.— Come, Gautamí; Father Kanwa has finished his ablutions. Let us go and inform him of the favor we have received from the deities who preside over our trees.

SECOND HERMIT.— By all means. [*Exeunt.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Alas! what are we to do? We are unused to such splendid decorations, and are at a loss how to arrange them. Our knowledge of painting must be our guide. We will dispose of the ornaments as we have seen them in pictures.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Whatever pleases you, dear girls, will please me. I have perfect confidence in your taste.

[*They commence dressing her.*

Enter Kanwa, having finished his ablutions.

KANWA.— This day my loved one leaves me, and my heart
Is heavy with its grief: the streams of sorrow,
Choked at the source, repress my faltering voice.
I have no words to speak; mine eyes are dimmed
By the dark shadows of the thoughts that rise
Within my soul. If such the force of grief
In an old hermit parted from his nursling,

What anguish must the stricken parent feel —
Bereft forever of an only daughter?

[*Advances toward Sakuntalá.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Now, dearest Sakuntalá, we have finished decorating you. You have only to put on the two linen mantles.

[*Sakuntalá rises and puts them on.*

GAUTAMÍ.— Daughter, see, here comes thy foster-father; he is eager to fold thee in his arms; his eyes swim with tears of joy. Hasten to do him reverence.

SAKUNTALÁ [*reverently*].— My father, I salute you.

KANWA.— My daughter,

May'st thou be highly honored by thy lord,
E'en as Yayáti Sarmishthá adored!
And, as she bore him Puru, so may'st thou
Bring forth a son to whom the world shall bow!

GAUTAMÍ.— Most venerable father, she accepts your benediction as if she already possessed the boon it confers.

KANWA.— Now come this way, my child, and walk reverently round these sacrificial fires. [*They all walk round.*

KANWA [*repeats a prayer in the meter of the Rig-Veda*].—

Holy flames, that gleam around
Every altar's hallowed ground;
Holy flames, whose frequent food
Is the consecrated wood,
And for whose encircling bed,
Sacred Kusa-grass is spread;
Holy flames, that waft to heaven
Sweet oblations daily given,
Mortal guilt to purge away;
Hear, or hear me, when I pray —
Purify my child this day!

Now then, my daughter, set out on thy journey. [*Looking on one side.*] Where are thy attendants, Sárngarava and the others?

YOUNG HERMIT [*entering*].— Here we are, most venerable father.

KANWA.— Lead the way for thy sister.

SÁRNGARAVA.— Come, *S*akuntalá, let us proceed.

[*All move away.*

KANWA.— Hear me, ye trees that surround our hermitage!
*S*akuntalá ne'er moistened in the stream
Her own parched lips, till she had fondly poured
Its purest water on your thirsty roots;
And oft, when she would fain have decked her hair
With your thick-clustering blossoms, in her love
She robbed you not e'en of a single flower.
Her highest joy was ever to behold
The early glory of your opening buds:
Oh, then, dismiss her with a kind farewell!
This very day she quits her father's home,
To seek the palace of her wedded lord.

[*The note of a Köil is heard.*

Hark! heard'st thou not the answer of the trees,
Our sylvan sisters, warbled in the note
Of the melodious Köil? they dismiss
Their dear *S*akuntalá with loving wishes.

VOICES [*in the air*].—
Fare thee well, journey pleasantly on amid streams
Where the lotuses bloom, and the sun's glowing beams
Never pierce the deep shade of the wide-spreading trees,
While gently around thee shall sport the cool breeze;
Then light be thy footsteps and easy thy tread,
Beneath thee shall carpets of lilies be spread.
Journey on to thy lord; let thy spirit be gay,
For the smiles of all Nature shall gladden thy way.

[*All listen with astonishment.*

GAUTAMÍ.— Daughter! the nymphs of the wood, who love thee with the affection of a sister, dismiss thee with kind wishes for thy happiness. Take thou leave of them reverentially.

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*bowing respectfully and walking on. Aside to her friend*].— Eager as I am, dear Priyamvadá, to see my husband once more, yet my feet refuse to move, now that I am quitting forever the home of my girlhood.

PRIYAMVADÁ.— You are not the only one, dearest, to feel the bitterness of parting. As the time of separation approaches, the whole grove seems to share your anguish.

In sorrow for thy loss, the herd of deer
Forget to browse; the peacock on the lawn
Ceases its dance; the very trees around us
Shed their pale leaves, like tears, upon the ground.

SAKUNTALÁ [*recollecting herself*].— My father, let me, before I go, bid adieu to my pet jasmine, the Moonlight of the Grove. I love the plant almost as a sister.

KANWA.— Yes, yes, my child, I remember thy sisterly affection for the creeper. Here it is on the right.

SAKUNTALÁ [*approaching the jasmine*].— My beloved jasmine, most brilliant of climbing plants, how sweet it is to see thee cling thus fondly to thy husband, the mango-tree; yet, prithee, turn thy twining arms for a moment in this direction to embrace thy sister; she is going far away, and may never see thee again.

KANWA.— Daughter, the cherished purpose of my heart
Has ever been to wed thee to a spouse
That should be worthy of thee; such a spouse
Hast thou thyself, by thine own merits, won.
To him thou goest, and about his neck
Soon shalt thou cling confidingly, as now
Thy favorite jasmine twines its loving arms
Around the sturdy mango. Leave thou it
To its protector — e'en as I consign
Thee to thy lord, and henceforth from my mind
Banish all anxious thought on thy behalf.
Proceed on thy journey, my child.

SAKUNTALÁ [*to Priyamvadá and Anasúyá*].— To you, my sweet companions, I leave it as a keepsake. Take charge of it when I am gone.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*bursting into tears*].— And to whose charge do you leave us, dearest? Who will care for us when you are gone?

KANWA.— For shame, Anasúyá! dry your tears. Is this the

way to cheer your friend at a time when she needs your support and consolation? [*All move on.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— My father, see you there my pet deer, grazing close to the hermitage? She expects soon to fawn, and even now the weight of the little one she carries hinders her movements. Do not forget to send me word when she becomes a mother.

KANWA.— I will not forget it.

SAKUNTALÁ [*feeling herself drawn back*].— What can this be, fastened to my dress? [*Turns round.*

KANWA.— My daughter,

It is the little fawn, thy foster-child.
Poor helpless orphan! it remembers well
How with a mother's tenderness and love
Thou didst protect it, and with grains of rice
From thine own hand didst daily nourish it;
And, ever and anon, when some sharp thorn
Had pierced its mouth, how gently thou didst tend
The bleeding wound, and pour in healing balm.
The grateful nursling clings to its protectress,
Mutely imploring leave to follow her.

SAKUNTALÁ.— My poor little fawn, dost thou ask to follow an unhappy woman who hesitates not to desert her companions? When thy mother died, soon after thy birth, I supplied her place, and reared thee with my own hand; and now that thy second mother is about to leave thee, who will care for thee? My father, be thou a mother to her. My child, go back, and be a daughter to my father. [*Moves on, weeping.*

KANWA.— Weep not, my daughter, check the gathering tear
That lurks beneath thine eyelid, ere it flow
And weaken thy resolve; be firm and true —
True to thyself and me; the path of life
Will lead o'er hill and plain, o'er rough and smooth,
And all must feel the steepness of the way;
Though rugged be thy course, press boldly on.

SÁRNGARAVA.— Venerable sire! the sacred precept is — "Accompany thy friend as far as the margin of the

first stream." Here then, we are arrived at the border of a lake. It is time for you to give us your final instructions and return.

KANWA.— Be it so; let us tarry for a moment under the shade of this fig-tree. [*They do so.*

KANWA [*aside*].— I must think of some appropriate message to send to his majesty King Dushyanta. [*Reflects.*

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside to Anasúyá*].— See, see, dear Anasúyá, the poor female Chakraváka-bird, whom cruel fate dooms to nightly separation from her mate, calls to him in mournful notes from the other side of the stream, though he is only hidden from her view by the spreading leaves of the water-lily. Her cry is so piteous that I could almost fancy she was lamenting her hard lot in intelligible words.

ANASÚYÁ.— Say not so, dearest.

Fond bird! though sorrow lengthen out her night
Of widowhood, yet with a cry of joy
She hails the morning light that brings her mate
Back to her side. The agony of parting
Would wound us like a sword, but that its edge
Is blunted by the hope of future meeting.

KANWA.— *Sárngarava*, when you have introduced *Sakuntalá* into the presence of the King, you must give him this message from me.

SÁRNGARAVA.— Let me hear it, venerable father.

KANWA.— This is it —

Most puissant prince! we here present before thee
One thou art bound to cherish and receive
As thine own wife; yea, even to enthrone
As thine own queen — worthy of equal love
With thine imperial consorts. So much, Sire,
We claim of thee as justice due to us,
In virtue of our holy character —
In virtue of thine honorable rank —
In virtue of the pure spontaneous love
That secretly grew up 'twixt thee and her,
Without consent or privity of us.

We ask no more — the rest we freely leave
To thy just feeling and to destiny.

SÁRNGARAVA.— A most suitable message. I will take care to deliver it correctly.

KANWA.— And now, my child, a few words of advice for thee. We hermits, though we live secluded from the world, are not ignorant of worldly matters.

SÁRNGARAVA.— No, indeed. Wise men are conversant with all subjects.

KANWA.— Listen, then, my daughter. When thou reachest thy husband's palace, and art admitted into his family,

Honor thy betters; ever be respectful
To those above thee; and, should others share
Thy husband's love, ne'er yield thyself a prey
To jealousy; but ever be a friend,
A loving friend, to those who rival thee
In his affections. Should thy wedded lord
Treat thee with harshness, thou must never be
Harsh in return, but patient and submissive.
Be to thy menials courteous, and to all
Placed under thee, considerate and kind:
Be never self-indulgent, but avoid
Excess in pleasure; and, when fortune smiles,
Be not puffed up. Thus to thy husband's house
Wilt thou a blessing prove, and not a curse.

What thinks Gautamí of this advice?

GAUTAMÍ.— An excellent compendium, truly, of every wife's duties! Lay it well to heart, my daughter.

KANWA.— Come, my beloved child, one parting embrace for me and for thy companions, and then we leave thee.

SAKUNTALÁ.— My father, must Priyamvadá and Anasúyá really return with you? They are very dear to me.

KANWA.— Yes, my child; they, too, in good time, will be given in marriage to suitable husbands. It would not be proper for them to accompany thee to such a public place. But Gautamí shall be thy companion.

SAKUNTALÁ [*embracing him*].— Removed from thy bosom, my beloved father, like a young tendril of the sandal-

tree torn from its home in the western mountains, how shall I be able to support life in a foreign soil?

KANWA.— Daughter, thy fears are groundless:

Soon shall thy lord prefer thee to the rank
Of his own consort; and unnumbered cares
Befitting his imperial dignity
Shall constantly engross thee. Then the bliss
Of bearing him a son — a noble boy,
Bright as the day-star — shall transport thy soul
With new delights, and little shalt thou reck
Of the light sorrow that afflicts thee now
At parting from thy father and thy friends.

[*Sakuntalá throws herself at her foster-father's feet.*

KANWA.— Blessings on thee, my child! May all my hopes of thee be realized!

Sakuntalá [*approaching her friends*].— Come, my two loved companions, embrace me — both of you together.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*embracing her*].— Dear Sakuntalá, remember, if the King should by any chance be slow in recognizing you, you have only to show him this ring, on which his own name is engraved.

Sakuntalá.— The bare thought of it puts me in a tremor.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— There is no real cause for fear, dearest. Excessive affection is too apt to suspect evil where none exists.

Sárngarava.— Come, lady, we must hasten on. The sun is rising in the heavens.

Sakuntalá [*looking toward the hermitage*].— Dear father, when shall I ever see this hallowed grove again?

KANWA.— I will tell thee; listen —

When thou hast passed a long and blissful life
As King Dushyanta's queen, and jointly shared
With all the earth his ever-watchful care;
And hast beheld thine own heroic son,
Matchless in arms, united to a spouse
In happy wedlock; when his aged sire,
Thy faithful husband, hath to him resigned
The helm of State; then, weary of the world,

Together with Dushyanta thou shalt seek
The calm seclusion of thy former home:
There amid holy scenes to be at peace,
Till thy pure spirit gain its last release.

GAUTAMÍ.— Come, my child, the favorable time for our journey is fast passing. Let thy father return. Venerable Sire, be thou the first to move homeward, or these last words will never end.

KANWA.— Daughter, detain me no longer. My religious duties must not be interrupted.

SAKUNTALÁ [again embracing her foster-father].— Beloved father, thy frame is much enfeebled by penitential exercises. Do not, oh! do not, allow thyself to sorrow too much on my account.

KANWA [*sighing*].— How, O my child, shall my bereavèd heart
Forget its bitterness, when, day by day,
Full in my sight shall grow the tender plants
Reared by thy care, or sprung from hallowed grain
Which thy loved hands have strewn around the door —
A frequent offering to our household gods?
Go, my daughter, and may thy journey be prosperous.
[*Exit Sakuntalá with her escort.*

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ [*gazing after Sakuntalá*].— Alas! alas! she is gone, and now the trees hide our darling from our view.

KANWA [*sighing*].— Well, Anasúyá, your sister has departed. Moderate your grief, both of you, and follow me. I go back to the hermitage.

PRIYAMVADÁ AND ANASÚYÁ.— Holy father, the sacred grove will be a desert without *S*akuntalá. How can we ever return to it?

KANWA.— It is natural enough that your affection should make you view it in this light. [*Walking pensively on.*] As for me, I am quite surprised at myself. Now that I have fairly dismissed her to her husband's house, my mind is easy: for indeed,

A daughter is a loan — a precious jewel
Lent to a parent till her husband claim her.
And now that to her rightful lord and master
I have delivered her, my burdened soul
Is lightened, and I seem to breathe more freely.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE.— A ROOM IN THE PALACE

The King Dushyanta and the Jester Máthavya are discovered seated.

MÁTHAVYA [*listening*].— Hark! my dear friend, listen a minute, and you will hear sweet sounds proceeding from the music-room. Some one is singing a charming air. Who can it be? Oh! I know. The queen Hansapadiká is practising her notes, that she may greet you with a new song.

KING.— Hush! Let me listen.

A VOICE [*sings behind the scenes*].—

How often hither didst thou rove,
Sweet bee, to kiss the mango's cheek;
Oh! leave not, then, thy early love,
The lily's honeyed lip to seek.

KING.— A most impassioned strain, truly!

MÁTHAVYA.— Do you understand the meaning of the words?

KING [*smiling*].— She means to reprove me, because I once paid her great attention, and have lately deserted her for the queen Vasumatí. Go, my dear fellow, and tell Hansapadiká from me that I take her delicate reproof as it is intended.

MÁTHAVYA.— Very well. [*Rising from his seat.*] But stay — I don't much relish being sent to bear the brunt of her jealousy. The chances are that she will have me seized by the hair of the head and beaten to a jelly. I would as soon expose myself, after a vow of celibacy,

to the seductions of a lovely nymph, as encounter the fury of a jealous woman.

KING.— Go, go; you can disarm her wrath by a civil speech; but give her my message.

MÁTHAVYA.— What must be must be, I suppose. [*Exit.*

KING [*aside*].— Strange! that song has filled me with a most peculiar sensation. A melancholy feeling has come over me, and I seem to yearn after some long-forgotten object of affection. Singular, indeed! but,

Not seldom in our happy hours of ease,
When thought is still, the sight of some fair form,
Or mournful fall of music breathing low,
Will stir strange fancies, thrilling all the soul
With a mysterious sadness, and a sense
Of vague yet earnest longing. Can it be
That the dim memory of events long past,
Or friendships formed in other states of being,
Flits like a passing shadow o'er the spirit?

[*Remains pensive and sad.*

Enter the Chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN.— Alas! to what an advanced period of life have I attained!

Even this wand betrays the lapse of years;
In youthful days 'twas but a useless badge
And symbol of my office; now it serves
As a support to prop my tottering steps.

Ah me! I feel very unwilling to announce to the King that a deputation of young hermits from the sage Kanwa has arrived, and craves an immediate audience. Certainly, his Majesty ought not to neglect a matter of sacred duty, yet I hardly like to trouble him when he has just risen from the judgment-seat. Well, well; a monarch's business is to sustain the world, and he must not expect much repose; because —

Onward, forever onward, in his car
The unwearied Sun pursues his daily course,
Nor tarries to unyoke his glittering steeds.

And ever moving speeds the rushing Wind
Through boundless space, filling the universe
With his life-giving breezes. Day and night,
The King of Serpents on his thousand heads
Upholds the incumbent earth; and even so,
Unceasing toil is aye the lot of kings,
Who, in return, draw nurture from their subjects.

I will therefore deliver my message. [*Walking on and looking about.*] Ah! here comes the King:

His subjects are his children; through the day,
Like a fond father, to supply their wants,
Incessantly he labors; wearied now,
The monarch seeks seclusion and repose —
E'en as the prince of elephants defies
The sun's fierce heat, and leads the fainting herd
To verdant pastures, ere his wayworn limbs
He yields to rest beneath the cooling shade.

[*Approaching.*] Victory to the King! So please your Majesty, some hermits who live in a forest near the Snowy Mountains have arrived here, bringing certain women with them. They have a message to deliver from the sage Kanwa, and desire an audience. I await your Majesty's commands.

KING [*respectfully*].— A message from the sage Kanwa, did you say?

CHAMBERLAIN.— Even so, my liege.

KING.— Tell my domestic priest, Somaráta, to receive the hermits with due honor, according to the prescribed form. He may then himself introduce them into my presence. I will await them in a place suitable for the reception of such holy guests.

CHAMBERLAIN.— Your Majesty's commands shall be obeyed. [*Exit.*

KING [*rising and addressing the Warder*].— Vetravatí, lead the way to the chamber of the consecrated fire.

WARDER.— This way, Sire.

KING [*walking on, with the air of one oppressed by the cares of government*].— People are generally contented and

happy when they have gained their desires; but kings have no sooner attained the object of their aspirations than all their troubles begin.

'Tis a fond thought that to attain the end
And object of ambition is to rest;
Success doth only mitigate the fever
Of anxious expectation; soon the fear
Of losing what we have, the constant care
Of guarding it doth weary. Ceaseless toil
Must be the lot of him who with his hands
Supports the canopy that shields his subjects.

TWO HERALDS [*behind the scenes*].— May the King be victorious!

FIRST HERALD.— Honor to him who labors day by day
For the world's weal, forgetful of his own.
Like some tall tree that with its stately head
Endures the solar beam, while underneath
It yields refreshing shelter to the weary.

SECOND HERALD.— Let but the monarch wield his threatening rod
And e'en the guilty tremble; at his voice
The rebel spirit cowers; his grateful subjects
Acknowledge him their guardian; rich and poor
Hail him a faithful friend, a loving kinsman.

KING.— Weary as I was before, this complimentary address has refreshed me. [*Walks on.*

WARDER.— Here is the terrace of the hallowed fire-chamber, and yonder stands the cow that yields the milk for the oblations. The sacred enclosure has been recently purified, and looks clean and beautiful. Ascend, Sire.

KING [*leans on the shoulders of his attendants, and ascends*]. — Vetravatí, what can possibly be the message that the venerable Kanwa has sent me by these hermits? —

Perchance their sacred rites have been disturbed
By demons, or some evil has befallen
The innocent herds, their favorites, that graze
Within the precincts of the hermitage;
Or haply, through my sins, some withering blight

Has nipped the creeping plants that spread their arms
Around the hallowed grove. Such troubled thoughts
Crowd through my mind, and fill me with misgiving.

WARDER.— If you ask my opinion, Sire, I think the hermits merely wish to take an opportunity of testifying their loyalty, and are therefore come to offer homage to your Majesty.

Enter the Hermits, leading Sakuntalá, *attended by Gautamí; and, in advance of them, the Chamberlain and the domestic Priest.*

CHAMBERLAIN.— This way, reverend sirs, this way.

Sárngarava.— O *Sáradwata*,

'Tis true the monarch lacks no royal grace,
Nor ever swerves from justice; true, his people,
Yea such as in life's humblest walks are found,
Refrain from evil courses; still to me,
A lonely hermit reared in solitude,
This throng appears bewildering, and methinks
I look upon a burning house, whose inmates
Are running to and fro in wild dismay.

Sáradwata.— It is natural that the first sight of the King's capital should affect you in this manner; my own sensations are very similar.

As one just bathed beholds the man polluted;
As one late purified, the yet impure:
As one awake looks on the yet unwakened;
Or as the freeman gazes on the thrall,
So I regard this crowd of pleasure-seekers.

Sakuntalá [*feeling a quivering sensation in her right eyelid, and suspecting a bad omen*].— Alas! what means this throbbing of my right eyelid?

GAUTAMÍ.— Heaven avert the evil omen, my child! May the guardian deities of thy husband's family convert it into a sign of good fortune! [*Walks on.*

PRIEST [*pointing to the King*].— Most reverend sirs, there stands the protector of the four classes of the people; the guardian of the four orders of the priesthood. He

has just left the judgment-seat, and is waiting for you. Behold him!

SÁRNGARAVA.— Great Brahman, we are happy in thinking that the King's power is exerted for the protection of all classes of his subjects. We have not come as petitioners — we have the fullest confidence in the generosity of his nature.

The loftiest trees bend humbly to the ground
Beneath the teeming burden of their fruit;
High in the vernal sky the pregnant clouds
Suspend their stately course, and hanging low,
Scatter their sparkling treasures o'er the earth:
And such is true benevolence; the good
Are never rendered arrogant by riches.

WARDER.— So please your Majesty, I judge from the placid countenance of the hermits that they have no alarming message to deliver.

KING [*looking at Sakuntalá*].— But the lady there —

Who can she be, whose form of matchless grace
Is half concealed beneath her flowing veil?
Among the somber hermits she appears
Like a fresh bud 'mid sear and yellow leaves.

WARDER.— So please your Majesty, my curiosity is also roused, but no conjecture occurs to my mind. This at least is certain, that she deserves to be looked at more closely.

KING.— True; but it is not right to gaze at another man's wife.

SAKUNTALÁ [*placing her hand on her bosom. Aside*].— O my heart, why this throbbing? Remember thy lord's affection, and take courage.

PRIEST [*advancing*].— These holy men have been received with all due honor. One of them has now a message to deliver from his spiritual superior. Will your Majesty deign to hear it?

KING.— I am all attention.

HERMITS [*extending their hands*].— Victory to the King!

KING.— Accept my respectful greeting.

HERMITS.— May the desires of your soul be accomplished!

KING.— I trust no one is molesting you in the prosecution of your religious rites.

HERMITS.— Who dares disturb our penitential rites
When thou art our protector? Can the night
Prevail to cast her shadows o'er the earth
While the sun's beams irradiate the sky?

KING.— Such, indeed, is the meaning of my title —"Defender of the Just." I trust the venerable Kanwa is in good health. The world is interested in his well-being.

HERMITS.— Holy men have health and prosperity in their own power. He bade us greet your Majesty, and, after kind inquiries, deliver this message.

KING.— Let me hear his commands.

*S*ÁRNGARAVA.— He bade us say that he feels happy in giving his sanction to the marriage which your Majesty contracted with this lady, his daughter, privately and by mutual agreement. Because

By us thou art esteemed the most illustrious
Of noble husbands; and *S*akuntalá
Virtue herself in human form revealed.
Great Bráhmâ hath in equal yoke united
A bride unto a husband worthy of her:
Henceforth let none make blasphemous complaint
That he is pleased with ill-assorted unions.

Since, therefore, she expects soon to be the mother of thy child, receive her into thy palace, that she may perform, in conjunction with thee, the ceremonies prescribed by religion on such an occasion.

GAUTAMÍ.—So please your Majesty, I would add a few words: but why should I intrude my sentiments when an opportunity of speaking my mind has never been allowed me?

She took no counsel with her kindred; thou
Didst not confer with thine, but all alone
Didst solemnize thy nuptials with thy wife.
Together, then, hold converse; let us leave you.

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— Ah! how I tremble for my lord's reply.

KING.— What strange proposal is this?

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— His words are fire to me.

SÁRNGARAVA.— What do I hear? Dost thou, then, hesitate? Monarch, thou art well acquainted with the ways of the world, and knowest that

A wife, however virtuous and discreet,
If she live separate from her wedded lord,
Though under shelter of her parents' roof,
Is mark for vile suspicion. Let her dwell
Beside her husband, though he hold her not
In his affection. So her kinsmen will it.

KING.— Do you really mean to assert that I ever married this lady?

SAKUNTALÁ [*despondingly. Aside*].— O my heart, thy worst misgivings are confirmed.

SÁRNGARAVA.— Is it becoming in a monarch to depart from the rules of justice, because he repents of his engagements?

KING.— I can not answer a question which is based on a mere fabrication.

SÁRNGARAVA.— Such inconstancy is fortunately not common, excepting in men intoxicated by power.

KING.— Is that remark aimed at me?

GAUTAMÍ.— Be not ashamed, my daughter. Let me remove thy veil for a little space. Thy husband will then recognize thee. [*Remembers her veil.*

KING [*gazing at Sakuntalá. Aside*].— What charms are here revealed before mine eyes!

Truly no blemish mars the symmetry
Of that fair form; yet can I ne'er believe
She is my wedded wife; and like a bee
That circles round the flower whose nectared cup
Teems with the dew of morning, I must pause
Ere eagerly I taste the proffered sweetness.

[*Remains wrapped in thought.*

WARDER.— How admirably does our royal master's behavior prove his regard for justice! Who else would hesitate for a moment when good fortune offered for his acceptance a form of such rare beauty?

SÁRNGARAVA.— Great King, why art thou silent?

KING.— Holy men, I have revolved the matter in my mind; but the more I think of it, the less able am I to recollect that I ever contracted an alliance with this lady. What answer, then, can I possibly give you when I do not believe myself to be her husband, and I plainly see that she is soon to become a mother?

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— Woe! woe! Is our very marriage to be called in question by my own husband? Ah me! is this to be the end of all my bright visions of wedded happiness?

SÁRNGARAVA.— Beware!

Beware how thou insult the holy Sage!
Remember how he generously allowed
Thy secret union with his foster-child;
And how, when thou didst rob him of his treasure,
He sought to furnish thee excuse, when rather
He should have cursed thee for a ravisher.

SÁRADWATA.—*Sárngarava*, speak to him no more. *Sakuntalá*, our part is performed; we have said all we had to say, and the King has replied in the manner thou hast heard. It is now thy turn to give him convincing evidence of thy marriage.

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— Since his feeling toward me has undergone a complete revolution, what will it avail to revive old recollections? One thing is clear — I shall soon have to mourn my own widowhood. [*Aloud.*] My revered husband —— [*Stops short.*] But no — I dare not address thee by this title, since thou hast refused to acknowledge our union. Noble descendant of Puru! It is not worthy of thee to betray an innocent-minded girl, and disown her in such terms, after having so lately and so solemnly plighted thy vows to her in the hermitage.

KING [*stopping his ears*].— I will hear no more. Be such a crime far from my thoughts!

What evil spirit can possess thee, lady,
That thou dost seek to sully my good name
By base aspersions? like a swollen torrent,
That, leaping from its narrow bed, o'erthrows
The tree upon its bank, and strives to blend
Its turbid waters with the crystal stream?

SAKUNTALÁ.— If, then, thou really believest me to be the wife of another, and thy present conduct proceeds from some cloud that obscures thy recollection, I will easily convince thee by this token.

KING.— An excellent idea!

SAKUNTALÁ [*feeling for the ring*].— Alas! alas! woe is me! There is no ring on my finger!

[*Looks with anguish at Gautamí.*

GAUTAMÍ.— The ring must have slipped off when thou wast in the act of offering homage to the holy water of Sachí's sacred pool, near Sakrávatára.

KING [*smiling*].— People may well talk of the readiness of woman's invention! Here is an instance of it.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Say, rather, of the omnipotence of fate. I will mention another circumstance, which may yet convince thee.

KING.— By all means let me hear it at once.

SAKUNTALÁ.— One day, while we were seated in a jasmine bower, thou didst pour into the hollow of thine hand some water, sprinkled by a recent shower in the cup of a lotus-blossom ——

KING.— I am listening; proceed.

SAKUNTALÁ.— At that instant, my adopted child, the little fawn, with soft, long eyes, came running toward us. Upon which, before tasting the water thyself, thou didst kindly offer some to the little creature, saying fondly — "Drink first, gentle fawn." But she could not be induced to drink from the hand of a stranger; though immediately afterward, when I took the water in my own hand, she drank with perfect confidence. Then, with a

smile, thou didst say —"Every creature confides naturally in its own kind. You are both inhabitants of the same forest, and have learned to trust each other."

KING.— Voluptuaries may allow themselves to be seduced from the path of duty by falsehoods such as these, expressed in honeyed words.

GAUTAMÍ.— Speak not thus, illustrious Prince. This lady was brought up in a hermitage, and has never learned deceit.

KING.— Holy matron,

E'en in untutored brutes, the female sex
Is marked by inborn subtlety — much more
In beings gifted with intelligence.
The wily Köil, ere toward the sky
She wings her sportive flight, commits her eggs
To other nests, and artfully consigns
The rearing of her little ones to strangers.

SAKUNTALÁ [*angrily*].— Dishonorable man, thou judgest of others by thine own evil heart. Thou, at least, art unrivaled in perfidy, and standest alone — a base deceiver in the garb of virtue and religion — like a deep pit whose yawning mouth is concealed by smiling flowers.

KING [*aside*].— Her anger, at any rate, appears genuine, and makes me almost doubt whether I am in the right. For, indeed,

When I had vainly searched my memory,
And so with stern severity denied
The fabled story of our secret loves,
Her brows, that met before in graceful curves,
Like the arched weapon of the god of love,
Seemed by her frown dissevered; while the fire
Of sudden anger kindled in her eyes.

[*Aloud.*] My good lady, Dushyanta's character is well-known to all. I comprehend not your meaning.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Well do I deserve to be thought a harlot for having, in the innocence of my heart, and out of the confidence I reposed in a Prince of Puru's race,

entrusted my honor to a man whose mouth distils honey, while his heart is full of poison.

[*Covers her face with her mantle, and bursts into tears.*

SÁRNGARAVA.— Thus is it that burning remorse must ever follow rash actions which might have been avoided, and for which one has only one's self to blame.

Not hastily should marriage be contracted,
And specially in secret. Many a time,
In hearts that know not each other's fancies,
Fond love is changed into most bitter hate.

KING.— How now! Do you give credence to this woman rather than to me, that you heap such accusations on me?

SÁRNGARAVA [*sarcastically*].— That would be too absurd, certainly. You have heard the proverb —

Hold in contempt the innocent words of those
Who from their infancy have known no guile:
But trust the treacherous counsels of the man
Who makes a very science of deceit.

KING.— Most veracious Brahman, grant that you are in the right, what end would be gained by betraying this lady?

SÁRNGARAVA.— Ruin.

KING.— No one will believe that a Prince of Puru's race would seek to ruin others or himself.

SÁRADWATA.— This altercation is idle, Sárngarava. We have executed the commission of our preceptor; come, let us return. [*To the King.*

Sakuntalá is certainly thy bride;
Receive her or reject her, she is thine.
Do with her, King, according to thy pleasure —
The husband o'er the wife is absolute.

Go on before us, Gautamí. [*They move away.*

SAKUNTALÁ.— What! is it not enough to have been betrayed by this perfidious man? Must you also forsake me, regardless of my tears and lamentations?

[*Attempts to follow them.*

GAUTAMÍ [*stopping*].— My son Sárngarava, see, Sakuntalá is following us, and with tears implores us not to leave

her. Alas! poor child, what will she do here with a cruel husband who casts her from him?

Sárngarava [*turning angrily toward her*].— Wilful woman, dost thou seek to be independent of thy lord?

[*Sakuntalá trembles with fear.*

Sárngarava.— *S*akuntalá!

If thou art really what the King proclaims thee,
How can thy father e'er receive thee back
Into his house and home? but, if thy conscience
Be witness to thy purity of soul,
E'en should thy husband to a handmaid's lot
Condemn thee, thou may'st cheerfully endure it
When ranked among the number of his household.

Thy duty, therefore, is to stay. As for us, we must return immediately.

King.— Deceive not the lady, my good hermit, by such expectations.

The moon expands the lotus of the night,
The rising sun awakes the lily; each
Is with his own contented. Even so
The virtuous man is master of his passions,
And from another's wife averts his gaze.

Sárngarava.— Since thy union with another woman has rendered thee oblivious of thy marriage with *S*akuntalá, whence this fear of losing thy character for constancy and virtue?

King [*to the Priest*].— You must counsel me, revered sir, as to my course of action. Which of the two evils involves the greater or less sin?

Whether by some dark veil my mind be clouded,
Or this designing woman speak untruly,
I know not. Tell me, must I rather be
The base disowner of my wedded wife,
Or the defiling and defiled adulterer?

Priest [*after deliberation*].— You must take an intermediate course.

King.— What course, revered sir? Tell me at once.

Priest.— I will provide an asylum for the lady in my own

house until the birth of her child; and my reason, if you ask me, is this. Soothsayers have predicted that your first-born will have universal dominion. Now, if the hermit's daughter bring forth a son with the discus or mark of empire in the lines of his hand, you must admit her immediately into your royal apartments with great rejoicings; if not, then determine to send her back as soon as possible to her father.

KING.— I bow to the decision of my spiritual adviser.

PRIEST.— Daughter, follow me.

SAKUNTALÁ.— O divine earth, open and receive me into thy bosom!

[*Exit Sakuntalá weeping, with the Priest and the Hermits. The King remains absorbed in thinking of her, though the curse still clouds his recollection.*

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— A miracle! a miracle!

KING [*listening*].— What has happened now?

PRIEST [*entering with an air of astonishment*].— Great Prince, a stupendous prodigy has just occurred!

KING.— What is it?

PRIEST.— May it please your Majesty, so soon as Kanwa's pupils had departed,

Sakuntalá, her eyes all bathed in tears,
With outstretched arms bewailed her cruel fate —

KING.— Well, well, what happened then?

PRIEST.— When suddenly a shining apparition,
In female shape, descended from the skies,
Near the nymphs' pool, and bore her up to heaven.
[*All remain motionless with astonishment.*

KING.— My good priest, from the very first I declined having anything to do with this matter. It is now all over, and we can never, by our conjectures, unravel the mystery; let it rest; go, seek repose.

PRIEST [*looking at the King*].— Be it so. Victory to the King! [*Exit.*

KING.— Vetravatí, I am tired out; lead the way to the bedchamber.

WARDER.— This way, Sire. [*They move away.*

KING.— Do what I will, I can not call to mind
That I did e'er espouse the sage's daughter —
Therefore I have disowned her; yet 'tis strange
How painfully my agitated heart
Bears witness to the truth of her assertion,
And makes me credit her against my judgment.
[*Exeunt.*

[*In the sixth act, here omitted, the wedding ring is found and the King recovers from his forgetfulness, but* Sakuntalá *having disappeared he is left to mourn. Then the god Indra sends his charioteer Mátali to call for the King's aid in vanquishing the giants who oppose the gods. The King goes sadly to this task.*]

ACT SEVENTH

SCENE.—THE SKY

Enter King Dushyanta and Mátali in the car of Indra moving in the air.

KING.— My good Mátali, it appears to me incredible that I can merit such a mark of distinction for having simply fulfilled the behests of the great Indra.

MÁTALI [*smiling*].— Great Prince, it seems to me that neither of you is satisfied with himself —
You underrate the service you have rendered,
And think too highly of the god's reward:
He deems it scarce sufficient recompense
For your heroic deeds on his behalf.

KING.— Nay, Mátali, say not so. My most ambitious expectations were more than realized by the honor conferred on me at the moment when I took my leave. For,
Tinged with celestial sandal, from the breast
Of the great Indra, where before it hung,
A garland of the ever-blooming tree
Of Nandana was cast about my neck

By his own hand: while, in the very presence
Of the assembled gods, I was enthroned
Beside their mighty lord, who smiled to see
His son Jayanta envious of the honor.

MÁTALI.— There is no mark of distinction which your Majesty does not deserve at the hands of the immortals. See,

Heaven's hosts acknowledge thee their second savior;
For now thy bow's unerring shafts (as erst
The lion-man's terrific claws) have purged
The empyreal sphere from taint of demons foul.

KING.— The praise of my victory must be ascribed to the majesty of Indra.

When mighty gods make men their delegates
In martial enterprise, to them belongs
The palm of victory; and not to mortals.
Could the pale Dawn dispel the shades of night,
Did not the god of day, whose diadem
Is jeweled with a thousand beams of light,
Place him in front of his effulgent car?

MÁTALI.— A very just comparison. [*Driving on.*] Great King, behold! the glory of thy fame has reached even to the vault of heaven.

Hark! yonder inmates of the starry sphere
Sing anthems worthy of thy martial deeds,
While with celestial colors they depict
The story of thy victories on scrolls
Formed of the leaves of heaven's immortal trees.

KING.— My good Mátali, yesterday, when I ascended the sky, I was so eager to do battle with the demons, that the road by which we were traveling toward Indra's heaven escaped my observation. Tell me, in which path of the seven winds are we now moving?

MÁTALI.— We journey in the path of Parivaha;

The wind that bears along the triple Ganges,
And causes Ursa's seven stars to roll
In their appointed orbits, scattering
Their several rays with equal distribution.

'Tis the same path that once was sanctified
By the divine impression of the foot
Of Vishnu, when, to conquer haughty Bali,
He spanned the heavens in his second stride.

KING.— This is the reason, I suppose, that a sensation of calm repose pervades all my senses. [*Looking down at the wheels.*] Ah! Mátali, we are descending toward the earth's atmosphere.

MÁTALI.— What makes you think so?

KING.— The car itself instructs me; we are moving
O'er pregnant clouds, surcharged with rain; below us
I see the moisture-loving Chátakas
In sportive flight dart through the spokes; the steeds
Of Indra glisten with the lightning's flash;
And a thick mist bedews the circling wheels.

MÁTALI.— You are right; in a little while the chariot will touch the ground, and you will be in your own dominions.

KING [*looking down*].— How wonderful is the appearance of the earth as we rapidly descend!
Stupendous prospect! yonder lofty hills
Do suddenly uprear their towering heads
Amid the plain, while from beneath their crests
The ground receding sinks; the trees, whose stems
Seemed lately hid within their leafy tresses,
Rise into elevation, and display
Their branching shoulders; yonder streams, whose waters,
Like silver threads, but now were scarcely seen,
Grow into mighty rivers; lo! the earth
Seems upward hurled by some gigantic power.

MÁTALI.— Well described! [*Looking with awe.*] Grand, indeed, and lovely is the spectacle presented by the earth.

KING.— Tell me, Mátali, what is that range of mountains which, like a bank of clouds illumined by the setting sun, pours down a stream of gold? On one side its base dips into the eastern ocean, and on the other side into the western.

MÁTALI.— Great Prince, it is called "Golden-peak," [5] and is the abode of the attendants of the god of Wealth. In this spot the highest forms of penance are wrought out.

There Kasyapa, the great progenitor
Of demons and of gods, himself the offspring
Of the divine Maríchi, Bráhmâ's son,
With Aditi, his wife, in calm seclusion,
Does holy penance for the good of mortals.

KING.— Then I must not neglect so good an opportunity of obtaining his blessing. I should much like to visit this venerable personage and offer him my homage.

MÁTALI.— By all means! An excellent idea.

[*Guides the car to the earth.*

KING [*in a tone of wonder*].— How's this?

Our chariot-wheels move noiselessly. Around
No clouds of dust arise; no shock betokened
Our contact with the earth; we seem to glide
Above the ground, so lightly do we touch it.

MÁTALI.— Such is the difference between the car of Indra and that of your Majesty.

KING.— In which direction, Mátali, is Kasyapa's sacred retreat?

MÁTALI [*pointing*].— Where stands yon anchorite, toward the orb
Of the meridian sun, immovable
As a tree's stem, his body half-concealed
By a huge ant-hill. Round about his breast
No sacred cord is twined, but in its stead
A hideous serpent's skin. In place of necklace,
The tendrils of a withered creeper chafe
His wasted neck. His matted hair depends
In thick entanglements about his shoulders,
And birds construct their nests within its folds.

KING.—I salute thee, thou man of austere devotion.

MÁTALI [*holding in the reins of the car*].— Great Prince, we are now in the sacred grove of the holy Kasyapa — the

[5] A sacred range of mountains lying along the Himalaya chain immediately adjacent to Kailása, the paradise of Kuvera, the god of wealth.

grove that boasts as its ornament one of the five trees of Indra's heaven, reared by Aditi.

KING.— This sacred retreat is more delightful than heaven itself. I could almost fancy myself bathing in a pool of nectar.

MÁTALI [*stopping the chariot*].— Descend, mighty Prince.

KING [*descending*].— And what will you do, Mátali?

MÁTALI.— The chariot will remain where I have stopped it. We may both descend. [*Doing so.*] This way, great King. [*Walking on*]. You see around you the celebrated region where the holiest sages devote themselves to penitential rites.

KING.— I am filled with awe and wonder as I gaze.

In such a place as this do saints of earth
Long to complete their acts of penance; here,
Beneath the shade of everlasting trees,
Transplanted from the groves of Paradise,
May they inhale the balmy air, and need
No other nourishment; here may they bathe
In fountains sparkling with the golden dust
Of lilies; here, on jeweled slabs of marble,
In meditation rapt, may they recline;
Here, in the presence of celestial nymphs,
E'en passion's voice is powerless to move them.

MÁTALI.— So true is it that the aspirations of the good and great are ever soaring upward. [*Turning round and speaking off the stage.*] Tell me, Vriddha-śákalya, how is the divine son of Maríchi now engaged? What sayest thou? that he is conversing with Aditi and some of the wives of the great sages, and that they are questioning him respecting the duties of a faithful wife?

KING [*listening*].— Then we must await the holy father's leisure.

MÁTALI [*looking at the King*].— If your Majesty will rest under the shade, at the foot of this Asoka-tree, I will seek an opportunity of announcing your arrival to Indra's reputed father.

KING.— As you think proper. [*Remains under the tree.*

MÁTALI.— Great King, I go. [*Exit.*

KING [*feeling his arm throb*].— Wherefore this causeless throbbing, O mine arms?

All hope has fled forever; mock me not
With presages of good, when happiness
Is lost, and naught but misery remains.

A VOICE [*behind the scenes*].— Be not so naughty. Do you begin already to show a refractory spirit?

KING [*listening*].— This is no place for petulance. Who can it be whose behavior calls for such a rebuke? [*Looking in the direction of the sound and smiling.*] A child, is it? closely attended by two holy women. His disposition seems anything but childlike. See,

He braves the fury of yon lioness
Suckling its savage offspring, and compels
The angry whelp to leave the half-sucked dug,
Tearing its tender mane in boisterous sport.

Enter a child, attended by two women of the hermitage, in the manner described.

CHILD.— Open your mouth, my young lion, I want to count your teeth.

FIRST ATTENDANT.—You naughty child, why do you tease the animals? Know you not that we cherish them in this hermitage as if they were our own children? In good sooth, you have a high spirit of your own, and are beginning already to do justice to the name Sarvadamana (All-taming), given you by the hermits.

KING.— Strange! My heart inclines toward the boy with almost as much affection as if he were my own child. What can be the reason? I suppose my own childlessness makes me yearn toward the sons of others.

SECOND ATTENDANT.— This lioness will certainly attack you if you do not release her whelp.

CHILD [*laughing*].— Oh! indeed! let her come. Much I fear her, to be sure. [*Pouts his under-lip in defiance.*

KING.— The germ of mighty courage lies concealed
Within this noble infant, like a spark

'Mid luxury and regal pomp abiding;
Then, in the wane of life, to seek release
From kingly cares, and make the hallowed shade
Of sacred trees their last asylum, where
As hermits they may practise self-abasement,
And bind themselves by rigid vows of penance.

[*Aloud.*] But how could mortals by their own power gain admission to this sacred region?

ATTENDANT.— Your remark is just; but your wonder will cease when I tell you that his mother is the offspring of a celestial nymph, and gave him birth in the hallowed grove of Kasyapa.

KING [*aside*].— Strange that my hopes should be again excited! [*Aloud.*] But what, let me ask, was the name of the prince whom she deigned to honor with her hand?

ATTENDANT.— How could I think of polluting my lips by the mention of a wretch who had the cruelty to desert his lawful wife?

KING [*aside*].— Ha! the description suits me exactly. Would I could bring myself to inquire the name of the child's mother! [*Reflecting.*] But it is against propriety to make too minute inquiries about the wife of another man.

FIRST ATTENDANT [*entering with the china peacock in her hand*].— Sarva-damana, Sarva-damana, see, see, what a beautiful *S*akunta (bird).

CHILD [*looking round*].— My mother! Where? Let me go to her.

BOTH ATTENDANTS.— He mistook the word *S*akunta for *S*akuntalá. The boy dotes upon his mother, and she is ever uppermost in his thoughts.

SECOND ATTENDANT.— Nay, my dear child, I said, Look at the beauty of this *S*akunta.

KING [*aside*].— What! is his mother's name *S*akuntalá? But the name is not uncommon among women. Alas! I fear the mere similarity of a name, like the deceitful vapor of the desert, has once more raised my hopes only to dash them to the ground.

CHILD [*takes the toy*].— Dear nurse, what a beautiful peacock!

FIRST ATTENDANT [*looking at the child. In great distress*]. — Alas! alas! I do not see the amulet on his wrist.

KING.— Don't distress yourself. Here it is. It fell off while he was struggling with the young lion.

[*Stoops to pick it up.*

BOTH ATTENDANTS.— Hold! hold! Touch it not, for your life! How marvelous! He has actually taken it up without the slightest hesitation.

[*Both raise their hands to their breasts and look at each other in astonishment.*

KING.— Why did you try to prevent my touching it?

FIRST ATTENDANT.— Listen, great Monarch. This amulet, known as "The Invincible," was given to the boy by the divine son of Maríchi, soon after his birth, when the natal ceremony was performed. Its peculiar virtue is, that when it falls on the ground, no one excepting the father or mother of the child can touch it unhurt.

KING.— And suppose another person touches it?

FIRST ATTENDANT.— Then it instantly becomes a serpent, and bites him.

KING.— Have you ever witnessed the transformation with your own eyes?

BOTH ATTENDANTS.— Over and over again.

KING [*with rapture. Aside*].— Joy! joy! Are then my dearest hopes to be fulfilled? [*Embraces the child.*

SECOND ATTENDANT.— Come, my dear Suvratá, we must inform Sakuntalá immediately of this wonderful event, though we have to interrupt her in the performance of her religious vows. [*Exeunt.*

CHILD [*to the King*].— Do not hold me. I want to go to my mother.

KING.— We will go to her together, and give her joy, my son.

CHILD.— Dushyanta is my father; not you.

KING [*smiling*].— His contradiction convinces me only the more.

SAKUNTALÁ [*seeing the signet-ring on his finger*].— Ah! my dear husband, is that the Lost Ring?

KING.— Yes; the moment I recovered it my memory was restored.

SAKUNTALÁ.— The ring was to blame in allowing itself to be lost at the very time when I was anxious to convince my noble husband of the reality of my marriage.

KING.— Receive it back, as the beautiful twining plant receives again its blossom in token of its reunion with the spring.

SAKUNTALÁ.— Nay; I can never more place confidence in it. Let my husband retain it.

Enter Mátali.

MÁTALI.— I congratulate your Majesty. Happy are you in your reunion with your wife: happy are you in beholding the face of your son.

KING.— Yes, indeed. My heart's dearest wish has borne sweet fruit. But tell me, Mátali, is this joyful event known to the great Indra?

MÁTALI [*smiling*].— What is unknown to the gods? But come with me, noble Prince, the divine Kasyapa graciously permits thee to be presented to him.

KING.— Sakuntalá, take our child and lead the way. We will together go into the presence of the holy Sage.

SAKUNTALÁ.— I shrink from entering the august presence of the great Saint, even with my husband at my side.

KING.— Nay; on such a joyous occasion it is highly proper. Come, come; I entreat thee. [*All advance.*

Kasyapa is discovered seated on a throne with his wife Aditi.

KASYAPA [*gazing at Dushyanta. To his wife*].— O Aditi.

This is the mighty hero, King Dushyanta,
Protector of the earth; who, at the head
Of the celestial armies of thy son,
Does battle with the enemies of heaven.
Thanks to his bow, the thunderbolt of Indra
Rests from its work, no more the minister

Of death and desolation to the world,
But a mere symbol of divinity.

ADITI.— He bears in his noble form all the marks of dignity.

MÁTALI [*to Dushyanta*].— Sire, the venerable progenitors of the celestials are gazing at your Majesty with as much affection as if you were their son. You may advance toward them.

KING.— Are these, O Mátali, the holy pair,
Offspring of Daksha and divine Maríchi,
Children of Bráhmâ's sons, by sages deemed
Sole fountain of celestial light, diffused
Through twelve effulgent orbs? Are these the pair
From whom the ruler of the triple world,
Sovereign of gods and lord of sacrifice,
Sprang into being? That immortal pair
Whom Vishnu, greater than the self-existent,
Chose for his parents, when, to save mankind,
He took upon himself the shape of mortals?

MÁTALI.— Even so.

KING [*prostrating himself*].— Most august of being, Dushyanta, content to have fulfilled the commands of your son Indra, offers you his adoration.

KASYAPA.— My son, long may'st thou live, and happy may'st thou reign over the earth!

ADITI.— My son, may'st thou ever be invincible in the field of battle!

SAKUNTALÁ.— I also prostrate myself before you, most adorable beings, and my child with me.

KASYAPA.— My daughter,
Thy lord resembles Indra, and thy child
Is noble as Jayanta, Indra's son;
I have no worthier blessing left for thee,
May'st thou be faithful as the god's own wife!

ADITI.— My daughter, may'st thou be always the object of thy husband's fondest love; and may thy son live long to be the joy of both his parents! Be seated.

[*All sit down in the presence of Kasyapa.*

KASYAPA [*regarding each of them by turns*].— Hail to the beautiful Sakuntalá!

Hail to her noble son! and hail to thee,
Illustrious Prince! Rare triple combination
Of virtue, wealth, and energy united!

KING.— Most venerable Kasyapa, by your favor all my desires were accomplished even before I was admitted to your presence. Never was mortal so honored that his boon should be granted ere it was solicited. Because,

Bloom before fruit, the clouds before the rain —
Cause first and then effect, in endless sequence,
Is the unchanging law of constant nature:
But, ere the blessing issued from thy lips,
The wishes of my heart were all fulfilled.

MÁTALI.— It is thus that the great progenitors of the world confer favors.

KING.— Most reverend Sage, this thy handmaid was married to me by the Gandharva ceremony, and after a time was conducted to my palace by her relations. Meanwhile a fatal delusion seized me; I lost my memory and rejected her, thus committing a grievous offense against the venerable Kanwa, who is of thy divine race. Afterward the sight of this ring restored my faculties, and brought back to my mind all the circumstances of my union with his daughter. But my conduct still seems to me incomprehensible;

As foolish as the fancies of a man
Who, when he sees an elephant, denies
That 'tis an elephant, yet afterward,
When its huge bulk moves onward, hesitates,
Yet will not be convinced till it has passed
Forever from his sight, and left behind
No vestige of its presence save its footprints.

KASYAPA.— My son, cease to think thyself in fault. Even the delusion that possessed thy mind was not brought about by any act of thine. Listen to me.

KING.— I am attentive.

KASYAPA.— Know that when the nymph Menaká, the mother

of Sakuntalá, became aware of her daughter's anguish in consequence of the loss of the ring at the nymphs' pool, and of thy subsequent rejection of her, she brought her and confided her to the care of Aditi. And I no sooner saw her than I ascertained by my divine power of meditation that thy repudiation of thy poor faithful wife had been caused entirely by the curse of Durvásas — not by thine own fault — and that the spell would terminate on the discovery of the ring.

KING [*drawing a deep breath*].— Oh! what a weight is taken off my mind, now that my character is cleared of reproach.

SAKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— Joy! joy! My revered husband did not, then, reject me without good reason, though I have no recollection of the curse pronounced upon me. But, in all probability, I unconsciously brought it upon myself, when I was so distracted on being separated from my husband soon after our marriage. For I now remember that my two friends advised me not to fail to show the ring in case he should have forgotten me.

KASYAPA.— At last, my daughter, thou art happy, and hast gained thy heart's desire. Indulge, then, no feeling of resentment against thy partner. See, now,

Though he repulsed thee, 'twas the sage's curse
That clouded his remembrance; 'twas the curse
That made thy tender husband harsh toward thee.
Soon as the spell was broken, and his soul
Delivered from its darkness, in a moment
Thou didst gain thine empire o'er his heart.
So on the tarnished surface of a mirror
No image is reflected, till the dust
That dimmed its wonted luster is removed.

KING.— Holy father, see here the hope of my royal race.

[*Takes his child by the hand.*

KASYAPA.— Know that he, too, will become the monarch of the whole earth. Observe,

Soon, a resistless hero, shall he cross
The trackless ocean, borne above the waves

In an aerial car; and shall subdue
The earth's seven sea-girt isles.[6] Now has he gained,
As the brave tamer of the forest-beasts,
The title Sarva-damana; but then
Mankind shall hail him as King Bharata,
And call him the supporter of the world.

KING.— We can not but entertain the highest hopes of a child for whom your highness performed the natal rites.

ADITI.— My revered husband, should not the intelligence be conveyed to Kanwa, that his daughter's wishes are fulfilled, and her happiness complete? He is *S*akuntalá's foster-father. Menaká, who is one of my attendants, is her mother, and dearly does she love her daughter.

*S*AKUNTALÁ [*aside*].— The venerable matron has given utterance to the very wish that was in my mind.

KASYAPA.— His penances have gained for him the faculty of omniscience, and the whole scene is already present to his mind's eye.

KING.— Then most assuredly he can not be very angry with me.

KASYAPA.— Nevertheless it becomes us to send him intelligence of this happy event, and hear his reply. What, ho there!

PUPIL [*entering*].— Holy father, what are your commands?

KASYAPA.— My good Gálava, delay not an instant, but hasten through the air and convey to the venerable Kanwa, from me, the happy news that the fatal spell has ceased, that Dushyanta's memory is restored, that his daughter *S*akuntalá has a son, and that she is once more tenderly acknowledged by her husband.

PUPIL.— Your highness's commands shall be obeyed. [*Exit.*

KASYAPA.— And now, my dear son, take thy consort and thy child, re-ascend the car of Indra, and return to thy imperial capital.

KING.— Most holy father, I obey.

[6] According to the mythical geography of the Hindus, the earth consisted of seven islands surrounded by seven seas.

KASYAPA.— And accept this blessing —

For countless ages may the god of gods,
Lord of the atmosphere, by copious showers
Secure abundant harvest to thy subjects;
And thou by frequent offerings preserve
The Thunderer's friendship! Thus, by interchange
Of kindly actions, may you both confer
Unnumbered benefits on earth and heaven!

KING.— Holy father, I will strive, as far as I am able, to attain this happiness.

KASYAPA.— What other favor can I bestow on thee, my son?

KING.— What other can I desire? If, however, you permit me to form another wish, I would humbly beg that the saying of the sage Bharata be fulfilled:

May kings reign only for their subjects' weal!
May the divine Saraswati, the source
Of speech, and goddess of dramatic art,
Be ever honored by the great and wise!
And may the purple self-existent god,
Whose vital Energy pervades all space,
From future transmigrations save my soul!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END OF *SAKUNTALÁ*

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